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THE THREE YEARS' SERVICE

OF THE

Thirty-Third Mass. Infantry Regiment

1862-1865.

AND THE CAMPAIGNS AND BATTLES OF

CHANCELLORSVILLE, BEVERLEY'S FORD, GETTYSBURG, WAUHATCHIE, CHATTANOOGA, ATLANTA, THE MARCH TO THE SEA AND THROUGH THE CAROLINAS

IN WHICH IT TOOK PART.

By ADIN B. UNDERWOOD, A. M.
Formerly Colonel of the Regiment, Brig.-Gen. and Brevet Maj.-Gen. U. S. V.

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By ADIN BALLOU UNDERWOOD.

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To

MY LIVING AND TO THE MEMORY OF MY DEAD COMRADES OF THE THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY, OFFICERS, NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS, AND PRIVATES, WHO IN THEIR LONG SERVICE, MARCHING AND FIGHTING THROUGH MOST OF THE STATES IN REBELLION, BY THEIR COMMON SACRIFICES, GALLANTRY, AND FORTITUDE, MADE THE HONORABLE HISTORY WHICH IS HEREIN SO INADEQUATELY RECORDED,

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

BY THEIR FORMER COLONEL,

ADIN B. UNDERWOOD.

ERRATA.

On Title Page of the "Record of the Thirty-Third Regiment," for "the Records of the Mass. Volunteers," read "the Record of the Mass. Volunteers."

Page 21, Chapter 2, Contents, "Reviews by the President and General Hooker" should have been omitted as it is included in Chapter 1.

Page 58, for "four-horse battery," read "four-gun battery."

Page 100, for "commanders of the Eleventh Corps," read "commander of the Eleventh Corps."

Page 146, Contents, for "Sherman and his Army arrive from Vicksburg," read "Sherman and his Fifteenth Corps arrive from Vicksburg."

Page 216, for "The Corps' lost," read "The Corps' loss."

Page 221, for "Sergeant Harodon," read "Sergeant Haradon; and for "Keams," read "Kearnes."

Page 222, for "in those strong lines," read "in three strong lines."

Page 242, for "a serious circumstance in war," read "a curious circumstance in war."

Page 294, for "second line," read "sacred line."

PREFACE.

At the Annual Reunion of the survivors of the Thirty-Third Massachusetts Regiment held at Lowell in 1868, the author read a brief historical sketch, hastily prepared by him, of the early days of the regiment. At the Reunion held there in 1872, he read another sketch in continuation of the first. These were followed in succeeding years, at the request of many of his comrades, by several sketches briefly continuing the history of the regiment up to the time of its muster out. It was with a good deal of reluctance though, that he undertook to write that portion which related to events that occurred after he ceased to be with the regiment.

The Regimental Association, by vote, requested the author to have this series of sketches published in complete form. Protracted illness compelled the postponement, by medical advice, of an attempt to fulfil this request for a long while, until about a year ago. While the first chapter was then going through the press, in final compliance with the request, General Hooker died. Some notices of events in his life, among others of the Battle of Chancellorsville, revived former criticisms of the conduct of the Eleventh Corps in that battle. The Thirty-Third Massachusetts, as a part of the Eleventh Corps in that battle, has always had to bear, in common with the rest of the Corps, these criticisims, always very severe, which it and the rest of the Corps always felt to be mostly, if not wholly, unjust.

The members of the regiment though, including the author, were so fond of General Hooker—he always treated them with such affectionate interest—that the writer had always been unwilling to publicly call attention to the real facts in that battle, and make the

necessary criticisms in defence of that Corps, which he feared would cause General Hooker pain. The lamented death of the general seemed to the author to make it an opportune time for him to carefully collate all the important testimony from Federal and rebel sources which are now accessible, give an exhaustive account of the circumstances in which that Corps was placed during that battle, and attempt to make a full defence, which long since should have been done, as it has not been by any one so far as known, of its conduct at Chancellorsville. The result of this determination was to expand a few pages of the original sketch into a lengthy chapter.

The author at one time made a careful study of the Battle of Gettysburg; prepared and gave to the public a lecture on that subject. From the importance of the battle, as the turning of the tide in the war, he has felt that he was warranted in embodying the substance of this lecture in his book, not because he hopes to add anything to exhaustive accounts given by others, but because most of those are not accessible, probably, to many members of the regiment and its friends; and if they were, the account of a battle of such importance by one more writer, an eye witness to certain parts of it, would not seem to be out of place.

Before the chapter descriptive of the battles around Chattanooga reached the press, the author had the opportunity afforded him by Gen. E. A. Carman, of New Jersey, of examining several letters and manuscript reports from rebel commanders in those battles, which he had gathered preparatory to a history of the Twentieth Corps. Some of these contained important statements which are quoted quite fully in the text, and have correspondingly added to the length of that chapter.

The chapters on the Atlanta Campaign, the March to the Sea, and the March through the Carolinas, were written after the author, in common with the public generally, had the opportunity to read General Sherman's most entertaining "Memoirs," written by himself, and he relies upon this semi-official account for brief statements in relation to the general movements of Sherman's armies, which he felt it necessary to make, filling in a narrative of the regiment's part in those campaigns from statements made to him and contained in

diaries of some of the officers and men of the regiment. The "Memoirs" are so unique in character, and so full of authentic details as to the operations of General Sherman's armies, that no one who has them at his command should fail to read them in studying his campaigns.

Let the reader bear in mind besides, that in the latter portion of the book, the author attempts to describe events in which it was not his privilege to take part, and scenes which he himself did not see. The whole book, moreover, has been written in the midst of a busy life, in occasional leisure hours, snatched now and then from other occupations, and just as the last chapters were going through the press, he had the misfortune to meet with an accident which put him into the hospital again, and he had to trust to other hands the revising of the final proof.

The circumstances attending the preparation of this account of the events which occurred in the long three years' service of the Thirty-Third Massachusetts are thus explicitly detailed in the hope that the reader will look with a lenient eye upon any incongruities that he may find in it. The author is indebted for important information and for valuable assistance in the preparation of the book to many worthy old soldiers and esteemed friends, some of whose names are mentioned in the text, including General Carman, and especially to Maj. Cyrus E. Graves, formerly of the Thirty-Third, who besides other valuable assistance in the work, had entire charge of the preparation of the Roster and the correction of some unavoidable errors that had crept into the original Record from which it was copied; to the Adjutant-General of the State, Major-General Berry, for free access to his records, which in themselves furnished many corrections to the Roster; and to the devoted, life-long companion, who in the last, as in former days of the author's confinement, served as amanuensis, and reader.

ADIN B. UNDERWOOD.

NEWTON, Mass., October 29, 1880.

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CHAPTER I.

Organization at Lynnfield in 1862. En-route to Washington. Suggestive Sights and Sounds from the Second Battle of Bull Run. Provost Guarding Alexandria. Seasoning in the field about Alexandria and Fairfax C. H. Going "to fight mit Sigel" in the Army of the Potomac. March to the sound of the guns in the battle of Fredericksburg.

On the fourth day of June, A. D., 1862, Baldwin Peabody and seven other Lowell gentlemen took the morning train and went to Lynnfield. They put up at Whittemore's hotel like other travellers. The next day Benjamin F. Talbot arrived at the same hotel with a party from Boston, and the following day also Cyrus E. Graves, with a few choice spirits, whose acquaintance he and Thomas B. Rand had recently made in the same city. They lodged at the hotel, and among the inhabitants of the village, which they found to be a very pretty little country place, ornamented with a lovely little pond—no prettier for being called a lake now—and where there was nothing moving all day long but an occasional railroad train that looked as if it had lost its way, and the depot master, Palmer, going to and returning from his meals. Albion W. Tebbetts, of Boston, Caleb Blood and Chas. B. Walker arrived on the ground the third day. These travellers were starting upon a popular trip, "on to Richmond," then extensively advertised, at the round price, for most of the passengers, of thirteen dollars a month and found, with opportunities for out-door exercise on the way guaranteed. It turned out to be a long journey. Lynnfield, where these adventurous travellers met, was a rendezvous designated in Governor Andrew's general order of May 29, "Camp Edwin M. Stanton," though the depot master so far had failed to see that there was much

of anything in a name. The same order had informed the citizens thereabouts that the Thirty-Third Regiment would there go into camp, but they had seen nothing of it as yet. They were on the lookout now for soldiers. The gentlemen from Lowell and from Boston, in frock coats and snuff-colored sacks and silk hats, caused some excitement, but they could not be what they were looking for. The depotmaster had his eye on them, though. More men arrived from Lowell; B. Frank Rogers appeared: Sibley tents arrived. Rogers got these visiting citizens together and actually ordered them to put up the tents. He seemed to know how, if they did not. Tebbetts gave orders, Gen. Schouler (then Adjutant-General of the state) gave his views on the subject of tents, and right before his depot, our old friend soon saw a camp sure enough. The next day Lieut.-Col. Albert C. Maggi, of New Bedford, formerly of the Twenty-First Regiment, took command of the few men and few tents thereabouts by virtue of general order aforesaid. So began the Thirty-Third Mass. Regiment.

Another disaster had befallen the country. Banks's little army had been driven back by Jackson, on the 25th of May, to the Potomac, where it had started the year before. The government was anxious, and the President had immediately called for more men. Three more infantry regiments were required of Massachusetts. There had been no draft as yet, and the bounties, compared with the later ones, were small. But the men volunteered readily. They came from various towns and cities in Middlesex, some from Bristol, some from Boston. They began, after a time, to come so rapidly that the Colonel could be fastidious in his choice of men, and as commander of the camp and regiment, picked out the plump and hale and hearty, and left the chicken-breasted and weazen-faced and sorrowful men for the next Colonel, whoever he might be. Dr. Warren had been sent for, to come from the Twenty-First Mass. then in the field, to be surgeon, and was

commissioned June 9th, the first officer commissioned in the regiment. Tebbetts was the second. He was commissioned as first lieutenant and adjutant, June 19th; Wm. E. Richardson of the Twenty-First, the third, commissioned on the 20th, as first lieutenant and regimental quartermaster. The quartermaster found an empty building at hand, and opened a furnishing store; gentlemen's under-garments and blue clothing were supplied at short notice, and on long credit. Beavers and various rusty articles of dress were supplanted by the fashionable blue. A guard-house was early opened on the same premises, and did a stirring business. Two drummer boys and one Armstrong were always patrons of the establishment, if all else failed. Ordnance came more slowly than clothing. Guard-mounting was at first a somewhat uncertain proceeding because no proper manual was laid down for the use of clubs, then employed; and whether a sentry on duty could enforce his orders with the "shillaly" was often then a question of legs. Rogers, an old Captain in the Twenty-First, was early made drill-master, and marched up and down the street the increasing platoons of unarmed men, that looked more like a body of policemen going to a riot, only less steady and more harmless.

Things went on. W. Symington Brown, appointed Ass't Surgeon, opened an office and was busy examining the recruits and sifting out the chicken-breasted. Some who passed the doctor, began to pass the guard, and a few robust subjects hastily left to find more congenial pursuits or more bounty elsewhere.

The village was picketed as if the foe were lurking about Lynnfield. Sergeant Hill was taken into the secret service. The prohibitory law was not enforced in the village, and the Colonel thought it necessary to proclaim martial law as a substitute, and Adjutant Tebbetts was directed, with a file of men, to clean out the place of a squatter from Salem, which he

and they did then and there. On the 17th of June a flag was permanently raised in camp, after the pole had been dug up once or twice to get down the halliards. July 4th was celebrated at the expense of the sutler with a ration of lager beer.

The line formed to draw the "positively but one ration" being a circle, proved rather interminable, and somehow drank a good deal of beer, but the beer was luckily not strong. Capt. Underwood of the Second Mass. Infantry, having a little leisure on his hands after Banks's retreat, appeared in camp as Major, July 11. Drilling became the principal business; this was varied incidentally with other duties and pleasures. Bathing was performed by general order. Intellectual entertainment was often afforded. Gen. Wm. Schouler, representing the fostering care of the Commonwealth, and other distinguished visitors, with home talent in the ranks, from time to time, stimulated the soldiery by their appeals. Patrick Rafferty, Esq., descanted upon matters and things in general. The regiment approached completion. Selectmen appeared every day, with files of men, and gladdened the heart of the landlord of the hotel as they crowded his tables. The camp was busy, visitors attended the parades, and men wandered over into another regiment then beginning to form there — the Thirty-Fifth.

Early in August, companies were mustered in, which were recruited as follows: Co. A, Capt. Wyman, in Boston; Co. B, Capt. Brown, in Taunton; Co. C, Capt. Rand, in Boston and Framingham; Co. D, Capt. Rider, in Stoneham and Reading; Co. E, Capt. Hinds, in Groton; Co. F, Capt. Prescott, and Co. G, Capt. Jones, in Lowell; Co. H, Capt. Blasland, in Boston and Lowell; Co. I, Capt. Doane, in New Bedford; Co. K, Capt. Bunker, in Boston; two flanking companies were added, a new feature — L, Capt. Farsons, of Lowell, and M, Capt. Rogers, of Boston and Sharon; a band was organized under Israel Smith, of New Bedford. The field and staff officers

were mustered in, the Major became Lieut.-Colonel, the majority remained vacant. Orders were received for starting, and muskets were put in the hands of the whole regiment for the first time. Various things had to be provided, and a selection made out of things on hand, for the march. Sundry accumulations of men and things were left behind for the succeeding regiment. O'Brien was prized as a representative soldier who had served untold years in the flower of British troops; he pervaded every space where the eye could wander as a soldier constantly standing at attention. Armstrong had his qualities, but both were too much for one regiment, so the Scripture was fulfilled! "The one was taken and the other left." Fate kept O'Brien with the regiment, Armstrong became a memory. The two drummer boys saved the anxiety of a choice, for they both ran away beforehand.

On the 14th of August, 1862, the Thirty-Third Mass. Regiment, twelve hundred men strong, including a private secretary to the colonel, a jolly anomaly, got into the cars, and with the band playing "Home, Sweet Home" and handkerchiefs waving, moved off and left friend Palmer and his patrons gazing after them; Camp Stanton passed into memory, and the long march "on to Richmond" began. They were hurried through Boston, marching through the back streets, as if an attack had been suddenly made on the Providence station, and left hundreds of friends who were waiting in the principal streets to see them—and whom they were longing to see—to wait in vain. Some were never to see them again. How little it would have cost to have given them a little hour of farewell greetings on the eve of a three years' journey! The city was travelled through so fast that one or two privates could not keep up, they lagged behind and were maligned in the papers as *tight!* Twelve hundred men, it was soon found was a "full house," even in a Stonington line steamboat; and travelling on a railroad as

freight, at freight train speed, and with freight train stoppages day and night was not luxurious, certainly. The welcome at loyal Philadelphia and uncertain Baltimore made the stops there refreshing.

Washington was reached on the evening of the 17th, and most of the regiment put up at the hotel near the station, where the names of the men were booked at great length; (a choice of hotels was not habitually afforded later in the service;) a few of the officers and some of the enlisted men came down to barracks. The next morning was spent in visiting objects of interest in the neighborhood, and the much respected Capt. Hinds, with fatherly care, took his Groton men to view the Nation's Capitol and refreshed them with a rest upon the nation's grass. After the tender-hearted Colonel had procured adequate transportation for the private baggage of the men, including knapsacks and articles of toilet, so that the regiment might move through the national streets as a band of freemen, and not as beasts of burden, the line of march was taken up, following after seventy odd wagons of the regiment's baggage, through Pennsylvania avenue, paying a salute to Colonel Corcoran and the various Brigadiers on duty at Willard's—not over thirty, a poor day for Brigadiers there—then the regiment crossed over Long Bridge, and arrived on the sacred soil; it rested under the lee of Hunter's Chapel, that then was, and awoke in the morning after the first bivouac and found itself in the dominions of the venerable Gen. Casey, in whose honor the Colonel named this first camp, "Camp Casey," a name that was handed down to all the regiments which inherited the neighborhood. The old general himself, naturally enough, found it more comfortable to encamp in a brick house, and so he did, at the Washington end of the Long Bridge.

The first day was wholly devoted to the pitching of tents, and as it was a somewhat difficult undertaking at that time, it

lasted nearly into the second day. Capt. Wyman's experience during the day led him to express the opinion that the command recorded in Scripture "To your tents, Oh Israel!" was a more serious affair than hitherto represented. That evening, in accordance with numerical propriety, the Thirty-Fourth Mass. came to Camp Casey, and ranged itself beside the Thirty-Third. On the hill, in the lordly mansion of some fugitive F. F. V., a boarding house was opened for the officers. The mess was done up in a Frenchy way by the good natured Parisian sutler Rollins. Everybody in the Thirty-Third prepared for a comfortable stay of a month and more, promised for drill and preparation before it could be called upon to meet the enemy. The artist pictured the camp, and lithographs of it were sent to friends as a view of the permanent abode of the regiment. But who owns a month in the army? It was soon found a regiment did not. Within a week, peremptory orders were suddenly received for the Thirty-Third to move to the front, to fight as it would have proved in the retreating army of Gen. Pope, in search of a base, which, although abolished in general orders, was found on the whole a convenient thing to have. Colonel Maggi and Lieut.-Colonel Underwood made a pilgrimage to Washington, to prevent the sacrifice of such a beginning of a good regiment, and protested that their men had not fairly been introduced to a musket and did not know which end to load, (they load a different end now in the new kind) and scarcely knew front rank from rear, but were rather disconcerted by the gruff compliment from Mr. Stanton that Massachusetts men did not seem to need much schooling to make good soldiers. And so there was no help for it but to go to Alexandria to get transportation for the front. On that second Sunday, in the field, the regiment made its first experiment in knapsacks and landed most of them safely at Alexandria, though they weighed more in that five miles than they ever seemed to afterwards in the

longest march. Luckily for the future usefulness of the regiment, the old veterans from the peninsula were passing through Alexandria on all the railroad cars that could be found for transportation, to assist Gen. Pope in his search for that which was lost, and which they did not find at the Second Bull Run, though they fought bravely for it, and it was certainly not their fault, if anybody's, that they did not find it. So no transportation was found for the regiment, and it encamped beside the road, down which it had marched, on the north end of the town. Everybody in the regiment rejoiced, that accident saved it from a terrible campaign and from untimely sacrifice, if its superiors did not or could not. Here some got a first look at Joe Hooker, rosy and jolly, and ready for the fight, as he always appeared to them afterwards. By and by he was to come prominently into the history of the regiment. He and his dingy looking veterans and the peninsular men passed on to the front.

All day long, the next Saturday, was heard the firing at Manassas, and Sunday morning trains of the wounded came into Alexandria, and churches were made hospitals, ambulances filled with clerks from the departments passed the camp of the regiment on their way to help, and some of the best surgeons arrived from Boston. That was all the regiment then knew of a battle. Soon our troops were returning, and as they marched by to the defences of the capitol, told about the defeat at the second Bull Run. How great was the contrast in looks between the Thirty-Third and those old peninsular regiments! The full ranks and bright new clothes (two suits), great fat knapsacks, blacked boots and luxurious Sibleys of the one, and the skeleton companies, faded blouses, "holey" trowsers, dirty caps, and service worn equipments of the other, with one poor blanket, and one piece of cotton cloth for a tent, for each of the bronzed men, if they were lucky enough to have any! It was the mirror in which the regiment was to see itself two

years after. They came near sneering a little at the hundred, and three hundred dollar men; they felt as these men did, doubtless, afterwards, towards the eight hundred dollar chaps.

The military governor of Alexandria, General Slough, in looking about one day, found the Thirty-Third lying within his jurisdiction, and as it seemed to be a savory looking regiment, laid hold of it for his purposes. Details from it were first introduced to greybacks at the cotton factory, where a goodly number of them were prisoners, and the first duty in the city was to guard them; then the regiment was made provost-guard of the town, and required to keep it in order and well behaved. Clean it could not be, it was a specimen of Virginia civilization; and while the peninsular men were passing through it, who had been so long without the "barrel" ration, and were many of them so frail when they found it, it often took the strength of the regiment to keep the town quiet. It was luckily not held responsible for the town's morals. What varieties of offenders, though, passed in and out of the "slave pen" during its rule, no record now probably tells. Captain Wyman, the provost marshal, and other officers on duty in the town, perhaps kept minutes of their duties, official and friendly. One night here occured the first "scare," and the regiment was called to arms and stealthily formed in line of battle, with repressed breathing in the dead of night to defend itself—from our own troops doubtless, lying peacefully in several divisions in the neighborhood.

Camp was changed three times. After getting comfortable on the west side of the town, orders came to go up to near Fairfax Seminary into the brigade of Gen. Grover, doubtless to get a fine view, for a couple of nights, of the Potomac and the fortified hills and valley camps that lay between and formed the defences. Then orders came to go back again to the camp on the west side of Alexandria, which was named "Camp Slough," after the post commander. At the camp, near

Fairfax Seminary, James L. Bates reported for duty as major; in a few days he was made colonel of the Twelfth Mass., in which he had been captain, and the Thirty-Third lost him. At the camp here, near Hunting creek, there were drills and parades, fine September days and moonlight nights, made pleasanter by the ever improving band, which often gladdened the hearts of older soldiers, as it went on friendly visits to the "paroled camp" near by, and played familiar, but long unheard tunes to cheer the brave men, at one time returned prisoners of the Second Mass., comrades of some in the regiment, who found it hard to forget the rebel prisons from which they had just returned.

On the evening of October 10th, a good-bye was said to Gen. Slough, who was next heard of by members of the regiment long after the war, when news came of his murder in Utah, of which he was chief justice. A farewell was taken of the metropolitan pleasures and duties of camp life in Alexandria, and the Thirty-Third started by rail for the field to "fight mit Sigel," who commanded the Eleventh Corps, soon afterwards made a part of the Army of the Potomac. It parted with Captain Wyman and Lieut. Talbot who could not be spared. The latter, by his skill in the branch of business to which he had been assigned, soon earned a captaincy. At Fairfax Station was experienced the first bivouac in the rain. Men shook their heads and doubted about this sort of life. When Fairfax Court House was reached, the next day, the road was lined with Teuton faces who were watching to see what sort of thing was a regiment of twelve hundred men. It seemed a brigade, and all the way from Massachusetts! General Sigel was out with full staff to receive it — a little man whose Major-General's buttons seemed to overrun him. The Massachusetts men were led in a triumphal march by General Sigel and his Teutons to a camp on the Alexandria road east of the town—"Camp Stump" that was to be—and

they proceeded to make it so, in fact, by chopping down the wilderness and leaving the trunks as monuments of the departed oaks, and as ugly things to stumble over in the night. An attempt was made to call it "Camp Sigel," but it would be "Stump."

The air about here was found to be rather Dutchy. German colonels, captains and lieutenants, barons and vons, hussars and dragoons, and foot officers, in some little Grand Ducal establishment at home, on leave of absence, or formerly in the service of some mighty Grossherzog, monarch of five square miles, seeking their fortune on the staff or in the line in our army, were seen galloping about, leaping fences and ditches in a most astonishing manner. Here was the debris of Blenker's pride and glory, mixed in with real Yankee and Western regiments. German generals believed apparently in Americans. Three of them here wanted to have the solid Massachusetts Thirty-Third in their divisions. It was allotted to General Von Steinwehr, a brave, careful, kind-hearted, thoughtful soldier, who in time earned its grateful respect. A new brigade was made up of Yankee regiments, of which this was one, for the command of Colonel Orland Smith of the Seventy-Third Ohio, whom from that hour the Thirty-Third loved and admired.

Those were pleasant October days. Life outdoors in that delightful season, when everything in nature was so attractive, was a new and welcome experience to most in the regiment. The woods all about where they drilled and paraded and picketed, were ablaze and shining with the autumnal tints, which were not brighter, but more lasting, than our own of New England.

As the chilly nights crept on, experiments began with underground fires, patent stoves and honest old fashioned comfortable chimneys, which looked queer in cotton houses. "Bella" and "Hero," the Colonel's and Lieut.-Colonel's horses, the chap-

lain's mustang and the medical horses, bivouacked. The camp and headquarters at Fairfax C. H. were enlivened by the band. Regimental headquarters was made glad by the "jolly dragoon" and Georges—"one" and "two," servants of the field officers. When the tents were floored, the chimneys all built, and comfort prevailed, the men in the regiment were suddenly taught the usual lesson of army life that "Here we have no abiding city." So they packed up the few traps they could carry, and left behind the mass they had accumulated and could not carry—their first loss, and moved to Thoroughfare Gap. The march on the 2d of November, was through Centreville and on to Bull Run, the road of the Grand Army and the brigade of M. C's. on that eventful Sunday the year before. All was still along the road over the stone bridge, and through the dull, wide fields; and as the acres of little mounds with white boards were passed, and here and there scattered shot and shell, while the autumn leaves were falling around, and the wind was whistling through the trees—that regiment became for the time a very thoughtful one. The first loose skull was kicked around as a foot-ball in fun, but the men kept up their thinking still.

At Carter's Switch some of the men were attacked by the fattest of pigs, but the instinct of self defence made them brave, and the unclean beasts of Israel became "a sacrifice of sweet savor" to Yanks. At New Baltimore, where the march one day took the regiment in the first snow storm of the season, the sheep and hens of the secesh natives were suspected of the same hostile intentions, and a voracious attack was made on them which soon left nothing of them but their skins and feathers, as a warning to other fowls and mutton. Here the donkey joined for duty. He was the stay and staff of "Hero." His musical voice often beguiled the regiment, and recalled to it a familiar name, "Rafferty."

After McClellan's army, no longer his now, however, but

Burnside's, marched by on its way from Antietam to the Rappahannock, the Thirty-Third was moved back nearer to Thoroughfare Gap. From the new base it made a reconnoissance in force one day to White Plains where gallant Capt. Brown was seen in the distance, as a solitary horseman, winding up the hill in the proper manner of heroes in James's novels, to assault the rebel stronghold, come weal or woe, whence he bore away as a prize of war, a guilty piece of homespun. This camp was enlivened with discussions, in the town meeting style, touching the departure of two companies of the twelve to be detached for the Forty-First Mass. regiment. A good-bye was said to Capt. Wyman's and Capt Bunker's companies, sorrowfully, though the regimental life in which they had shared had been comparatively short and uneventful. One night it having been discovered that no enemy was near, and that there was no further need of guarding the gap, the regiment was ordered suddenly to march away in the darkness and rain as if it were in imminent danger of being cut to pieces. So it came back to near Fairfax C. H., passing first a row of chimneys called Haymarket, then again over the same old road and battlefield and made a new camp two miles short of the town at Germantown. The town consisted of a few lonesome houses, but what there was of it was made pretty thoroughly German while Sigel's Corps staid there. Camp "Stump" was far away through Fairfax. About this time officers who had previously received promotions were mustered into their respective positions. Capt. James Brown as Major, vice Bates; Adjutant Tebbetts as Captain, vice Brown; Lieut. C. E. Graves as Captain, vice Rogers, resigned; William Prescott Mudge had been made Adjutant. Here the men of the Thirty-Third found out how it seemed to have Thanksgiving away from home in the woods. Such as could draw turkeys from the commissary or buy such luxuries from the sutlers, those who were lucky enough to be on picket in the regions of hen

roosts, or had boxes from thoughtful ones at home, tried to feast after the manner of our fathers. Various successful dishes were improvised, and the baked beans were a marvel, but there was not one, doubtless, who did not wish himself with the folks at home. At Germantown occurred the famous trial drill of six regiments, and the raw Thirty-Third Mass. had the honor of being selected as one contestant and "beat the Dutch" in the manual and in the only thing they had never before practised—the firings—and exhibited new movements not laid down in tactics in compliance with novel orders, demonstrating to the astonished foreigners, that it was possible to inspect the rear rank, at close order, by a simple "about face," of course. They looked upon the regiment with awe ever afterwards.

As everybody was going into winter quarters, according to the best data attainable, the camp of the regiment was changed into the warm pines, the tents were nicely logged up and floored, fire places were built, and when the new quarters were nicely ready to bid defiance to the wintry elements, after there were four inches of snow on the ground, orders came, as an old regiment would have expected, to leave them and march. Like good soldiers, the men of the Thirty-Third, now, as ever afterwards, obeyed orders, but never relinquished the right to their private opinions. Then and there ended the romance of Sibley tents, and the reality of shelter tents began. The first experience with them was on the snow at the end of that first day's December march towards Fredericksburg where the corps was ordered to march to on the eve of the battle there. It did not make out-door life attractive. On the regiment marched, and camped or bivouacked by the Wolf river shoals and its wild scenery, passing through the great Virginia city of Dumfries. Frozen ground succeeded snow, and then came mud, such as they do have on (Virginia) mud roads down "thar," waves and tides of mud, sudden as the sea, and about

as deep in spots. Virginia is "facile princeps" in the mud line. From Dumfries down were heard dull, distant sounds, that made the men of the Thirty-Third think. As they drew nearer and nearer, and the sounds came quicker and louder, they looked in each other's faces, and knew they were bound for a battle, if it lasted long enough. Their new comrades of the Army of the Potomac, better known to them afterwards, were fighting, as it proved, hopelessly at Fredericksburg, a brave battle that was to end as a disaster. When the Thirty-Third arrived at Falmouth, orders awaited it to cross over and help; but there was no need of it at that hour. That night the brave but defeated army of Burnside recrossed the river, and left behind only its dead. Alas! there were too many of them, and they were of the flower of that army! Some of the officers of the regiment rode down to see the battered town that had cost the expensive struggle, and how defiant the rebel rag looked on the frowning height of St. Marye, after all the blood that had been spent to tear it down! The veteran of other wars who commanded the Thirty-Third, and did occasionally criticise, quoted Garibaldi, and finished the subject with the characteristic remark "our poppycorn Generals kill men as Herod killed the innocents." From the first camp here, one dark, gloomy night, a long march in time, short in distance, was made to the right of the line two miles, from 8 till 2 o'clock in the night, and a colder, more desolate, more weary bivouac than the rest of that morning, the regiment providentially never knew. A mile beyond this bivouac, that will never be forgotten, on a desolate plain, in full sight of the rebels across the Rappahannock, where they could nightly watch its parades and hear its band, the Thirty-Third logged up its shelter tents, and here Christmas and New Year's day found it.

The opening of the year 1863 gave no hint of anything serious. All was "quiet along the Rappahannock," even dull. The

regiment lay at Falmouth, basking in the sun of a Virginia January, and in the few stormy and sleety days was snug in its log huts, all finished. The evening parades for the inspection of the rebels, across the river, had lost their novelty, and the trade in coffee for tobacco, along the neutral picket line had glutted the market with the weed. The headquarters horses had eaten up all the young and tender hemlock about the camp (there was no other forage or shelter for them,) and even they longed for a change of base. So, when, at afternoon drill, on the 20th of January, came an order to strike camp and march immediately, men and animals welcomed the move. Serious business was meant, for the commanders of regiments were ordered to address their men, as on the eve of a battle. The Colonel being absent, the duty of haranguing, commanded in general orders, devolved by seniority on the Lieut.-Colonel. The regiment rarely, if ever, needed speeches, and, doubtless, never enjoyed them. It marched with promptness and alacrity those five miles down the river to meet whatever was coming, past hostile Fredericksburg, until it turned into some rebel's woods for the night's bivouac.

At 6 o'clock, in the morning, the artillery was ordered to open along the whole line. But the heavens opened instead, opened all the gates and sluiceways that dam up the celestial reservoirs, and down poured the water, torrent upon torrent, until the fields thereabouts were deluged, and the inevitable Virginia mud rose in tides over the earth's surface. Men wallowed and horses floundered in the treacherous mire. It required sixteen horses to move one piece of artillery. Who could fight the elements, and such elements? So gallant a leader as Burnside surrendered to them. In a day or two the windows above were shut. The sky became serene, and the birds sang in the woods as if the spring had come. They knew better. And there, in spite of sky and birds, was the mud. The army imitated the prudence of that great sover-

eign of France, who made the impracticable march up the hill—and marched back again. The heartless rebels made light of the misfortunes of our army, and shouted across the river to the artillery, "We'll lend you mules to drag off your guns," and hung out for their edification a placard in staring great letters, "Burnside stuck in the mud." "The mud campaign," has passed into history. The hero of South Mountain and the Antietam Bridge deserved a better fate.

So then the regiment was soon back again in its old camp on the right flank of Falmouth, looking toward the rebels, and they enjoyed again its band. Just as the Thirty-Third was fairly comfortable once more, one afternoon in February, when the thermometer reached zero, it was ordered to march the next morning. As the march was to be to the rear, six miles, for a change of camp, it was planned with great secrecy, and was to be executed with great promptness; as if the objective point were the heights of St. Marye opposite. The regimental commander was not intrusted with the secret. So the men shouldered their earthly effects, and marched away in a snow storm, that ended in a rain as they approached their bivouac, which was of course in slush and water, while the mud lay in wait for them by the next day's march. The cheerful trip ended in the wilderness called Stafford Court House, or not far from that great county seat.

They had shed one set of winter huts at Falmouth. It is said that in Jamaica, where the rats have their holes turned wrong side out several times a day by the earthquakes, the rats finally get discouraged and give up digging. In the army it seemed as though some regiments had their winter quarters changed almost as many times, and had their patience and faith tried as much as the Jamaica rats. The necessities of the season, however, left the men of the Thirty-Third no comfortable alternative but to do the work over again. That was what had to be done, for it was still winter; and their trial was

trivial in comparison with the trials of some others. The government furnished the leisure for building, and the county of Stafford, the lumber. What a rare village that was which was built by the Thirty-Third on the southern slope of the place of its night's bivouac there! The roofs were thin, it is true, for they were only cotton; but the walls were as stable and imposing as those of the mansions of Kansas farmers; solid floors and spacious fireplaces, and even such extremes of elegance as mouldings, mantle pieces and book cases. As for the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, they rejoiced in a palatial affair, with a chimney constructed out of the fossil remains of several millions of bivalves, the accumulation of a trifling myriad or two of centuries. There happened to be such stone there, which necessity discovered, not science, for geology was at an awful discount in the army.

How cheerful it was in that winter's camp! How sunny in the warm days! On St. Valentine's day, the birds around the place fairly laughed to see how cosy the Massachusetts Yankees had made it. The snows made no impression, except as they clothed with winter beauty the graceful evergreens about. Drills and parades, and picket, made up the public life of the camp; but the private transactions off duty will, doubtless, never appear in any veritable story.

Burnside having retired from the post he had never coveted, one "Joe Hooker" took the reins. Ah! the furloughs and vegetables he gave! How he did understand the road to the soldier's heart! How he made out of defeated, discouraged and demoralized men, a cheerful, plucky and defiant army, ready to follow him anywhere! That problem he had before him, and he did it well. However the world may criticize him, the soldiers of the old army of the Potomac will always be jealous of his fame. He came to see the Eleventh Corps, and reviewed it. Handsome and erect, rosy and jolly, and blunt and fearless as the Thirty-Third was to

know him, and so much better, afterwards. At this camp, in early spring, Colonel Maggi resigned and left. He never had the opportunity he so much sought, to show how one of Garribaldi's soldiers could fight; and was never to have his blood stirred by seeing the gallantry of his own Massachusetts men. Kind Dr. Warren, the surgeon, went with him. But then the regiment had Symington Brown for a short time, and was soon presented with McGregor. The regiment was left in command of Lieutenant-Colonel Underwood, who was soon commissioned by Governor Andrew Colonel, vice Maggi, Captain Godfrey Rider, jr., Lieutenant-Colonel, First-Lieutenant James F. Chipman, Captain. Promotion was made from the ranks to fill the vacant second-lieutenantcy.

About this time, while the corps was busy corduroying the vile secesh roads of the neighborhood, it was relieved from that delectable duty one day to be reviewed, together with the Twelfth Corps, by the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies, good President Lincoln. And how the soldiers did reverence that tall citizen, as he rode along the lines on the little mustang, with that beaver, the like of which some in the lines had not seen for two years! While he was at General Hooker's headquarters, the band of the Thirty-Third was sent for, to go up by special train, to play for the President's entertainment during his visit there. On its arrival, the five other bands that had been ordered there also, including some excellent ones, were informed that their services were no longer required, as the band of the Thirty-Third Massachusetts would be sufficient. It is said, on competent authority, that Israel Smith, the leader, Amasa Glover, "the irrepressible," (as he came to be called) the managing man, and the other members of the band, felt rather "stuck up" for some time at this great compliment. They must have realized some contrast between this occasion, when they travelled in state in a special car on the railroad, and enjoyed the delicacies which they

managed somehow to have at army headquarters—and a certain other occasion, when they went to visit and play for the Second Massachusetts, when they were treated, doubtless by necessity, on army rations, including "army commissary," that cheers, and does certainly inebriate, if the thirsty soldier does not practise rigid self-denial. The band had to foot it home, lugging their instruments with them. The hour of departure was after taps; the road, a mixture of Virginia mud and snow to the depth of three feet: the distance, seven miles; with these conditions given, and some knowledge of the personnel of the band, and the imagination can easily supply the rest. The load became, in some cases, too heavy, and it is asserted that the devious way of the band could be easily traced next morning, or, rather *that* morning (of arrival), by the brass instruments sticking out of the snow, strung along like a skirmish line, where they had been thrown away. The amount of frozen music temporarily buried that night will probably never be known. At this "Camp Smith," by a throw of the army dice, the Thirty-Third lost for a while the namesake of the camp, as brigade commander, and drew instead, General Barlow. The members of the regiment had grown so fond of Colonel Smith that they did not rejoice much at their luck; and night after night, in derision, there floated on the evening air, from unknown voices in the camp, the melodious refrain "Billy Barlow," from the old song. All of which he heard and doubtless enjoyed. The regiment did not know him. No cooler or braver man ever drew a sword.

General Howard was assigned by the President to the command of the Corps, in place of Sigel. All this time the Thirty-Third had done no fighting. It was seasoning against the time it should be needed for it.

CHAPTER II.

THE BATTLES OF CHANCELLORSVILLE AND BEVERLY FORD.

The Army of the Potomac stragetically "at the bottom of a well." Hooker successfully gets it out and across the Rappahannock. First day's meeting of the two armies, May 1, near Chancellorsville. Jackson's attack Saturday, the 2d, on the Eleventh Corps, its situation and conduct. Sunday's battles at Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg. Back as we were. Reviews by the President and General Hooker. A Secret March. The Cavalry Battle at Beverly Ford, June 9. The June March into Pennsylvania.

Just as the trailing arbutus was in blossom in the woods, orders came to be ready to march with eight days' rations. With the knapsack and the cartridge-box full, it turned every man into a baggage wagon. These rations had time to get stale and had to be replenished before the march was undertaken. Heavy rains caused the delay. Finally the march was begun which ended at Chancellorsville. The position of the Army of the Potomac at Falmouth, with the enemy in Fredericksburg holding the opposite banks of the Rappahannock, which were high and had been fortified, for miles up and down, was, in the opinion of General Hooker, as stated in his testimony before "the Committee on the Conduct of the War," see its Report on the "Army of the Potomac," beginning at p. 111, very much like being "at the bottom of a well" with the enemy holding the top. He determined to extricate it and assume the offensive. The Cavalry Corps under Major-General Stoneman was sent off, except one brigade, to cut the enemy's communications to the rear, destroy bridges, tear up railroads, etc. Then, after they had a good start, according to his well devised plan, the Eleventh Corps, under Major-General Howard;

Twelfth, under Major-General Slocum; and then the Fifth, under Major-General Meade, were ordered to march as secretly as possible up the river, cross it above its junction with the Rapidan at Kelly's ford, then the latter river at Germanna and Ely's ford, while the Second Corps, under Major-General Couch, was to move to Banks and U. S. fords, this side of the junction of the rivers. The several corps were to uncover the fords, one after the other, marching down so as to strike any attacking force in flank. Before the movement was developed, the Sixth Corps, Major-General Sedgwick, and First Corps, Major-General Reynolds, were ordered to cross the river below Fredericksburg, with the Third Corps, Major-General Sickles, in support, and demonstrate as if to renew the battle of December before.

The Thirty-Third marched with its corps, the Eleventh, which at first had the lead, bivouacked at Hartwood Church, then by Kelly's ford and Germanna ford. It was hot marching and the baggage was heavy, for overcoats and blankets began, very early, to load the roadsides. Between the rivers the enemy made himself felt, for he tossed a few shells into the regiment while it was rear guard, and a fast friend of the regiment, Dr. Lawrence, of Lowell, who came down to do a good turn for the Lowell men and others, and see what army life was like, had the new sensation of being under fire, and narrated for a long time around the fire-side at home, the narrow escapes of everybody in the regiment, from the Colonel commanding down. The regiment met the troops of the other corps on the roads: saw the star badge of the Twelfth, and the Maltese cross of the Fifth. The enemy at the fords, one or two brigades, were completely taken by surprise, and made very little trouble. The Second Massachusetts and Third Wisconsin, (the twin regiments, always together), had a skirmish, captured a hundred or two prisoners, across the Rapidan, and made them ford it to see if it was fordable. The Thirty-Third

with the rest struck the plank road, and arrived near Chancellorsville. The whole movement, including that of the left wing, had been as skillfully executed as it had been planned. The strategical operations of Hooker before this battle, will always redound to his praise, as a strategist, as did the famous movement on Ulm,—not unlike this movement in some respects,—to the glory of Napoleon. Hooker announced the success thus far, justly enough, "with heartfelt satisfaction," in a general order, which was, perhaps, a little over-confident—in which, beside other matters of congratulation, he said, "The operations of the Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps have been a succession of splendid achievements." General Hooker had got out of his well handsomely, and everything gave promise of his getting Lee into one. The Second Corps came up from U. S. ford, and likewise the Third, ordered from the left wing, April 30th, and that night General Hooker's head-quarters were at Chancellorsville.

May 1st, about noon, the Thirty-Third moved with its Corps down the plank road into the thick woods, two or three miles towards Fredericksburg, following the Twelfth Corps, but had no adventures. Hooker had ordered the army to move in three columns down in that direction, hoping to take the enemy, who were now marching up from Fredericksburg, by surprise. But Major-General Butterfield, his chief of staff, telegraphed from Falmouth that they were moving up in great force. They were met, engaged for a while sharply, and found prepared, and Hooker says, in his testimony in the Report of the Committee, referred to, "As the passage-way through the forest was narrow, I was satisfied that I could not throw troops through it fast enough to resist the advance of General Lee, and was apprehensive of being whipped in detail." Major-Generals Hancock and Humphreys give their opinion before the Committee, that Hooker made a mistake in countermanding the order for attack at that time. Major-General Warren

testifies before the Committee, that he thought the battle should have been fought by attacking Lee in that direction. Here Hooker experienced his first difficulty in the hideous nature of the country into which he had brought his army to fight a battle. The whole country, for miles around, is appropriately designated "the Wilderness," and only about four miles beyond Hooker's head-quarters in this battle, General Grant fought his battle, a year, almost to a day, later. For the most part it is the primeval forest, undisturbed by civilization. Here and there some clearings along the few roads. All the rest, as General Warren, then chief of engineers on Hooker's staff, describes it, in his testimony before the Committee—beginning Report, p. 43,—"Very dense woods, not very large trees, but very difficult to get through, mainly of scrubby oak, what they call 'black jack' there; so that a man could hardly ride through it, and a man could not march through it very well with a musket in his hand, unless he trailed it. * * No one can conceive a more unfavorable field for the movements of a grand army." "I do not think General Hooker had examined the ground himself." General Hooker himself testifies: "I could not find out anything about that country, except I knew that it was called the Wilderness. I could not find out anything about roads there, * * even the people who lived there could not tell me where roads were to be found. Much of that region * * is impenetrable, even to infantry."

The several Corps fell back from this advance, May 1, into positions about where they halted and bivouacked the night before. Two roads, a turnpike and plank road, come up from Fredericksburg, join near the Chancellor House, about three miles from the river, where there is a large clearing, form one road for about two miles west to just beyond Dowdall's tavern, otherwise called Melzi Chancellor's, where there is also a clearing; there the two roads again separate, the pike continuing on westerly, while the plank road runs off more southerly, to

Orange C. H. The reader can easily make a plan of the line of battle assumed by Hooker, by drawing a straight line, to represent a road running east and west, and making forks at either end, where are clearings; on the road near the western fork, Dowdall's tavern; near the eastern fork, the Chancellor House. Fill up the rest with woods, except a clearing a half mile to the south of the road. The right of the line was at the western fork, where was placed the Eleventh Corps, its right beginning on the pike, the northerly branch, or tine of the fork; then running along the pike to where the branches meet and onto the one road, was the line of this corps. Then along the plank road, just south of it, to cover it, was the Twelfth Corps; then the Second Corps to the eastern fork, where the line was swung back almost by a right-angle to the river, part ofthe Second Corps following this line, then the Fifth Corps to the river. The Third Corps was in reserve at the Chancellor House. The left of the line rested on the river, was along rocky ravines and was very strong. The right, held by the Eleventh Corps, was "in air," as it is called, with no natural or artificial defences near it, and no troops between it and the river, from three to four miles distant.

That afternoon, Friday, May 1, according to the testimony of General Birney, commanding 1st division, Third Corps, before the Committee referred to, beginning Report, p. 33, by order of General Hooker, through General Sickles, he sent Graham's brigade and a battery to Dowdall's tavern "to strengthen the Eleventh Corps," "General Howard," as he says, "met General Graham and seemed surprised that he had been sent there; stated that his position was very strong, and the Eleventh Corps fully able to hold it. He told him to halt and not take position until he, (Major-General Howard), could advise Major-General Hooker of the situation of affairs. * * Soon after, I received an order countermanding the previous one, and Graham, with brigade and battery, rejoined

the division at Chancellorsville House * * at night I massed my division on the extreme right of the Twelfth Corps," (there had been an artillery attack, and the order was from Hooker—says Sickles), "and at the request of Brigadier-Generals Williams and Knipe, relieved three of their regiments that were in front line. Major-General Howard consented, early Saturday morning, to give me the position in line occupied by his left regiments, so that I occupied almost a brigade front between the Twelfth and Eleventh Corps." General Warren says, "There was a great deal of discussion that night about what was best to be done. General Hooker, himself, I think, was decidedly in favor of receiving the enemy's attack on the ground, and for drawing back the line so as to make it stronger, but through the assurances of others"—he did not. In his report, read before the Committee, Warren says it was the General's "design to contract our line and throw back the right to a better position, our left being secure. On the assurance of the commander on the right that they were abundantly able to hold their position against any force the nature of the ground in their front would enable the enemy to bring against them, and because they thought to fall back would have some of the demoralizing influence of a retreat, it was decided to make no change in the line, but to strengthen it with breast-works and abbatis." Accordingly the troops on the right were occupied that night with the axe, the spade, and tin-pan, in hastily throwing up breast-works. After which they bivouacked in position. Towards morning the First Corps was sent for.

JACKSON'S ATTACK, SATURDAY, ON THE ELEVENTH CORPS, AND ITS CONDUCT.

Saturday, A. M., soon after daybreak, General Hooker and staff, accompanied by General Sickles, rode along to the extreme right of the line. The whole line sent up cheers and hurrahs as they passed. Some of the staff stopped a moment at

the line of the Thirty-Third Massachusetts to speak to friends. Brigadier-General Devens, then commanding 1st division Eleventh Corps, on the extreme right, testifies before the Committee—see Report, beginning p. 178—that General Hooker visited his division at that time. His left brigade, McLean's, was in line along the turnpike, facing to the front or south, as were substantially the two other divisions of the Corps. Of his right brigade, (each division in the Corps had but two), Von Gilsa's, one-third was in the same line, the remaining portion "thrown back across the turnpike, facing westwardly."—Two regiments were in reserve.—"These dispositions were ordered by Major-General Howard, commanding the Corps, and were examined by him after they were made." He continues, "General Hooker, after having carefully examined the line, was inquired of by General Howard if the dispositions were satisfactory, and replied that they were." Hooker says, "Having pointed out to the Corps commanders, where I found their lines weak, and told them what dispositions to make to render them stronger."

"About 8 o'clock, Saturday morning," testifies Major-General Birney, "I first saw the enemy's column moving continuously across our front towards the right. It was in plain sight, with trains, ambulances, etc. Superior headquarters were immediately advised of this." At nine o'clock, testifies Sickles, —Report of Committee, p. 3,—and that he received soon afterwards other reports "showing it to be a movement in considerable force." He conveyed the information to General Hooker, and went in person to investigate. General Warren says in his report that a few prisoners were taken that morning "who reported that they had missed the road, and that they were marching towards our right." He testifies also, "We caught a view of a portion of the enemy's column passing on towards our right." Hooker states that at 9.30, A. M., it had been reported to him "that the enemy had been making a flank movement to our right," and he sent the following order.

[CIRCULAR.]

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
Chancellorsville, Va., May 2, 1863—9.30, A. M.

Major-General Slocum and Major-General Howard:

I am directed by the Major-General, commanding, to say, that the disposition you have made of your Corps has been with a view to a front attack by the enemy. If he should throw himself upon your flank, he wishes you to examine the ground and determine upon the positions you will take in that event, in order that you may be prepared for him in whatever direction he advances. He suggests that you have heavy reserves, well in hand, to meet this contingency. The right of your line does not appear to be strong enough. No artificial defences worth naming have been thrown up, and there appears to be a scarcity of troops at that point, and not, in the General's opinion, as favorably posted as might be.

We have good reason to suppose that the enemy is moving to our right.

Please advance your pickets, for purposes of observation, as far as may be safe, in order to obtain timely information of their approach.

JAMES H. VAN ALLEN,
Brigadier-General and Aide-de-camp.

About a mile and a half due south from the Chancellor House, upon a hill, was an opening in the woods running quite a stretch nearly in the line of vision southerly, a little west of south. That opening was a road over the hill. As early as nine o'clock, that morning, a column of moving troops was distinctly seen by the officers and men of the Thirty-Third Mass., and soon after, or probably as soon as attention was called to it, by all the troops on the right who were near any opening, of which there were but few. The writer remembers distinctly seeing it, and watching it from time to time for hours. General attention was called to it. From the direction the column took—for it was marching away from our line—it certainly had the appearance of retreating. And that was the current opinion of the troops about the Thirty-Third. As the plank road beyond Dowdall's curved around southwesterly towards Orange C. H., the road followed by the column seemed apparently to lead into that.

General Devens says in his testimony, "At about ten or eleven o'clock, on Saturday morning, a large force was

observed coming across our front and towards our right. When observed by me it was on quite high ground, and apparently opposite Chancellorsville. * * It was evident either that the enemy were endeavoring to retreat towards Gordonsville, or were moving so as to turn our right flank, as it was clearly a movement in force." He immediately reported it, he says, to General Howard, who replied "That he had already observed it, and that it was observed at the general headquarters at Chancellorsville." After this movement of the enemy was observed and generally known, and after the circular of General Hooker, referred to, was issued, General Devens does not indicate that any new orders were received from the Corps commander, and the only change made in the disposition of his men, was in having his skirmish line along his front "pushed out beyond the main line to the distance of from half to three-quarters of a mile," which "was smartly attacked by the enemy's skirmishers * * several times within the next few hours," once when General Howard visited him, and in General Devens' opinion these attacks were intended to feel our line, and "were most strong indications of an intention to move upon this portion of the line." Some changes were made during the forenoon in the disposition of the troops of Brigadier-General Von Steinwehr, commanding 2d division. On the rather high ground at Dowdall's some breast-works were thrown up in a direction perpendicular to the general line; one or two regiments of Colonel Buschbeck's brigade were put in them,—thus fronting on the right flank; and Brigadier-General Barlow's brigade, to which the Thirty-Third belonged, was in reserve and was formed in columns of battalions in mass, fronting in the same direction. It does not appear whether Major-General Shurz, commanding the 3d division—in line between the 1st and 2d divisions—made any changes in the disposition of his men.

The result of General Sickles' personal investigation of the

movement of the enemy was, in his own words, "I satisfied myself that it was a movement in great force. The direction which the enemy's columns took, judging from what information we had of the country, and from maps we had, was susceptible of two interpretations. It was, perhaps, a movement in retreat; for they had a large train with them, a great many wagons, and all arms, except cavalry, were in large force. I pushed a battery forward, with a sufficient support, and shelled this column of the enemy * * moving a mile or a mile and a half from the position of the battery. * * I forced the column to abandon the road which they were taking, and, seeing no further movement of the enemy's troops, we supposed for a time that they had, perhaps, abandoned the operation, if it was a movement of a column for the purpose of attack, or if it was a movement for retreat, that they had taken a more available route. A reconnoisance was then pushed out, which resulted in ascertaining that the movement of the enemy still continued. Upon reporting these facts to General Hooker, he directed me to strengthen the reconnoisance, and to ascertain all I could of the strength of the enemy's column, and the direction in which it was moving, which was done. I reported to the General, that if he would allow me to advance the whole of Birney's division, and support it with another division of infantry, I thought I would be able to get possession of the road upon which the enemy was moving, at all events; if it was a retreat, cut them off; and if it was a demonstration on our right flank, which was the other interpretation, it would prevent any more force being sent in that direction, and, in effect, divide Lee's army. The General authorized me to do so, enjoining upon me, however, great caution, lest I should find myself overwhelmed by a force with which I might be unable to compete. General Birney's division was immediately advanced a mile and a half; it took some time to do it, because he had to push his division across two or three marshes

and streams that could not be forded, and he had to make bridges for them."

General Birney fixes the time. He testifies, "At about 1 o'clock, on Saturday, General Sickles ordered me to attack the passing column with my division, and that my flanks would be protected. Whipple's division, of the Third Corps, and a division from the Twelfth Corps, were ordered to cover my left, and Barlow's Brigade, from Eleventh Corps, my right flank." Sickles says of Birney, "With great energy and activity he cut his way through," (the "Wilderness" here)" and got possession of the road. From prisoners, of which we took a large number, we ascertained that the column of the enemy consisted of Stonewall Jackson's Corps, with the addition of other troops, making a force which was estimated by the prisoners that we took at some forty thousand men. I reported the result of this operation to General Hooker, or despatched the report to him; and General Pleasonton's cavalry was sent to me, by my request, for the purpose of co-operating in a flank attack on Jackson, which I asked permission to make. I also requested that the 3d division of my corps should be sent to me, in order that I should have my full command available for that purpose. We were continually taking prisoners, and everything seemed to indicate the most brilliant success as certain to follow from throwing this force upon Jackson's rear and flank. I was holding General Pleasonton's cavalry in hand, desiring to make the attack with my infantry first. I had advanced my 2d division to support the 1st; and General Hooker had sent directions to General Howard on my right, and General Slocum on my left, to support my movement. General Slocum sent General Williamson's brigade," (Williams' division) "to report to me for that purpose, and General Howard sent Barlow's brigade. They were in position, and I was about to open my attack in full force—had got all ready for that purpose,"—when something happened to change his mind.

General Hooker in his testimony, after quoting his Circular of 9.30 a. m. to Generals Slocum and Howard, and telling his directions to them, says, "As a still further precaution, I directed two divisions of the Third Corps to follow up the movement," (of the enemy). "This order was promptly executed, but the two divisions did not reach the line of the enemy's flank movement until after the main column had passed, (still in season to capture nearly a regiment of its rear guard), and they were ordered to follow up the enemy's column that had passed off to our right. I learned from the prisoners that this column was Jackson's Corps, numbering about 25,000 men. His route had been over a by-road through the forest, diagonally across my front and approaching within two or three miles of the right of the Twenty-First Corps."

Major-General Pleasonton testifies—see Report C. C. W., p. 26. "About 4 o'clock, I think, General Hooker sent for me and said that the enemy were moving off in the direction of Gordonsville; that General Sickles had moved out with his corps on the plank road and had taken the road to the south of them, and that he wished me to take what force I had, and, as soon as I could get through, follow them up, and do them all the damage possible. I asked him if I was under General Sickles' orders; * * he said no: you will find Sickles, however, a very pleasant, agreeable man; you will have no difficulty with him, and I want an officer of experience in that part of the field." He says he found Sickles, and "his corps * * was probably a mile in front, and there was pretty sharp skirmishing."

General Warren testifies, "We caught a view of a portion of the enemy's column passing on towards our right, and General Sickles went out with two of his divisions and what cavalry we had, under General Pleasonton, for the purpose of harrassing it. * * At that hour of the day there was a general feeling in the army that Lee's army was running away."

The testimony given before "the Joint Committee, on the Conduct of the War," of Congress relating to this battle, is contained in its "Report on the Army of the Potomac," published in 1865, in one vol., to which the reader is referred, whenever it is cited. Maj.-Gen. Hancock testifies: "It was supposed that that command of the enemy was retreating to Orange C. H. With that belief, Gen. Hooker ordered Gen. Sickles in pursuit." Hooker and others testify that he sent a despatch dated 4.10 P. M., May 2, to Gen. Sedgwick, saying: "We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains; two of Sickles divisions are among them." Hooker testifies about it: "It was based on a report sent in from Gen. Sickles that the enemy was flying at the time that he was sent out to follow up Jackson's column. At the time this news was received by me, I was of the impression that the general was mistaken; but, nevertheless, felt that no harm could come from its transmission to Gen. Sedgwick." Col. Thomson, aid to Gen. Pleasonton, quoted by Gen. DePeyster, in his review of the battle, says, Sickles told Pleasonton that afternoon that the enemy were retreating. The report from the Second Mass., of the Twelfth Corps, published in Mass. Adj.-Gen.'s Report, 1863, says: "The division was ordered out towards the front to capture a wagon train, the enemy being reported in full retreat."

Meanwhile on the right, as stated by Major Freuauff, acting ass't. insp.-gen., on the staff of Gen. Devens, in a letter published in Moore's Rebellion Record, vol. 6. "The thirty-five men of cavalry, allowed for the protection of the extreme right of the whole Army of the Potomac had heretofore not been able to discover" any rebels in force there. He explains the formation of that part of V. Gilsa's brigade, the extreme right of the Corps, which was "thrown back across the turnpike, facing westwardly," (according to Devens' testimony.) The Fifty-Fourth N. Y. and One Hundred and

Fifty-Third Penn. were in this position, "more as a close line of skirmishers, than a regular line of battle, being ordered to stand three feet apart." They remained in this formation. Capt. J. C. Hall, of the Fifty-Fifth Mass., who was a sergeant at this time in the Seventy-Fifth O., in McLean's brigade, in a letter to the writer, says that he was informed positively by the lieut.-col. and major of his regiment, one of whom succeeded the other as division officer of the day, that "there was no picket stationed north of the turnpike road, along which our line of battle extended." General Howard had, however, stationed two companies of infantry where the Ely's Ford road crosses Hunting creek in the rear. Capt. Hall says: "One company of Col. Lee's regiment," (Fifty-Fifth O., in same brigade), "was on the picket line. * * Col. Lee received three messengers between two and four o'clock, P. M." (from this company). "They reported that a heavy force of both infantry and artillery was moving to our right. * * On receiving the messenger the second and third time, Gen. McLean, Colonel Lee and messenger, went to Gen. Devens, who examined the messenger, and then sent a staff officer to Corps headquarters. Gen. Devens doubted the correctness of the information thus furnished, and told Col. Lee that he had received no notice of it from Corps headquarters. Col. Lee was persistent in the opinion that the information was thoroughly reliable," and was replied to by Gen. Devens to the effect that he was too much alarmed about it. Hall states that he received this information from Col. Lee himself. Devens soon became convinced as he testifies as follows: "About two or three in the afternoon, two soldiers who had been sent out to observe the enemy's lines, as spies, from one of the other commands, came in and reported that the enemy were massing heavily on our right. As this information was of importance, and fully confirmed my own strong opinion of the intention

indicated by the movements of the enemy, I sent these men at once to the headquarters of Gen. Howard, with direction to the officer in charge to see that they went at once, after communicating with Gen. Howard, to the headquarters of Gen. Hooker. Whether this information reached Gen. Hooker I cannot say, but have been informed by Gen. Howard that all information sent by me was communicated to the general headquarters. No direction having been received by me to make any change, my troops remained in substantially the position heretofore stated." The distance to Howard's headquarters was much less than a mile, and to Hooker's, down the Plank road, less than three. Brig. Gen. Schimmelfennig, commanding 1st brigade, 3d division, says in a letter published in Moore's Reb. Record, vol. 6, "The only reconnoisances undertaken were made by my brigade, and the hostile movements were reported by me full two hours before the opening of the engagement." Scouts and patrols, on different roads, it is known, frequently reported that afternoon to Howard that the enemy was moving across the Plank road towards Culpepper, which was not in the direction of Orange C. H., or Gordonsville, but our right and rear. Schurz, it is said, recommended to Howard contracting the line and forming the Corps on the right flank, at right angles with the Plank road. The suggestion was not adopted. After information was brought in by one of the reconnoisances of Schimmelfennig that they heard noises indicating a large body of rebels, Schurz placed two of his regiments in line in this direction, quite in his rear and made other dispositions. After all this information came in from the outposts, Barlow's brigade was sent two and a half miles away to Sickles. "Weir," of Howard's staff, in the "Portland Daily Press" account styles it "the best of his Corps, consisting partly of Ohio and Mass. troops, under a most brave and thorough officer." In it the Seventy-

Third Ohio, Thirty-Third Mass., One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth, and One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N. Y. Von Steinwehr states in his report of the battle to the Adjt.-Gen. of Eleventh Corps, published in Moore's Reb. Rec., vol. 6. "About four o'clock P.M., on the second instant, you ordered me to send the second brigade, Gen. F. Barlow commanding, to support the right wing of Gen. Sickles' Corps, then engaged with the enemy. The brigade immediately started, and, accompanied by yourself and myself, reached the right wing of Gen. Birney's division (of Gen. Sickles' Corps), in about an hour's time. We found Gen. Birney's sharp shooters skirmishing with the enemy; and as no engagement was imminent I returned to the first brigade, near Dowdall's."

Before it started, the men of the Thirty-Third, and doubtless those of the other regiments in Barlow's brigade, were ordered to leave behind their knapsacks. Two companies of the Thirty-Third, D and H, under Lieut.-Col. Rider, were left behind, being out on picket somewhere in the wilderness. The march of the brigade was through the clearing, then through an undergrowth by a stream, striking into a road through the forest. The march was by route-step in no particular hurry. Howard accompanied the brigade; rode a part of the way by the side of the colonel of the Thirty-Third, and talked with him. After marching a mile or more, and arriving at some buildings in a clearing, a halt was made, the men were allowed to rest, and Howard spent a few minutes there in conversation. At that time the Twenty-Third Georgia regiment, which had been captured by Sickles' command, passed the Thirty-Third. Birney's division was seen, at first, in line to the left. After a while Howard left and the brigade pushed on over the Furnace road, or some other, in support of Birney, from whom it soon got separated. It pushed on for miles into the woods and into the night, to

find him, and did not find him, or anybody in particular. In fact it got lost.

After the brigade left its position at Dowdall's tavern, no other changes apparently were made in the disposition of the remaining regiments of the Eleventh Corps, which were still in line to cover a front attack. Lieut.-Col. Salomon, commanding Eighty-Second Illinois regiment, Schimmelfennig's brigade, in his report, published in Moore's Reb. Rec., vol. 6, says: "Between five and six o'clock P. M., the colonel received the order that his men should make themselves comfortable." Hooker, speaking of the Eleventh Corps at this time, says in his testimony, "Their arms were stacked, and the men were away from them, and scattered about for the purpose of cooking their suppers, and for other purposes. No disposition had been made to receive an attack, and there were no pickets on the alert to advise of the approach of an enemy." John Esten Cooke, in his Life of Stonewall Jackson, and Major Leigh, who was on the staff of A. P. Hill, in a letter published in the "Southern Historical Society Papers," both state, as a fact, that the men of the Eleventh Corps, at the time they were attacked, were cooking their suppers.

Capt. Hall in his letter says of McLean's brigade: "About 4.30 P. M., of the 2d, the troops stacked arms, and proceeded to get supper. The bands were on the line, playing their most lively airs. The road was full of good natured, jovial, and happy soldiers, freed for the time being from the mental and physical strain of the past five or six days. The word had been passed among them that all danger of an attack that day had passed. They, as well as their general officers, were profoundly ignorant of the storm so soon to burst upon them."

Meanwhile, Jackson had the entire day, from six o'clock, A. M., according to rebel accounts, until five, P. M. to march,

substantially undisturbed, his three divisions deliberately along our front, by the Furnace road, over the hill in plain view to the south, and then instead of retreating to Orange C. H. to march by the Brook or Brock road, north-west, across the plank road to the turnpike, and selecting a favorable position, form his formidable column for attack. Substantially undisturbed, for Gen. Lee in his report tells how little Jackson was delayed by Sickles. The reports of the rebel commanders on this battle are published in vol. 10, Moore's Reb. Rec. Lee says: "As the rear of the train was passing the furnace, a large force of the enemy advanced from Chancellorsville and attempted its capture." The Twenty-Third Georgia had been left to guard the flank. A passing battery was put in position, two companies supported it. "The enemy was kept back by this small force until the train had passed, but his superior numbers" (a Corps)! "enabled him subsequently to surround and capture the greater part of the Twenty-Third Georgia. Gen. Anderson," (not of Jackson's column), "was directed to send a brigade to resist the further progress of the column, and detached Gen. Posey for that purpose. Gen. Posey became warmly engaged with a superior force, but being reinforced by Gen. Wright, the enemy's advance was arrested." According to Brig.-Gen. Archer, when the train was attacked, his brigade and Thomas', of Jackson's column, were sent back; found the enemy already repulsed by the small force referred to, then resumed their march.

"On reaching the plank road again," says Brig.-Gen. Rodes, in his report, "about two miles north-west of Chancellorsville, our cavalry was found skirmishing with that of the enemy, and a delay was caused by an endeavor on our part to entrap them," the poor little thirty-five! The enemy's cavalry, being Brig.-Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, under Gen. Stuart in person. Cooke says this movement of Jackson

had been "completely masked by the cavalry, which attacked and drove off the reconnoitering parties of the enemy—its destination undreamed of by the Federal army, now engrossed by Lee's attack in front."

Fitzhugh Lee, in an address recently delivered, (in October, 1879), published in "Southern Historical Society papers," furnishes us with what may be appropriately called a remarkable piece of testimony as to the preparation of the Eleventh Corps for the impending attack, confirming the testimony of Hall and others. He says: "I made a personal reconnoissance to locate the Federal right for Jackson's attack. With one staff officer, I rode across and beyond the Plank road, in the direction of the old turnpike, pursuing a path through the woods, momentarily expecting to find evidence of the enemy's presence. Seeing a wooded hill in the distance, I determined, if possible, to get upon its top, as it promised a view of the adjacent country. Cautiously I ascended its side, reaching the open spot upon its summit, without molestation. What a sight presented itself before me! Below, and *but a few hundred yards distant ran the Federal line of battle.* I was in rear of Howard's right. There were the line of defence with abatis in front and long lines of stacked arms in rear. Two cannon were visible in the part of the line seen. The soldiers were in groups in the rear, *laughing, chatting, smoking, probably engaged, here and there, in games of cards and other amusements indulged in while feeling safe and comfortable, awaiting orders. In rear of them were other parties driving up and butchering beeves.* The remembrance of the scene is as clear as it was sixteen years ago. So impressed was I with my discovery, that I rode rapidly back to the point on the Plank road where I had left my cavalry, and back down the road the cavalry was moving, until I met 'Stonewall,' himself." (The italics are the author's). He told him if he would come with him, he would

show him the enemy's right, and the advantage of attacking from the turnpike, instead of the Plank road, the "enemy's lines being taken in reverse." Jackson saw the sight. "His expression was one of intense interest, his face * * radiant at the success of his flank movement, * * his lips were moving * * praying in full view and in rear" of our flank. It was then, he says, only about 2 P. M. At 5 P. M. he would have seen the same sight. Jackson ordered his column to cross to the turnpike. Jackson concentrated his forces not far from Devens' right, about half a mile or less, according to rebel accounts, promptly formed his three divisions, Early's being left at Fredericksburg, into a column of attack, in a line diagonally across the turnpike. In front, D. H. Hill's division, commanded by Brig.-Gen. Rodes — four brigades in line of battle — one in line in the rear — in all, twenty-two regiments. One or two hundred yards in rear of Rodes' division, was Trimble's, commanded by Brig. Gen. Colston — three brigades in line of battle, fifteen regiments, nearly all on the left of the turnpike. In a third line, Maj.-Gen. A. P. Hill's division, four brigades, eighteen regiments, mostly in line, partly moving by the flank. Covering both flanks of Jackson, was Lee's brigade of cavalry and horse artillery, in all, twenty-two thousand five hundred infantry, according to rebel reports, besides Archer's and Thomas' brigades of about four thousand men, on the march to join the rest, and F. Lee's fifteen hundred cavalry, the number he states. The Eleventh corps consisted of not over eleven thousand men, and Barlow's brigade, about fifteen hundred men, being beyond reach, ninety-five hundred men, all told, were here and there along the thin line endeavoring to "make themselves comfortable" — in happy unconsciousness of the impending avalanche, and rejoicing over the enemy's reported retreat. Cooke says: "Jackson had moved so skilfully and silently that up to the moment of attack, the enemy did not so much as suspect his presence."

At 5 1-4 o'clock, Jackson gave the order. At 5 1-2, a rebel gun threw a shell, and the column started. The startled deer and rabbits fled before it, some into the federal lines. The line of twenty-two regiments pushed rapidly forward, fired volleys, then made a rush, closely followed by those in the rear, and by the batteries, with a rebel yell from the whole, that reverberated thro' the woods, and doubtless it sounded and seemed to the amazed Eleventh Corps as if the infernal hosts were coming up out of the bowels of the earth. Capt. Hall continues his account: "I was just before 6 o'clock, P. M., in the act of dipping my tin cup into a spring, about fifty feet from where our guns were stacked, (the 75th O.) and just in the rear of Von Gilsa's two deflected regiments, when I was astounded by the bursting of a shell, as it struck a tree standing almost on the edge of the spring. I am confident that that was the very *first warning* that we had. I was near enough (but a few feet off) to our extreme right, to have heard the discharge of a musket, had there been any discharged. Nor did I hear any command or other note of warning. The shell came from a gun stationed on the old turnpike, close up to our flank, so near, in fact, that the roar of the gun and the bursting of the shell seemed simultaneous, as was also the rebel yell, as Jackson's force burst upon us, and the attack coming from the flank and *rear*, as it did, was the most complete surprise I ever experienced. Von Gilsa's brigade was crushed before it could hardly raise a hand. The enemy was into and over the two deflected regiments before a large part of this portion of our line could *unstack their muskets.*" The Ohio Adjt.-Gen.'s history of the regiments in McLean's brigade states that the first thing heard was artillery and then volleys and yells—that one of the two right regiments left 350 guns in their stack. Writers on the battle have lingered pleasantly over their accounts of the "skedaddle" of the Eleventh Corps which ensued. Indeed

the situation of that Corps at the time being understood, the result from the shock of this rebel tornado can easily be imagined without description. The accounts say that men ran away from their lines, regiments broke, guns and caissons started, trains of ambulances and ammunition wagons, pack mules, and beef cattle were stampeded, and the whole mass, panic stricken, came tearing down the single road, sweeping everything before them, into the large field in front of the Chancellor house, which was soon filled, as one writer says, with "battery wagons, ambulances, horses, men, cannons, caissons, all jumbled and tumbled together in one inextricable mass"—the men "flying as fast as their legs could carry them." Warren testifies: "The first drove of fugitives I saw was nothing but these ambulances and pack-mules, enough to run any man down who attempted to go in an opposite direction. And that, I think, together with the attack of the enemy in front shook the line, and they thought everything was going." Salomon says in his report, "horses, mules and ambulances of the 1st division came running in the greatest confusion and disorder from the right, and passed in rear of the regiment." Hooker testifies as to this stampede and what he did about it: "Fearing that the fugitives would stampede the whole army, I directed the cavalry with me, assisted by my staff, to charge them, sabre in hand, but no human power could arrest their flight. Seeing this, I double-quicked Berry's division of the 3d Corps" (his old division, in it the First, Eleventh and Sixteenth Mass.) "a division that had never failed me, and a brigade of the 2d Corps, then near me, both in reserve" (and all there was left of his reserve) "to cover the rear of the Eleventh Corps."

To the troops and generals who saw these sights it doubtless seemed as if the whole Eleventh Corps had run away without firing a shot, or facing the enemy for a minute, and as most of the published statements of the conduct of the

Corps have come from those officers, or army correspondents, who saw what happened from this part of the battlefield—such, up to this day, has been the generally received account of that Corps' conduct. Some of the regiments, and some of the artillery of the Corps, were undoubtedly overcome with a panic, and stampeded without striking a blow. Of how many this is true it cannot now be accurately known, on the testimony so far published, and accessible, certainly not the majority of the Corps. But it is certain from the testimony, that some of the infantry and the artillery of that Corps, in their hopeless position that night made a stubborn resistance, and did some gallant fighting, that deserved a better chance of success, and better mention than it has hitherto received. Devens testifies—"The skirmish line resisted the enemy with great determination, but as it was forced back, and the main line of the enemy came in sight, it was a question of time only, how soon he would overcome the resistance offered by the 1st division. * * Great determination was exhibited by the officers and most of the men." Freuauff says that his regiment, the One Hundred and Fifty-Third Penn., which was one of the two in line on the right flank, the men "three feet apart"—after it was enveloped on three sides by the enemy, and two other regiments had fled, after the first volley, "still stood and gave, as a regiment, a parting volley, which rebel prisoners report to have fearfully mowed down the ranks of the advancing, first Virginia" (Alabama)? "brigade. Then the order to retreat was given." Nine regiments were in its particular front. "The Seventy-Fifth O.," says Hall, "the reserve just in the rear of these two regiments, snatched their muskets, changed front, deploying at the same time, and in deploying, pushed the right company fairly among the enemy. It stood up manfully, fired rapidly, fought bravely. What could it do to stay the rush of Jackson's force? * * The

Twenty-Fifth O., in reserve, but a short distance away, also rapidly changed front and deployed. It, too, fought desperately. The 2d brigade" (the rest of it, McLean's) "which faced south, also endeavored to change front, but Jackon's troops were among them, while they were in the act of performing this evolution. Our little brigade of only 1500 men, bravely stood their ground too long, for Jackson's line was lapping both their flanks. * * It fought till it was crushed by the mere weight of numbers." Four of the five colonels were wounded, one mortally, the fifth had his horse shot under him, one lieut.-colonel was killed. The brigade lost 900 men. A part of the brigade rallied near the intersection of the turnpike and Plank road. The Ohio brigade had fought hard on many a field. At the second Battle of Bull Run, the Seventy-Fifth O., had ninety bullet holes through its flag. Capt. Hall concludes his account by saying: "I have submitted the statement I send you, to several officers of McLean's brigade. They all have told me that it is perfectly accurate." The Ohio Adjt.-Gen.'s history says in its account of the Twenty-Fifth regiment: "One solid shot was followed by the thunder of twenty thousand muskets and the deafening roar of artillery. * * The Twenty-Fifth deployed, changed front, and moved forward one hundred yards, exposed to a merciless fire. * * The Fifty-Fifth and Seventy-Fifth, joined the ranks of the Twenty-Fifth and these three regiments held their position until the broken fragments of the 1st brigade had passed to their rear, and the enemy had enveloped them on three sides, and then they too fell back."

The rebel Brig.-Gen. Doles whose brigade, of D. H. Hill's division was in the front line, says in his report: "The brigade moved as rapidly as possible through a very thick wood, and skirmishers were immediately engaged by those of the enemy. Our forces marching rapidly forward, assisted in driving in the enemey's sharp-shooters, when we were sub-

jected to a very heavy musket fire, and grape, cannister and shell. The command was ordered to attack the enemy in his intrenched position. * * After a resistance of about ten minutes, we drove him from his positions on the left, and carried his battery of two guns." This was undoubtedly Gen. Devens' position on the extreme right, and the guns were his, as he says of his artillery in his testimony, "a section (two pieces) was placed upon the turnpike road facing westerly." So then, a fight was made here, by at least this section of artillery, the Penn. regiment and the Ohio brigade, for ten minutes against the terrible odds.

Gen. Howard was unable to arrive on the ground until the right was driven in. Says the Portland "Daily Press" account, signed "Weir," one of Gen. Howard's staff, on the authority of Frank Moore, in whose Reb. Rec. it was published, vol. 6. "Gen Howard conducted the brigade" (Barlow's) "to its position in person, taking some prisoners on the way. Gen. Howard galloped back to his head-quarters with the greatest speed, and it was fortunate that he made no delay, for within five minutes after his return, a couple of shots from two of our rifled cannon located on the right, upon the old turnpike, announced the enemy in that vicinity. Soon a terrific storm of musketry confirmed the belief that the rebels had attacked our right flank. The General and staff were in the saddle and galloping to the point of attack without a moments delay; but before the General got there the right brigade * * had given away and was pouring back in utter rout. As he went along, Gen. Howard changed the direction of a brigade, so that it would face the enemy coming from the right. He also sent directions to the artillery, which now opened a most destructive fire upon the impetuous foe. But now he found it necessary to use every effort, both in person and by employing the staff officers to rally the broken regiments. * * The overwhelming charge of

the rebels, accompanied by their triumphant yells, the rushing back of the routed troops, all so sudden and bewildering, seemed to turn the heads of many of the officers as well as men." Gen. Devens says of the defence made by his division: "The fact that out of this division of less than 4,000 men 1,600 by name are included in the list of killed, wounded and missing, (nearly every regimental, brigade, and division, commander being on the list) shows that the utmost was done by it to prevent the disaster which threatened the army." Of his own gallant efforts to this end, Gen. Howard wrote in a letter to him—"More than an hour after the attack I saw you still rallying men; forming lines to resist the enemy's attack, though suffering from a severe and painful wound received early in the action." While this attack had fallen upon the regiments of Devens' division without the slightest warning to them, it is proper to say that a competent authority states that there was a picket line around the right flank, and that besides a small body of cavalry, the thirty-five probably, a full company, reporting to Devens after three or four o'clock, was sent out by him in that direction, but they all failed to find any rebels there except cavalry, which was undoubtedly the screen to Jackson's movement. After the division fell back, one of McLean's regiments, the Seventeenth Conn. was rallied under its major, Brady the colonel being wounded and lieut.-col. killed, and bravely fought for a while in Schurz's line.

Schurz was at the headquarters of Howard when the attack commenced. He mounted and rode to his division. As the enemy's line of battle was coming on diagonally across that of the main part of the Eleventh Corps, and thus in rear as well as in flank, it struck the Twenty-Sixth Wis. and Seventy-Fifth Penn., the two regiments which had been placed there by Schurz, almost at the same time that it did Devens' extreme right. The two companies of the Thirty-

Third on picket were near this division. Page, of Company D., who was on picket post, says that the first thing he saw or heard was a line of the enemy coming on in the rear, and that his squad laughed at him when he reported it. The arms of regiments of the 1st division were still in stack, he saw, and the fires still blazing under their camp kettles. Devens' force of cavalry had just been reconnoitering in the direction from which the enemy came, and reported nothing there but cavalry pickets. When the attack came, Schurz, as soon as he arrived, hastily put the One Hundred and Nineteenth N. Y. in line on the flank and in rear. The Seventy-Fifth Penn. was taken at a disadvantage and had to fall back. The account in the Wisconsin Adjt.-Gen's. history of the regiments of that state says: "here those two regiments, the One Hundred and Nineteenth N. Y. and the Twenty-Sixth Wis. both under fire for the first time, standing alone on a bare hill top, attacked by a largely superior number, who had the advantage of a screening forest, stood and fought unflinchingly until the enemy had largely doubled around their flanks, both right and left," and then did not retire until ordered. Another authority says that the Wisconsin regiment fought here twenty minutes, then retired in good order. There was scarcely an officer in it who was not either wounded or had a bullet hole through his clothing. It gained precious time for preparing a defence at Dowdall's Tavern. The gallant and accomplished Col. Peissner of the One Hundred and Nineteenth N. Y., was shot dead at the head of his regiment. There was an embankment through which the turnpike was cut, and other difficulties of ground that prevented prompt changes of front, and proper manœuvering, still attempts were instantly made to check the enemy.

Brig.-Gen. Schimmelfennig, an old German officer who commanded the 1st brigade in Schurz's division, in a letter to that general published in Moore's Reb. Rec., vol. 6,

says "it was the second line of your division which, although run down by the 1st division, changed front from south to west in less than two minutes time; that it was the brigade battery, commanded by Capt. Dilger, on the left, which checked the heavy column of the enemy pouring into us from the front, and from both flanks, and that the first line of your division, in connection with Col. Bushbeck's brigade of Gen. Steinwehr's division, formed behind two of my regiments—the 82d Ill., Col. Hecker and 157th N. Y., Col. Brown—and occupied the rifle pits." Lieut.-Col. Salomon, who succeeded Col. Hecker after he was wounded, says in his report that after forming line of battle facing to the west, "We then marched in line of battle and in good order, to the top of a little hill in our rear, and there faced the enemy. * * We commenced firing, and the regiment fired at least six rounds from this position. * * The regiment," (being then outflanked) "fell back fifteen yards in good order, leaving about seventy killed and wounded on the ground it had occupied. Col. Hecker then took the flag in his hand, cheering his men to make a charge as soon as the enemy should arrive at the proper distance." The regiment was again outflanked. The Colonel shot, and fell from his horse, and the regiment "retired in good order, keeping up a steady fire, which considerably checked the advance of the enemy, to the edge of the woods." The men here fired a round, retreated a hundred yards, then "fired two more rounds, which were very effective, * * making in all a loss of 156 killed, wounded and missing." Dilger's and Wiedrich's batteries kept up a rapid fire with spherical case, grape and cannister, that did execution. Dilger only limbered up and took his battery to the rear when the enemy had got between his pieces, then ineffectually attempted to drag off one of his guns with dead horses hanging in the harness. Under the great difficulties that surrounded him, Schurz

made several attempts to reorganize his retreating regiments, and led them in person, with hurrahs, to the charge; but they were steadily outflanked, and had to fall back. His division lost 117 killed, 368 wounded, 456 missing, many of these killed or wounded, probably.

The rebel Gen. Doles, continuing his narrative says, "The command moved forward at the 'double quick' to assault the enemy who had taken up a strong position on the crest of a hill in the open field. He was soon driven from this position, the command pursuing him. He made a stubborn resistance from behind a wattling fence, on a hill covered thickly with pine. The whole command moved against this position, the 4th and 44th Georgia in front, and the 21st and 12th on his left flank and rear. Here we captured one gun (a rifled piece). We pursued his retreating forces about three hundred yards over an open field, receiving a very severe fire from musketry and a battery of four pieces on the crest of the hill that commanded the field below." One, and probably both of these second and third positions described by Doles, were Schurz's, defended by Schimmelfennig's command in front, and part of Kryzanowki's brigade, and Col. Buschbeck's, in second line, and the battery was Dilger's. The rebel Gen. Colston says his brigade helped to "capture the first line of intrenchments of the enemy which were in an open field, beyond the Wilderness church. This they did under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry."

After these two positions were carried by the enemy, the next one attacked, the fourth, according to Doles, although Col. O'Neal who succeeded him in command, mentions but two previous, was the position, at Dowdall's Tavern, or Melzi Chancellor's, held by the remaining brigade of Steinwehr's division, Col. Buschbeck's. Steinwehr says in his report that while returning from Barlow's brigade to near

Dowdall's, "I heard heavy firing in that direction, which showed that a strong attack was made upon our Corps. When I arrived upon the field, I found Col. Bushbeck with three regiments of his brigade (the 27th Penn., 73d Penn., and 154th N. Y. vols.) still occupying the same ground" (on the south side of the turnpike) "near the tavern, and defending this position with great firmness and gallantry: the fourth regiment, (the 29th regt. N. Y. vols.) he had sent to the north side of the road to fill the place lately occupied by the second brigade, before its detachment. The attack of the enemy was very powerful. They emerged in close columns from the woods, and had thrown the first and second divisions, who retired towards Chancellorsville, in great confusion. Col. A. Buschbeck succeeded to check the progress of the enemy, and I directed him to hold his position as long as possible. The men fought with great determination and courage. Soon, however, the enemy gained both wings of the brigade, and the enfilading fire which was now opened upon this small force, and which killed and wounded nearly one-third of its whole strength, soon forced them to retire. Col. A. Buschbeck then withdrew his small brigade in perfect order, towards the woods, the enemy closely pressing on. Twice he halted, fired a round, and at last reached the rear of Gen. Sickles' Corps, which had been drawn up in position near Chancellorsville. Here he formed his regiment in close column, and you will recollect, offered to advance again to a bayonet charge." The plucky old soldier! "The first brigade lost in killed and wounded four hundred and ninety-four men and——officers; among the latter, three regimental commanders. * * I must speak in high terms of Col. Adolph Buschbeck, for his gallantry and determination, and for the complete control he retained over his command during the whole engagement." Schimmelfennig continuing in his letter says, "Your two brigades, and those of Col.

Buschbeck, together, comprising not quite four thousand muskets, alone received the entire shock of the battle, and held the enemy in check for at least an hour. * * The three brigades above named, although both their flanks were turned, stood their ground until a sufficient time had elapsed for the Corps behind them to come to their assistance, and take a position in their rear. Your command did everything that could have been expected under the circumstances.' Another authority states that the Eighty-Second Ohio remained here fighting till the last, and when the rifle pits here were abandoned it was after seven o'clock. It is stated, also, that a part of Devens' division was rallied by him and fought on the left of Steinwehr's line. To resume Doles' account of the enemy's advance—he says of the fourth position —"his infantry was in large force" (a respectable body that had not run away) "and well protected by rifle pits and intrenchments. The order was to 'take' the intrenchments and the battery, which was done after a resistance of about *twenty minutes*." (the italics are not his). "The enemy fled in utter confusion, leaving his battery of four pieces, his wounded, and many prisoners," that is, fought till they were captured. Then he says, our force "pursued him through the pine forest, moving some five hundred yards to the front, and holding that position until after dark;" the engagement "lasted from about five and a half to nine o'clock P. M." and he speaks of no further fighting that night, neither does his division commander, Gen. Rodes. Col. O'Neal commanding Rodes' brigade says in his report that after capturing the third line of log works, "darkness coming on, the pursuit was discontinued. In this short space of time we drove the enemy before us about two miles, and from three breastworks and two abatis; * * as soon as the night put an end to the pursuit, I formed the brigade." Capt. H. Osborn of the Fifty-Fifth Ohio, who was wounded and taken pris-

oner at Chancellorsville, stated to the writer that after he was taken, he saw a battery rapidly firing upon the enemy as they advanced upon it, and keep on firing till they were upon the guns; and men and some of the guns were captured. He heard a rebel officer say before its capture he would give a million of dollars for two hours of daylight, if that battery were away. It was without much doubt Dilger's battery. He said that Gen. Howard was about the last man that he saw on our side, and he was in the midst of the fire, doing all that a man could do to rally his troops and to direct a plucky defence. Rodes in his report says of his losses during the battle—"The division sustained a heavy loss in killed and wounded, especially on the second day," when he was fighting the Eleventh Corps. He then gives a table of casualties, amounting to about four hundred killed and nineteen hundred wounded.

The two companies of the Thirty-Third retreated by a circuitous route through the woods, passing in view of the open field and orchard south of the Plank road, called Hazel grove, across which Sickles had marched out. Saw no troops there then, and arrived in the field called Fairview, the second field from the Chancellor house, where some batteries were being got into position, in anticipation of the arrival of the enemy. Here the sounds of the battle became louder and louder, as it grew nearer. After the two companies had been there a half-hour or an hour, near the Plank road, Howard and others came galloping back. He inquired what squad that was, and being answered, "two companies of the Thirty-Third Mass.," said "for the Lord's sake rally and throw out a skirmish line." Company D volunteered and went into the woods. After a while the enemy's skirmish line was seen approaching. Page narrates that Corporal Allen, afterwards killed; who was near him said: "I am going to have the first man," fired and his man fell, the first shot, probably, from

this position. The batteries then opened from Fairview behind them. The skirmish line being found to be in range, was called in. As it came out, saw Berry's division forming on the other side of the road. The batteries only fired a few rounds then. An officer in the First Mass., Berry's division, informs the writer that he saw Gen. Steinwehr, Col. Buschbeck and their staffs, coming down the Plank road with what troops they had left, and Capt. Stowe, (son of Harriet Beecher Stowe) of Steinwehr's staff, was heard to exclaim, "My God, here's Charley Mudge, and the old First Mass., we are all right." Mudge was the adjutant, brother of the adjutant of the Thirty-Third. Companies and parts of Steinwehr's regiments took their place in Berry's line with a will. It is stated that the Eighty-Second Ohio and Illinois, both, the Twenty-Sixth Wisconsin and One Hundred and Fifty-Seventh New York, of Schurz's division, formed in Berry's line and remained as long as needed, till near nine o'clock.

Warren, after testifying that during the attack on the Eleventh Corps "their own artillery heroically served still to hold the enemy in check," certainly deserved praise, continues, "To the credit of the artillery of the Eleventh Corps that came off the field, it went into this line with the greatest alacrity," that is, in rear of Berry's infantry, on the crest of Fairview, where the batteries of the Twelfth Corps, under Capt. Best, its chief of artillery, were in line. Thirty guns in all, were got into position here, and placed under Capt. Best. They fired a few rounds, but no more were needed now. Contrary to the generally received account, it is a fact proved by the concurrent testimony of officers and men on the line that night, including men in the Thirty-Third companies, and by other authority, that Berry's infantry did no fighting that night, as a line did not fire a shot, though it was all ready and pluckily waiting. The rebel Brig.-Gen. Heth, says of his brigade in his report,

"Passing Melzi Chancellor's * * on entering these woods the enemy opened upon my command a heavy fire of artillery, doing us some damage. It was now becoming quite dark. The undergrowth was so thick and entangled that it was impossible to advance in any order. I ordered the brigade to re-form on the Plank road." He does not allude to any infantry attack here. The enemy had halted for the night. The pickets were firing at each other more or less during the night. Soon after the rebel line halted, the pickets of the First Mass. fired into a reconnoitering party of horsemen, one of whom fell from his horse, and the survivors believe it was Stonewall Jackson, who, the accounts agree, was mortally wounded about this time. Warren thinks he was wounded by the fire of the batteries here.

Meanwhile the enemy's right had been approaching Hazel grove, and Brig.-Gen., afterwards Maj.-Gen. Pleasonton, and his men, according to his testimony, had been doing deeds of skill and heroism in checking the rebels here. He testifies that on hearing of the attack on the Eleventh Corps, he hastened back from the flank of Sickles with two regiments of cavalry and his horse battery into the open field which he had left, and which was then, in his words, "filled with fugitives, caissons, ambulances, guns and everything. I saw the movement was critical, and I called on Maj. Keenan, of the Eighth Penn., and gave him his orders. I said to him, 'Major, you must charge in these woods with your regiment and hold the rebels until I can get some of these guns into position'; says I, 'you must do it at all cost.' * * He started in with his whole regiment, and made one of the most gallant charges in the war. He was killed at the head of his regiment, but he alarmed the rebels so much that I gained about ten minutes on the enemy. * * I immediately ran up this battery of mine at a gallop, put it into position,

ordered it unlimbered and double shotted with cannister, and directed the men to aim at the ground-line of the parapet that the Eleventh" (must have been the Twelfth) "Corps had thrown up two hundred yards off. * * I then set to work with two squadrons of the remaining regiment to clear this field of fugitives, and to stop what cannon and ammunition that we could, and put them in position; and I managed to get twenty-two guns loaded, double-shotted, and aiming on this space in front of us for about a quarter or half a mile, when the whole woods appeared alive with large bodies of men. This was just dark. I was going to give the word 'fire.' * * There was an immense body of men, and I wanted the whole weight of metal to check them." The enemy then resorted to the ruse of waving a federal flag which they had captured. His aid, Lieut. Thompson, was sent to see who they were. "Went to within about a hundred yards." In another account of his, quoted by Fitzhugh Lee, in his address, Pleasonton says, "He was induced to go fifty yards closer when the whole line in a most dastardly manner opened on him with musketry. * He escaped unhurt." Lee comments thus: "One of the most wonderful things of this most wonderful battle, is this statement that a mounted officer fifty yards from Rode's line should be fired at by the whole line and live to tell it." He has told of it, and fixes the hour as between eight and nine o'clock. Quoth Pleasonton, "I immediately gave the order 'fire,' and the fire actually swept the men away. * * We had this fight between musketry and artillery there for nearly an hour. At one time they got within fifty yards of the guns." His men, or somebody's must have done some pretty tall running, for, he says, "The great difficulty with me was to keep my people to fight the guns in the dark. The men were all the time cutting the traces and slipping off with the horses whenever they could, and I had to start all my aids and my escort to bring them

back. In fact I was alone pretty much the whole time, working wherever I found anything going wrong. I would say, however, that there were two squadrons of the 17th Penn. regiment left. * * I had them formed in single line, with sabres drawn, with orders to charge in case the enemy came to the guns." He does not say what in the meantime had become of the rest of his two regiments. Had they sought the seclusion from the tumult and carnage which the rear afforded, like a part of the much abused Eleventh Corps? Pleasonton never needed them more, for, he says, "I had no supports whatever for these guns, except probably one hundred and fifty mounted men, who would have been nothing." It would rather appear so, as against Jackson's Corps. "After the third heavy attack," he says, "the one I dreaded most, the enemy fell back, and I ordered the troops to cease firing." Then he ascertained from prisoners that Stonewall Jackson was mortally wounded, he believes, by his guns. Pleasonton says after his repulse of the rebels, they were in a very disorganized state. "I knew they were from this fact. I brought in out of the woods that they held, three of our Napoleon guns, two caissons and a forge." He does not say whether he lugged them all out at once, but it would appear that nobody helped him. He explains why he made such superhuman efforts himself: "I saw that if somebody did not save that field at once, it was not going to be saved at that point. I considered it my duty to go in and do whatever I could, and that we were all up and would be driven into the river if I did not do it. When I came to count the artillery I had there, I found that I had the artillery of three Corps in that line. I took it by the force of circumstances and necessity. * * I assumed command by virtue of being a general, and I fought as a general of artillery."

This heroic incident of Pleasonton and his cavalry, in the crisis of this battle, as narrated by him, has been very much

worked up in newspaper and other accounts of the battle, and has become embodied in the most thrilling of war poetry. De Peyster gets it up in this style, "The intrepid Pleasonton, with comprehensive lightning-like glance, and a decision as instantaneous as the electric flash, gathered up his cavalry, hurled them upon the foe, and with the sacrifice of as gallant a soldier, Maj. Keenan, Eighth Penn. cavalry, as ever drew sabre, checked them, until he could range his own rapidly collected guns upon a ridge, and then drove them back and saved the army," as Bessieres did at Aspern. "That this fearful disaster was averted, is due to a feat of generalship and an exhibition of heroism to both of which the world can be challenged to produce superiors," and similar climaxes. A writer quoted in the "Portsmouth, N. H., Weekly" newspaper of February, 1880, styles it "a tragedy worthier to live in epic verse than the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava" pictures Pleasonton towering above the confusion. "Suddenly out in front of our guns rose the familiar form of Gen. Pleasonton. Above the din, rang his shrill voice, 'align those pieces!' * * Time, oh, for ten minutes time!" Quotes Pleasonton to Keenan, and Keenan goes in, and then the writer makes our hair stand on end thus: "Oh, what a sight was that! Would to God some American Tennyson might see that sight, and lift those humble names into immortality! Three hundred troops with deep set spurs and flashing sabres, at the throats of twenty thousand men; nobody had blundered, but somebody must die to save the army—that was all!" So Jackson's whole Corps was thus suddenly stopped in its victorious march, like Xerxes' hosts, by the "three hundred!" It seems too bad to rob us of this poetic story of the war, in any particular, yet stubborn truth compels the historian to say there are two sides to it. Capt. James F. Huntington, of Boston, then commanding Battery H, First Ohio Artillery, in Whipple's division was that day its acting chief of artillery. He had under him

three batteries which were left in Hazel Grove when the division went out under Sickles. The field was small enough for it all to be visible from any point in it. A narrow dirt road ran from the plank road through the woods and crossed this field in the direction of the furnace. His batteries were between this road and the woods on the west of the field—the enemy's direction, in column of half battery closed in mass. In a letter to the writer, he says, "when the firing opened in the woods, on our right," to the north-west, "as acting chief of artillery of the division, I desired to put the batteries in position to repel the attack. As I was about to do so, Pleasonton's cavalry, with a horse battery, rode into the field. The former halted on the ground I was obliged to occupy for that purpose, delaying the movement till I became apprehensive that the enemy would find us unprepared. At last, to my great relief, his cavalry left in the direction of the rear. His battery remained, taking position some distance on our left. I thereupon placed the eighteen guns of Whipple's division in battery on the ground vacated, and opened fire as soon as the enemy appeared. Gen. Pleasonton may have exercised command over his four-horse battery, but with that exception, I deny that he rallied, ordered or directed any artillery on that occasion. Where he found the demoralized batteries flying in confusion which he claims to have arrested and held up to the work, in spite of the anxiety of the cannoneers to run away, I do not know. * * The claim that he had anything to do directly or indirectly with the batteries on which the brunt of Jackson's attack here fell, save to kindly take his command out of their way, of my own personal knowledge I know to be false. I remained in this field all the afternoon and night. I saw no more of Pleasonton's cavalry either 'charging' or otherwise. In fact, to those who knew the ground, the idea of a cavalry charge there is absurd. There were no batteries there except those to

which I have referred during that period." If Pleasonton's horse battery was a four-gun battery, that with Huntington's eighteen would make the twenty-two that he speaks of. Gen. Sickles in a letter to the adjt.-gen. of the army dated June 26, 1866, recommending Capt. Jas. F. Huntington for promotion by brevet, says of him that afternoon: "The batteries of the 3d (Whipple's division) of the Third Corps, were left in a field between the position occupied by the Eleventh Corps and general-head-quarters, and through which I marched with two divisions to attack the enemy under Jackson, then moving toward our right. When the Eleventh Corps gave way. * * Capt. Huntington * * acting chief of artillery, notwithstanding the stream of fugitives from the Eleventh Corps, and unsupported by infantry, put the batteries in position in time to repel the further advance of the enemy at that point, and held the ground, an object of the greatest importance, till I arrived. On my arrival, I sent for the commanding officer, Capt. H. and thanked him for his timely and gallant conduct, and with hearty commendation, promised to recommend him for promotion." Capt. Huntington is authority for the stat-e ment that if there was any charge of cavalry in the field where he was all the time, the troopers had to "charge over a pretty high rail fence, into a thick wood" and against "an enemy who were not then within rifle range." Capt. Huntington's statements are confirmed by the officers of his battery. Wm. E. Parmelee, a lieutenant in the battery, in a letter says, "the cavalry and Gen. Pleasonton had gone to the rear before we opened out on the rebs. * * The honors belong to Capt. Huntington and the men that stood by him." Col. Daniel Hall, of N. H., then a captain on Whipple's staff, states that while in charge of an ammunition train he had a narrow escape from the enemy in getting into the field. Saw Pleasonton's cavalry there, but neither saw nor heard of any cavalry charge thereabouts. The enemy finally got onto Huntington's flank in the woods between him and the plank road. He had to change front with one battery and briskly opened on them from here.

It would appear from Pleasonton's testimony and the accounts of others, as to his doings that night, that Jackson's whole three divisions were charging directly upon Hazel Grove, whereas that field was a half mile from the plank road, which was nearly the line of the rebel advance, rather away from Hazel Grove, than otherwise, for the larger body of the enemy was on the other side of the plank road; and as they were in the thick woods, an attack on their right flank by a small body would not affect them a great deal in their advance on Chancellorsville. Whatever was done in this orchard, and whoever did it, the rebel accounts do not allude to it. Neither Lee, Jackson's three division commanders, nor his brigade commanders on the right of Jackson's attacking column that night, all of whose reports are published in Moore's Reb. Record, make any mention of any attack on their flank by artillery, infantry or cavalry, except Sickles' attack at about midnight. Brig.-Gen. Colquitt, whose brigade was on the right of the leading division, says that after advancing a few hundred yards, intelligence was brought to him that the enemy was upon his right flank. He sent a regiment to see, and "the enemy's force proved to be a small body of cavalry, which galloped away as soon as the regiment advancing towards them was discovered, and a picket of infantry, which was captured by my skirmishers." Brig.-Gen. Ramseur, whose brigade covered his, in second line, says Gen. Colquitt, sent him this information. He pressed on by the right flank "prosecuted the search for half a mile, perhaps, *but not a solitary yankee was to be seen.*" (The italics are his.) This is the only mention that either of them make of any force on their flank where Pleasonton says the Penn. regiment charged and his guns opened fire. The "small body of cavalry," Pleasonton's, of course, does not appear to have been so full of fight, at this stage of the proceedings, as some of it is represented as being behind the twenty-two guns,

and under the "lightning-like glance" of their leader. The truth undoubtedly is, according to the rebel reports, and all the testimony, that by the time Pleasonton arrived on the scene and got his cavalry ready, and Huntington's artillery was in position, the force of Jackson's attack had been broken, and it was substantially ended, and this before it had reached Hazel Grove—on the right, or Berry's line in front, for the enemy's line crossed the plank road diagonally, and the attack here on a disorganized portion of the right, after the main business was over, for Thompson says it was between eight and nine o'clock, had too little consequence to be mentioned by the rebel commanders. A gallant charge may have been made by Maj. Keenan's regiment, somewhere, and he died doing his duty bravely—doubtless. If any considerable portion of Jackson's column had been in full tide of successful pursuit, it would not have stopped long for twenty-two guns, supported by only one hundred and fifty cavalrymen; the latter would have been but a morsel, if they could have been caught, and the guns would have been in his men's clutches in short metre, if they had got within fifty yards of them, as Pleasonton states it.

The condition of the attacking column after it had advanced through the ugly wilderness, for two miles and more, and the immediate causes of the attack's ending, are stated by Lee, and his commanders. Says Lee, "It was now dark. * * The troops of Rodes and Colston, * * were completely blended, and in such disorder, from their advance through intricate woods and over broken ground, that it was necessary to reform them." While this was attempted, Jackson, with his staff and escort, returning from the extreme front, "in the obscurity of the night, were mistaken for the enemy, and fired upon," Jackson being mortally wounded. Rodes, commanding the leading division, says, "the troops soon entered a second piece of woods thickly filled with

undergrowth. The right becoming entangled in an abatis near the enemy's first line of fortifications, caused the line to halt, and such was the confusion and darkness, that it was not deemed advisable to make a further advance." Colston says "Darkness prevented our farther advance. * * Different regiments, brigades, and divisions were mixed up together." Heth's testimony and others', before cited, is important. Col. Brockenbrough says, "night alone giving them quarter," (i. e. Hooker's men). "We pursued them within three-fourths of a mile of Chancellorsville. The rapid flight of the enemy, the eagerness of our pursuit, the tangled wilderness through which we had marched, and the darkness of the night, created much confusion in our ranks, which at this point was increased by a deadly fire poured into our ranks by friends and foes from our right, left and front. Artillery, with their caissons, occupied the road abreast of us, and, without drivers, dashed headlong through our ranks," (not Eleventh Corps artillery). "Under these circumstances our troops halted, and the chase ended for the night." No mention in any of these reports of any attack from Hazel Grove, Berry or Best, except in Heth's of an attack from Best, unless Col. Brockenbrough refer to one or all of them. And the just proportion of this fire to be allotted to each, and to Jackson's own men, it is impossible to make from his single statement.

From all these reports and the testimony, it is certain that Jackson's column was fought from position to position. It was so obstructed and delayed, that with the difficulties of the ground added, it was from five and a half o'clock till about nine, three and a half hours, in reaching the position in front of the Chancellor house, from its starting point, about two miles. Fought and obstructed by what troops? Evidently by none other than those of the Eleventh Corps. And when this formidable column did reach the troops of the Third Corps, and part of it Hazel Grove, the attack had

been checked, had spent itself, and darkness overtook the column before it could get ready for another. By that time missing troops were back, and fresh ones arrived. What more could have been expected from this Corps under the circumstances? What other Corps, would as a Corps, have done any better, against the overwhelming odds, and in the unfortunate combination of difficulties which the Eleventh Corps was left alone to struggle with?

Fresh troops arrived by the time Jackson's attack was over, for Doubleday's division of the First Corps, which was sent for that morning, arrived about dark at U. S. ford, three miles to the rear, and in the evening was pushed up to near Ely's ford, on the right rear. Sickles arrived back with his corps, according to Pleasonton's testimony, "between nine and ten o'clock in the evening." Why it came in appears from the testimony. We left Sickles with his command and supports, some two miles and more off—to the south, across a stream and marshes, which had been bridged. Birney testifies: "At dusk I found my division with Barlow's brigade, in the rebel army, and that the two divisions on my left had not advanced equally with me. I formed my division into a large square, with my artillery in the centre, holding the main road over which *Jackson had passed*," (the italics are not his). Jackson had gone to his right, Whipple's and William's divisions were still farther to Birney's left. "About this time several of the fugitives from the Eleventh Corps reached me, and informed me that the right of the army, held by the Eleventh Corps, had utterly given away, and that the enemy had the position that I had left in the morning to make the attack. I determined to retrace my steps," that is, on his own responsibility. He did so. Found Sickles and Pleasonton on the open field with the artillery and cavalry. They, in his opinion, had stopped Jackson's Corps, and "saved the army from a great disaster." That opinion has been successfully promulgated.

Sickles, to recall his words, "was about to open my attack in full force. Had got already for that purpose," that is, according to Birney's testimony, to attack *the road where Jackson had passed* hours before, and when his column was miles away, with *Birney's division formed into a square*, artillery in the centre, the other divisions farther back. Sickles continues his testimony, "When an aid of Gen. Howard * * came to me and reported to me to be careful of my rear — that Stuart's cavalry was moving in my rear * * that a strong column of Jackson's infantry was also very near me, and that our troops were retreating." (All true). "I felt very indignant at this communication; I utterly disbelieved it, for I felt assured that no such thing could have occurred without a serious engagement with Gen. Howard's force, and of course I would have heard the musketry and the noise of battle." (The attack began two miles away through the wilderness). "This officer left, having given his information, or, as I thought at the time, having failed in an absurd effort to stampede me." He could not be made to believe at first that the enemy had made an attack, although he said in his testimony that that was the object, in one of his theories, of the enemy's movement. After he was convinced, he "immediately sent orders to Gen. Birney to fall back, he says," (without waiting himself for orders) "and about the same time received information from Gen. Hooker that he could not send me the third division of my Corps. * * He had no other division to stop them," (the enemy), "and sent me word that I must immediately withdraw my whole force and save as much of it as I could." He had now a force nearly as large as Jackson's. He testifies of the strength of his Corps. "My own Corps was about eighteen thousand." He had William's division in place of one of his own, Berry's, and Barlow's brigade, about fifteen hundred men besides, and a regiment of cavalry — in all, at least, twenty

thousand men. Hooker testifies: "Directions were also given for the two divisions of the Third Corps, under Gen. Sickles, then far in advance of the line which had been occupied by the Eleventh Corps, under Gen. Howard, to attack the enemy on his flank, in order, if possible, to check his further advance. The position of Gen. Sickles was extremely *critical*." Sickles says nothing of these orders, nothing, moreover, about any orders to Williams or Barlow. So he came in with his two divisions, and found Pleasonton with his and the Third Corps artillery, which, as he says, had been stampeded by the Eleventh Corps, "and Gen. Pleasonton, * * in connection with the services of Maj.-Gen. Berry, * * succeeded in checking Jackson." The Third Corps' theory of its and Pleasonton's critical interposition. It does not appear that Berry's men have made any such claim. They earned sufficient credit by their fighting next day, so as not to need any that did not belong to them. Quint, in his "Record of the Second Mass. Inf'y," says, "Gen. Slocum instantly ordered back Williams' Division," after Jackson's attack. "When it had returned, it found that the Eleventh had been utterly routed. Its own works were in the hands of the enemy." Slocum, like Sickles, ordered in his division without waiting to hear from Hooker.

Barlow's brigade marched by itself down the Furnace road for miles. Night overtook it; it received no orders from anybody, and that it stopped before reaching Orange C. H. was due probably to good luck, as much as to anything. It marched back to see if it could find out anything, halted within a mile of Dowdall's tavern, and Gen. Barlow held a council with his colonels. It was determined to come back, and as the only road known was that on which it marched out, it was decided to take that back to camp. If it had, probably most of the brigade would have been next day on its way to Andersonville, though it would have done some mischief to

the enemy in the outset. While it was halting there, a cavalry man stumbled upon it, or found it. Steinwehr says, in his report, that Barlow "received from Gen. Birney a communication advising him to close up to the Third Corps." If so, it was here. The cavalry man narrated facts that had occurred while the brigade was lost, and took it around a road that led in a totally different direction. The Thirty-Third was leading, and as it came along in the thick darkness, the colonel and foremost officers and men of the regiment will probably never forget the startling challenge from a cavalry picket. "Who goes there?" "Friends with the countersign." "Friends of what?" and the carbine was cocked. Luckily the picket waited for the answer, and it was correct. The brigade came out of the woods into the clearing and on the knoll of Hazel Grove where Sickles had arrived with his corps.

Soon after the regiment arrived it witnessed the fearful cannonade that night from Best's batteries near the Chancellor house. Rodes says in his report of that cannonade, and the cause of it: "Riding forward on the plank road, I satisfied myself that the enemy had no line of battle between our troops and the heights of Chancellorsville, and on my return, informed Col. Crutchfield, chief of artillery of the Corps, of the fact, and he opened his batteries on that point. The enemy instantly responded by a most terrific fire, which silenced our guns, but did little execution on the infantry, as it was mainly directed down the plank road, which was uncovered, except by our artillery." A. P. Hill reports: "The enemy during this time had concentrated a most terrible fire of artillery on the head of Hill's division from thirty-two pieces of artillery. Gen. Hill was disabled during this fire. Gen. Nichols, now Governor of La., was wounded by it." Lee says: "A furious fire of artillery was opened upon them by the enemy under cover of which his infantry advanced to the attack.

They were handsomely repulsed by the Fifty-Fifth Virginia regiment." This must have been some portion of our picket line, as it was repulsed by a single regiment. Colston fixes the time: "The enemy opened, about ten o'clock, a furious fire of shot, shell and cannister, sweeping down the plank road and the woods on each side. A number of artillery horses, some of them without drivers, and a great many infantry soldiers, belonging to other commands, rushed down the road in wild disorder;" another stampede among the enemy! It was not to be wondered at. It did not seem to the Thirty-Third officers and men, as they watched that fearful fire in the darkness of the night, that any living thing could exist after it. The red track of shrieking shells and trace chains, for it is said they shot out these ugly things, seemed like so many torrents of fire from the cannons' mouths, rushing down into the hostile lines, and exploding in terrific noises. J. Esten Cooke says of this cannonade, "The fire of the enemy's artillery became frightful. The ridge in front of Chancellorsville resembled the crater of a volcano vomiting forth fire and iron. A hurricane of shell and cannister swept the road as with the besom of destruction; and the broken ranks, riderless horses, and wild confusion, made up a scene of tumult which was enough to try the stoutest nerves. * * A storm of grape tore through the trees and along the road, mowing down the boughs, and striking fire from the stones of the turnpike; and for a moment, the southern line was checked and thrown into the utmost disorder." It must have been a hot place in the enemy's lines, and there was considerable confusion, as on our side, at about that time in the night. For the rebel Gen. Lane says in his report, that after this artillery fire, as he was moving his brigade, one of his regiments fired into Gen. Hill's staff and couriers by mistake, and then got information that a body of troops was moving on his right. He "sent out Lieutenant Emack and four men

to reconnoitre, and they soon returned with a Penn. regiment, which had thrown down their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war,"— not of the Eleventh Corps.

Sickles got permission from Hooker to make a night attack upon Jackson's force. As he describes it: "The attack was made precisely at midnight, by a brigade, or rather more than a brigade, Gen. Ward's brigade, with the remaining part of Gen. Birney's division in support. It was admirably conducted under Gen. Birney, and was in all respects successful. It was made entirely with the bayonet. We drove Jackson back to our original line, and reoccupied Gen. Howard's rifle pits," (a mile and a half to his left and rear), "and recovered some several pieces of artillery. * * It was in that night attack that Jackson fell" (for the fifth time), and so Birney. The attack as told by Lane, whose brigade was attacked: "Between twelve and one o'clock that night, the enemy could be heard marshalling their troops along our whole front. * * Soon after, their artillery opened right and left, and Sickles' command rushed upon us with loud and prolonged cheering. They were driven back on the left by our skirmishers, but their fight was more stubborn on the right, which was their main point of attack. The Eighteenth and Twenty-Eighth" (North Carolina) "and left wing of the Thirty-Third engaged them there, and gallantly drove them back, although they had outflanked us and encountered the two right companies of the Twenty-Eighth. * * A subsequent attack, made about half an hour later, was similarly repulsed. * * " Heth, his division commander says: "This attack was made by the enemy under cover of a heavy shelling. These regiments behaved with commendable courage and zeal in repelling at least five times their numbers." Birney's line started for the charge from near where the Thirty-Third now stood. The officers and men of that regiment saw the start, and saw the return, and although

most of the division undoubtedly fought gallantly, they saw a demoralized mass of men running to the rear as fast as their legs would carry them. They seemed to be whole regiments, and were apparently as much panic-stricken, and as much stampeded as any of Howard's men had been. The writer saw these demoralized and disorganized men with his own eyes. They behaved so badly and Chaplain Foster—an old Kansas *fighter*, after he had seen them, was so indignant that, as it was understood the Thirty-Third was to join in another charge, he came to him, as commander of the regiment, and begged permission to take a musket and go with the line. And after he had got permission and his musket, he was the happiest of men. The regiment and Foster both, lost the privilege they were ready to accept. The regiment for some reason was not ordered in. The fact was, as every old officer and soldier knew, there were some regiments and companies in every corps, that were not reliable and could not be depended upon in a sharp emergency, as there were many officers and men of whom this was true—and the reliability of such regiments and companies depended more than anything else upon two things,—the motives of their enlistment, and the character of their officers. Probably the Eleventh Corps caught more of this class of regiments than any other from the heterogeneous character of its organization, yet there were officers and soldiers in these regiments, including old officers and soldiers of German armies, as brave and unflinching as any that ever drew sword or carried a musket.

The attack of Sickles and his victory or repulse, whichever way it is accepted, ended the fighting that night, and no advantage of importance was gained. After the calamity had befallen the right, Hooker at nine P. M. sent down to Fredericksburg for Sedgwick to be at Chancellorsville at daylight.

SUNDAY'S BATTLE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

There is very little disagreement in the accounts as to the movements and fighting on Sunday. Very early, as soon as daybreak, the writer saw Gen. Hooker with a few attendants, walking from the hill and opening occupied by Sickles and Barlow's brigade, down through the little gully into the field beyond and on towards the Chancellor house. Everybody made way for him. He was quite silent, and seemed very thoughtful. Soon after, Barlow's brigade received an order to move down to the left of the line, where it found the rest of the Corps which had taken the place of the Fifth. At the same time, Sickles was ordered to withdraw his two divisions, Birney's and Whipple's, to the field of Fairview, near where Berry's division of his Corps was still in line. As they were passing through the narrow opening between the two fields, they were subjected to an irregular musketry fire from the enemy, which became more serious as the last brigade, Graham's, was moving off. Gen. Hancock testifies about this movement: "The force of Birney, which was in front, was engaged in forcing its way through, in the angle between Berry's division and a portion of the Twelfth Corps. I think one of the disadvantages of that fight was owing to this fact, that these men were fighting their way in, and it had the appearance as if there was a disaster in that portion of the field. The men were not running, but they were coming in very rapidly, but they came in in good order. I think that appearance of falling back had a bad effect upon the troops." Capt. Huntington's battery was left as rear guard, supported by two infantry regiments, as a show of force in the field, till Sickles' troops had got into position. At daylight, the captain went with a team and volunteers and dragged out his forge, that had got disabled, from ground abandoned to

the enemy. Whether this is the forge that Pleasonton claims to have brought in himself does not appear. Huntington took the precaution to have some help. This battery made a gallant fight till it was outflanked and the infantry supports had fled, when it retreated, saving all its guns but one. The two divisions went into second line, behind the Twelfth Corps, and Berry, on the hill of Fairview, and its slopes. They were in supporting distance of Best's batteries. Graham's brigade of Birney's division at once relieved a brigade of the Twelfth Corps, whose right rested on the plank road, in line with Berry's division, and Ward's brigade went to support Berry's division. The rebel commanders, in their reports, state that two of their leading brigades on the right were swung back, the night previous, to prevent being taken in flank by Sickles, and perhaps by Huntington's artillery, and this is probably the advantage gained, or claimed to have been gained, by Sickles in the midnight attack. Early in the morning, not far from sunrise, these were swung forward into line, and thus began the attack. Doubtless it was at this time the rear of Sickles was attacked.

The attacking column of the enemy started from where it had halted the night before, across the plank road. It was the same column now under Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, which, under Jackson, had then attacked and driven back the Eleventh Corps. The two brigades which had not got back from the Furnace in season for the attack then, were in line now; they probably about made up for the losses of the column in Saturday's battle, and no more. A. P. Hill's division, under Heth, having relieved Rodes the night before, was in the first line, Colston in the second, and Rodes the third. On our side the three divisions of the Third Corps, and the two divisions of the Twelfth Corps, about the size of the Eleventh, eleven thousand men, held the open slope and the

edge of the woods on the south, and on the west, across the plank road, towards the enemy. At the right of Berry, of the Third Corps, was now placed the Fifth Corps, fourteen or fifteen thousand men, and on the right of that, the First Corps, three divisions, the first and second having arrived before morning. Authorities say this Corps had seventeen thousand men. This part of the line was substantially at right angles with the plank road, and with the line held by the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, on Saturday. The left of the line was, as before, held by the two divisions of the Second Corps, twelve thousand men, and on the extreme left to the river, by the Eleventh Corps, after the losses, seven to eight thousand men. Total of Hooker's force now at Chancellorsville, about eighty thousand. In Lee's left wing opposed to them, as on Saturday, were McLaws' division, three brigades, and Anderson's four brigades, together fourteen thousand, Jackson's Corps twenty-two thousand, cavalry eighteen hundred. Total, about thirty-eight thousand. Our line now was in shape, a truncated cone, the sides resting on the river. The Twelfth Corps was in the apex.

The skirmish lines engaged each other, and then the rebel line advanced double quick. It was received by Berry's line with a steady and fearful fire, as Brockenburgh says, "The most deadly fire I have ever experienced." Best's thirty guns, and the artillery of the Third Corps opened on them. Says Birney, "I have never seen such terrible execution as it effected upon the hostile masses. The attack upon us was furious, and in masses." Berry's line and Williams' division of the Twelfth Corps received the brunt of the attack. They fought handsomely. Stuart soon had thirty pieces of artillery on the ridge, in the open field from which Sickes, had retired, bearing upon our lines. Their fire was effective. Stuart says the effect "upon the enemy's batteries was superb." Unfortunately the ammunition of our artillery

began to give out, and its fire slackened. Both Sickles and Slocum sent to Hooker to represent the situation, the severity of the attack, the scarcity of ammunition, and to urge that some other corps be swung in upon the enemy's left flank, or reinforcements be sent. The staff officers found that Hooker was unable to give any orders. At this critical moment in the battle, as it proved, he had been knocked down by the fall of a column of the Chancellor house through the explosion of a shell, and rendered for a while senseless. After the artillery fire slackened, the enemy made a vigorous push forward, no reinforcements came, part of Berry's division broke, the rest was taken in flank, and the whole of Sickles' front fell back to the second line, the gallant old First Mass. fighting as long as any. Two of the division commanders, Berry and Whipple were killed. Stuart's assault now fell heavily upon Williams' division, but it did not budge an inch, and for a while stood like a rock against nearly the whole of Stuart's column. Says Quint: "Three successive times, were new lines of the enemy brought up against them; each time to be broken and repulsed. As they were broken, the line of the men of the division pressed gradually forward." The Second Mass. came against a South Carolina regiment, the First, as it would appear by the rebel Col. Hamilton's report. They fought each other pluckily. Three times the colors changed hands in each regiment, by the fall of the color bearers. The Second got out of ammunition, as did the brigade, Rugers', but it finally drove the Palmetto regiment. The South Carolina regiment got out of ammunition too, as well as other regiments of Stuart's, as appears by his and Hamilton's reports, and both sides faced each other with the cold steel.

About this time, Col. Colgrove of the Twenty-Seventh Ind., in the same brigade, got hold of a gun, probably Huntington's, manned it with men from his regiment, and went to fighting it in his usual style, in his shirt sleeves, and

shouted to his son, the Major, "Here, boy, you run the regiment while I run this here gun!" During some part of the engagement, Tyler's brigade of the Fifth Corps was sent in to the support of the Third, and only fell back when driven with the rest.

Meanwhile Hancock's and French's divisions, of the Second Corps, had been engaged with McLaws' and Anderson's divisions, on the south of the Chancellor house, and around on the left of the line, and forced back for awhile the enemy's line on this side. The rebel Gen. Wright says, his "command encountered the most terrible fire of artillery and musketry I have ever witnessed, and our farther advance was temporarily checked." But Anderson's brigades kept swinging around to the left, with the plank road as a pivot, drove back a part of our line, connected their left with Stuart's right, and Williams' division being taken in flank, had to retire. The Third Corps awaited the rebel advance, behind the works in second line, whither it had retired. There was a lull for a half hour. Likely enough because the enemy were out of ammunition. Then they gathered up their united lines and swept up towards the Chancellor house. The Third Corps was in need of ammunition. Says Sickles: "I was again attacked, and having no means of resistance except the bayonet, having only one battery for which I had been able to obtain a supply of fresh ammunition, after repelling five successive attacks of the enemy with the bayonet, capturing eight of their colors from their second line, most of which were captured by the New Jersey brigade under Gen. Mott, I again fell back to Gen. Hooker's headquarters, which were then within easy range of the enemy's cannon, and were rapidly becoming a pile of ruins. * * I had just taken up my third line, a little in the rear of his headquarters, when they were set in flames by the

enemy's fire and consumed." Lieut. Dunham, of the Eleventh Mass., in Berry's division, afterwards Brevet-Brig.-Gen., informs the writer that he was wounded in Sunday's fight, and while lying near the Chancellor house saw a charge from there, led by Sickles, which was a handsome thing. The General was rushing up and down before his men, hatless, rallying them to the charge and then started with them, the line of different brigades of his Corps moving with the bayonet down upon the enemy with enthusiasm, and in magnificent style. The enemy were checked, and annoyed for a while, then the Third Corps passed out. The enemy were apparantly so disorganized that they were in no condition to follow up at once, and the last of the Corps retreated so deliberately, that Capt. Seeley, with that splendid veneration for the red tape in the quarter-master's department that obtained with regular officers, or the fear of the second auditor that afflicted volunteers, stripped the dead horses of his battery of all their old harnesses, loading himself down with all he could lug away.

Only Hancock's division was left now. He was required to hold the position until a new line of battle was formed to the rear. He had to have one line of battle faced toward Fredericksburg, and another faced in the opposite direction, to the west, ready both ways. There was no attack from the east. In the direction from which the Third and Twelfth Corps had been driven in, he says, "I had a good deal of artillery, and although the enemy massed their infantry in the woods very near me, and attempted to advance, and always held a very threatening attitude, I judge they had exhausted their troops so much that they dared not attack me, although I remained there for some time alone in this position, very heavily engaged with artillery all the time. * * There was no forcible attack on me, and when the time came I marched off to my new

position," which was in the new line, formed less than a mile to the rear, in shape again like a truncated cone, covering the roads to U. S. and Ely's fords, and the plank road became wholly the enemy's. They say at ten o'clock A. M. Our commanders say the new line was formed at eleven.

The rebel accounts testify to the good fighting of our men. Says Lee, "The breastworks, at which the attack was suspended the preceding evening, were carried by assault, under a terrible fire of musketry and artillery. In rear of these breastworks was a barricade, from which the enemy was quickly driven. The troops on the left of the plank road, pressing through the woods, attacked and broke the next line", (Berry's, doubtless), "while those on the right, bravely assailed the extensive earthworks behind which the enemy's artillery was posted. Three times were these works carried, and as often were the brave assailants compelled to abandon them, twice by the retirement of the troops on their left, who fell back after a gallant struggle with superior numbers," (the Twelfth Corps) "and once by a movement of the enemy on their right, caused by the advance of Gen. Anderson." Finally the left was reinforced, Anderson made a junction on the right, "and the whole line pressed irresistibly on. The enemy was driven from all his fortified positions, with heavy loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, and retreated towards the Rappahannock. By ten A. M. we were in full posession of the field."

Stuart states that about eight o'clock A. M. the works in front of his right were stormed, and his troops were twice driven from them. Fitzhugh Lee says, "the third time Stuart placed himself on horseback at the head of the troops, and ordering the charge, carried and held them, singing with a ringing voice: "*Old Joe Hooker, won't you come out of the wilderness?*" Hill says they were only taken "after some tremendous fighting." Heth says a brigade and a half

"advanced and charged the enemy, behind his breast-works, who was supported by twenty-nine pieces of artillery. I cannot conceive of any body of men ever being subjected to a more galling fire than this force, * * notwithstanding, drove the enemy from his works and held them for some time, but were finally compelled to fall back." Brockenbrough says, "We were exposed to the most deadly fire I have ever experienced. Very soon the troops in advance were forced back through our lines," he was in rear of their first line. They made a second charge, he says, and "On gaining the works, we discovered the field literally crowded with men flying in every direction," (not Eleventh Corps) "and poured into them a deadly fire. Occupying this position about two minutes, we discovered troops advancing through the woods upon our left." They were compelled to retire before this force. This may have been a charge of Sickles from the Chancellor house.

Our army retreated from the plank road, and fell back under the orders of Gen. Couch, the second in command, for all this while Hooker was incapacitated from commanding, in consequence of his wound, lying at first in a senseless state, and then being for hours in a dazed and suffering condition. The blow which felled him, caused a contusion of his spine, and was a severer injury than a shot wound. He testifies before the Committee, "This rendered me insensible for half an hour or more. As soon as I had sufficiently recovered to mount my horse, I did so, under the impression that I was all right. In the effort of mounting, the acute pain returned, and after riding a few steps I became faint, was taken from my horse, and again placed in the hands of my medical director." Sickles says of him that afternoon, when he had resumed command, "He was then, I should say, in a condition from his injury that forbade his reassuming command; he was evidently suffering great agony, and I suppose nothing but

the highest sense of duty could have prompted him to resume command, under such circumstances." Hooker told the writer years after the war, that his physicians had often informed him that the injury he had received at Chancellorsville was the cause of his subsequent paralysis, which as is known made a wreck of his physical system. By a note in De Peyster's "Chancellorsville," it appears that Surgeon-Gen. Hammond so certified in 1867.

After our army had assumed the new line at eleven o'clock, Lee prepared to attack it, when he received intelligence that made his principal business in another direction. As he says, "Our preparations were just completed, when further operations were arrested by intelligence received from Fredericksburg."

There were some noticeable things about the battle of Chancellorsville, Sunday morning, for this forenoon's fighting proved to be the end of the battle there. The same column, with substantially the same number of men, twenty-two thousand, which, under Jackson, the evening before, had driven in the Eleventh Corps, not ten thousand men, to its disgrace, in the generally accepted opinion, when it was completely surprised, in the worst of positions, now drove back in less than twice the length of time then taken, the Third Corps, eighteen thousand men, the Twelfth Corps, at least as large as the Eleventh, and Tyler's brigade, of the Fifth, more than thirty thousand men, drove them back from much more formidable positions, on the crests of hills, in open fields, with a line of batteries splendidly placed, and when they had all night to prepare for the battle. How long would it have taken Jackson's men to drive them, if they had kept on, and had daylight, directly after pushing back the Eleventh Corps? For the two divisions of the Second Corps, had only the same force to contend against that morning, as the evening before, and Hotchkiss and Allen, who were on the staff of

Jackson, say that McLaws' and Anderson's divisions numbered just sixteen thousand men, and two of their brigades were near Fredericksburg.

It is noticeable also, that while the whole of Lee's force at Chancellorsville that morning, under forty thousand men, was engaged, three of the Union Corps, the First, Fifth, except one or two brigades, and the Eleventh, together a force as large as the enemy's at Chancellorsville, did not fire a shot, were waiting in line while the rest were driven in, and then went back and joined them. It is to be added that they were in the wilderness, where they could not see a rod ahead, and doubtless knew less of the battle than the staff at Falmouth. This was certainly true where the Thirty-Third was. Its brigade, Barlow's, was marched up and down the road, at the left, all that forenoon, to be shoved in wherever rebel heads might show themselves through the jungle. But the brigade commander was not lucky enough to find any, and there was no opportunity to prove whether that American brigade, of the Eleventh Corps, would fight or not. It had to wait till some other occasion. There is no published evidence to show that either Birney's or Whipple's divisions did much fighting Sunday morning. It is the testimony of officers and men in Haman's brigade, of Birney's division, in line, on the left of the line of batteries, that their infantry did not fire a shot. One regiment in Whipple's division was severely handled, fought most gallantly, and suffered noticeable losses, the Twelfth New Hampshire, which went in with three field officers, and came out in command of a lieutenant; but its position was apparently an exceptional one, as it was ordered to relieve troops in the first line. There is no testimony to show what Gerry's division of the Twelfth Corps, did that morning, or the evening before.

Why were not the unengaged and waiting corps and

divisions put into the battle? There is a tradition among Hooker's staff, that it was his plan to throw the First and Fifth Corps upon Stuart's flank. Warren testifies that when he left, Saturday night, "The intention was that Gen. Sickles, with all his force, was to meet him at once," (in the morning) "and the First Corps was also to attack him, and envelop him, and if necessary, more forces were to be drawn from the left of our line." Gen. Doubleday, commanding a division in the First Corps, testifies before the Committee: "I thought that the single advance of our Corps would take the enemy in flank, and would be very beneficial in its result. Gen. Reynolds once or twice contemplated making this advance on his own responsibility." Quint says that Slocum saw Hooker in person and urged him to send another Corps on the flank. "Other Corps commanders were present and begged the privilege." But the old fire of "fighting Joe Hooker" had gone out of him, for a time, in this crisis of his fate, and the rebel shell had paralyzed his power to make new combinations, in the emergency that was upon him. While physically suffering from his blow, he seemed to be only thinking of Sedgwick, and waiting anxiously for the sound of his guns. Butterfield testifies: "Gen. Hooker subsequently informed me that he had waited for the sound of Sedgwick's guns to make a vigorous and desperate attack." In Hooker's condition, Couch seems not to have assumed the responsibility of command. And where was Sedgwick?

SEDGWICK'S BATTLE AT FREDERICKSBURG, SUNDAY AND MONDAY.

The order sent to Gen. Sedgwick, by Hooker dated May 2d, 9. P. M. was as follows: —

The Major-General Commanding, directs that you cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, on the receipt of this order, and at once take up your line of march on the Chancellorsville road, until you connect with him, and will attack and destroy any force you may fall in with on the road. You will leave all

your trains behind except pack trains of your ammunition, and march to be in the vicinity of the General at daylight. You will probably fall upon the rear of the forces commanded by Gen. Lee, and between you and the Major-General commanding, he expects to use him up. Send word to General Gibbon to take possession of Fredericksburg. Be sure not to fail."

Whether it was possible for Sedgwick to comply with the terms of this order, for it is well known in history that he did not,—whether he endeavored to, with the required promptness, energy, and good faith, have been much disputed questions. Some of the testimony which will help to settle this question, a part of which was not accessible to our commanders, at the time, is as follows: Sedgwick testifies to the Committee; "Just before dark that evening, I received directions as follows, 'The General commanding, directs that Gen. Sedgwick cross the river as soon as indications will permit, capture Fredericksburg, with everything in it, and vigorously pursue the enemy. We know the enemy is flying, trying to save his trains; two of Sickles' divisions are among them.' Immediately after this, * * at almost the same moment," this dispatch dated 7.05 P. M. in his report, he says sent at 6.30. "The Major-General commanding directs you to pursue the enemy on the Bowling Green road." "I immediately," he continues, "ordered my entire force across the river, one division being already across, and pushed forward, skirmishing sharply with the enemy, and driving him from the Bowling Green road. At eleven P. M. I received a despatch * * as follows," and gives the order dated 9 P. M. So this order found him, with his Corps already across the river, under arms and advancing to, or on the road which he would have to take to Fredericksburg. The terms of the order itself, though he had not then heard how things had gone at Chancellorsville, showed the supreme importance of promptness and vigilance; to be there at daylight, the purpose of his being there, and the closing words: "Be sure

not to fail." Sedgwick testifies that he was then about "three miles below Fredericksburg and fourteen miles from Chancellorsville, which place I could not have reached before daylight, had there been no enemy to impede my progress. The entire army of the enemy was between me and Gen. Hooker, aside from a force in my immediate front, about equal to my own, and in a strong position." He had said previously that his Corps consisted of twenty-two thousand men. Gibbon's division had two thousand to twenty-five hundred men, according to Warren, besides a brigade left at Bank's ford. Sedgwick said in his report: "I had been informed repeatedly by Maj.-Gen. Butterfield, chief of staff, that the force in front of me was very small," and given the impression that Butterfield underrated the enemy's force there. The latter had sent that day to Sedgwick this dispatch from Hooker: "You are all right; you have but Early's division in your front, balance all up here." And states in his testimony, he believed that "the forces of the enemy in the vicinity did not exceed seven or eight thousand at the outside." Sedgwick continues his testimony: "I placed my command in column, and marched without any delay, with the exception of one division," left skirmishing. " * * Moving by the flank, I was at once resisted by the enemy, and it was just daylight when the head of my column forced its way into the town, and to the front of the intrenchments." Further on in his testimony he says: "We started in fifteen minutes after receiving that order, * * and it took us from that time until daylight to make a little over three miles," in consequence of the enemy, "and the darkness together; it was a very foggy night." Butterfield says of the night in his testimony: "A bright moonlight and clear, sufficiently light for staff officers to write dispatches by moonlight." Hooker says the same. By the almanac that night there was a full moon.

Brig.-Gen. Howe, who commanded a division in the Sixth Corps, in his testimony, tells how he construed the order to Sedgwick: "That order was positive, peremptory and urgent. * * It stated that everything depended upon that movement. It was as urgent as any military order could be. * * Gen. Sedgwick, Gen. Newton, Gen. Brooks and myself were there," the division commanders, meeting in a shanty. "Not long after the order was received, Gen. Sedgwick said to Gen. Newton: 'Newton, you move on, Howe will follow, and Brooks and I will take a little nap.' It was bright starlight, so that I could see what was in the advance." A most urgent order, no time to be lost, his column "at once resisted by the enemy;" yet the commander, and a division general proceed to take a nap! Howe gives his opinion, in answer to a question of the Committee, whether the order of Hooker could have been complied with: "I have never had any doubt but that we could have taken the heights of Fredericksburg, and moved out to Chancellorsville, or on that road, until we had encountered a force there, in good time, or at a very much earlier hour than we attempted it. The unnecessary delay in the movement of the Sixth Corps, after starting, developed to the enemy our intention, and gave them time to make dispositions to embarrass our movements. * * We would have taken them," the heights, "by surprise, and then the way would have been open to have gone immediately on towards Chancellorsville. * * It was a matter of astonishment and surprise to me that the movement was so slowly made, and so long delayed after reaching Fredericksburg, in the face of such orders as we had received. I can give no explanation of it, from any knowledge I have." Again he says of the order to be at Chancellorsville at daylight: "I saw no reason then, and have discovered none since the fight, to have prevented our reaching there. If we had moved under cover of night we

should have taken the enemy by surprise, in a measure, and, in my judgment, would have had but little or no fight. Instead of that, we did not begin until after daylight." Gen. Howe was a graduate at the West Point Academy, and had been in the regular army twenty and odd years.

Warren was sent by Hooker from Chancellorsville, after the order was sent Saturday night to Sedgwick, to tell him what had happened there, and to explain the importance of the movement ordered, and to tell him "there was but a small force in front of Gen. Sedgwick," as he testifies. He reached Sedgwick at three o'clock in the morning. He had not got far from the crossing. He says there was a little random fire until daylight, when the head of Sedgwick's troops had got into Fredericksburg. "I think some little attempts had been made to move forward a skirmish line, but that had been repulsed." This indicates with what energy the movement proceeded. "At fair daylight, Gen. Gibbon laid a pontoon bridge at Fredericksburg, and crossed over with his division. * * Made a very considerable demonstration, and acted very handsomely with the small force that he had, not more than two thousand men. But so much time was taken that the enemy got more troops in in front of him than he could master." Hooker sent a dispatch direct to Gibbon, May 2d, ordering him to cross the river that night.

Col. Johns, of the Seventh Mass. regiment, who was in Newton's division, which had the lead into Fredericksburg, testifies before the Committee that his division crossed the river at ten o'clock, bivouacked a couple of hours. Shaler's brigade meanwhile, about midnight, advanced to Fredericksburg, occupied it in a very short time, then the division had orders to move. "We moved along quite leisurely," he says, "and reached there probably about three o'clock in the morning, halting quite often along the road. As we were approaching Fredericksburg, passing along the plain south of Fredericks-

burg, we had orders from Gen. Sedgwick to be very careful and very quiet, because we were passing a dangerous position. We passed, however, in perfect safety. There was not a shot fired, nor an alarm or noise of any kind, until we got into the streets of Fredericksburg. * * I think it was about four o'clock in the morning, * that the first shot was fired by the enemy from the heights, that is, of artillery."

The enemy held the well remembered heights back of the town made up of Lee's, Marye's, the Cemetery, and Taylor's hills. In front of Marye's was the famous stone wall. After Newton's division entered the town, four regiments made an assault against the rifle pits at Cemetery hill, advancing to within twenty yards, but were repulsed. Gibbon moved with his division through the town, about seven or eight o'clock, and across a canal to the right to turn the enemy's left. Warren says he, himself, reconnoitred the heights in front, that not a man or gun was there. While the troops were moving, a horseman came in sight, then a gun was sent at a run, on to the heights, then a regiment of infantry double quick, they opened upon Gibbon's men, and the opportunity for surprise was lost; bridges would have had to be laid under fire, so an assault there was deemed then impracticable. Howe found difficulties in Hazel run for turning the enemy's right. Warren says he advised Sedgwick that the only way to take the heights was by an assault with all his force. Sedgwick decided to assault it, and formed two storming columns for the purpose, on the right, with a supporting line of battle, from Newton's division. One of these columns, and the supporting line, consisted, each, of four regiments, the other column of the Seventh Mass. and Thirty-Sixth N. Y., under Col. Johns. Col. Johns testifies, that under orders, he selected a position behind the Cemetery wall and says: "We took position there not far from five o'clock in the morning. I had orders to hold

myself in readiness at any moment. We remained there lying behind the wall till ten o'clock in the day. We did not fire a gun, and made no movement until that time. In the mean time, however, there were other troops engaged both on our right and our left," Gibbon's and Howe's reconnoisance, already referred to. He noticed that the enemy seemed to be short of artillery. The firing ceased at half past nine o'clock, at half past ten o'clock he was informed that he was to make an assault with his regiment and the Thirty-Sixth N. Y. Sedgwick, he says, "told me he thought I could get through there pretty easily and not lose many men." It was through the famous stone wall, over the telegraph road. Johns moved, when directed, at ten minutes past eleven o'clock. The head of his column encountered the fire of a battery and then a tremendous musketry fire from the stone wall, and was driven back twice, but the third time went gallantly through, carried the heights of Marye, and took posession of the works; "in twenty minutes," he testities, "after we began the first assault, the brigade I had charge of carried the heights." The Colonel himself was carried off on a stretcher, severely wounded, and he lost one hundred and eleven men killed and wounded. Col. Spear was killed at the head of the other column. Maj. Fuller of the Sixth Maine, which was in the line of battle, says in his report to the adj.-general of his state, about his regiment: "Soon after daylight it formed in line of battle in front of the heights of St. Mary's," (Marye), "and in a few minutes after ten A. M. the order to charge was given, and the regiment advanced on the double quick. * * The whole of the enemy's fire swept through the devoted ranks of the two regiments," Sixth Me. and Fifth Wis., "but with wild cheers the men rushed on the fortifications and the victory was won in four minutes from the commencement of the attack. The flag of the Sixth Me. was the first to wave from the battlements of

the enemy's works." Howe testifies: "I waited, * * without receiving any order, until I think, it was about eleven o'clock in the day. I then received notice, through a staff officer from Gen. Sedgwick, that he was going to make an attack, * * on the heights, and wished me to assist in it. Gen. Brooks' division at that time, I think, was at, or near the crossing where we were the night before." He hurriedly formed his division into three columns of attack, and when he heard the first gun on the right, he started. He carried the heights on the left about the same time Marye's heights were carried. "In a little more than an hour from the first movement, all the works were carried," he says. By the carrying of the heights, two rebel regiments were captured, and the enemy's forces were divided and compelled to fall back, a portion retiring to the left, on the telegraph road, the other on the plank road, Sedgwick's road to Chancellorsville. This was the intelligence which was carried by a staff officer to Gen. Lee. It was now, let it be borne in mind, past eleven o'clock, the battle at Chancellorsville was over. Hooker had been driven back to his last line, and the road over which he had hoped Sedgwick would have marched up to a junction with him was in the hands of the enemy.

Col. Johns, who was a West Point graduate, was enquired of by the Committee, how long he thought it should have taken Sedgwick to reach Chancellorsville, after he first received the order from Hooker. He replied, six hours. It was his opinion there was not over a division of the enemy in the line of works, and stated it was the general impression that the force under Sedgwick "did not move with that celerity that the exigencies of the case required." Warren's testimony seems apropos. "It takes some men just as long to clear away a little force as it does a large one. It depends altogether upon the man, how long a certain force will stop him." Gibbon, who was also a regular officer,

differs in his opinion from some of the other officers. He testifies: "I do not consider that an order sent to Gen. Sedgwick on Saturday night, to be at Chancellorsville at daylight on Sunday morning was a practicable one." He gives as his reasons, that it was impracticable to attack the heights in the night, that they were strong and well defended, and Lee's army was between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. He recollects, however, being very impatient in waiting for Sedgwick, and believes the assault could have been made at an earlier hour than it was.

The reports of the rebel commanders, which were not made public, at least on our side, when this testimony was taken, show what force Sedgwick had in front of him, and how it was disposed. Lee says in his report: "Early's division of Jackson's Corps, and Barksdale's brigade, of McLaws' division, with part of the reserve artillery, under Gen. Pendleton, were intrusted with the defence of our position at Fredericksburg," and Wilcox's brigade of Anderson's division was left at Banks' ford, three or four miles off. The reports of Maj.-Gen. Early and others confirm this, and show that Early had in his own division four brigades. Hotchkiss and Allen give his strength as seventy-four hundred men; Barksdale's brigade fourteen hundred men; Wilcox's four regiments had probably about the same; a total of ten thousand two hundred, besides the artillery, to Sedgwick's force, with Gibbon's, twenty-four thousand and odd. Brig.-Gen. Barksdale says in his report: "With several batteries under the command of Gen. Pendleton, and a single brigade, I had a front of not less than three miles to defend, extending from Taylor's hill, on the left," to Lee's hill, on the right. "The Twenty-First" (Miss.) "regiment was posted between the Marye house and the plank road, three companies of which were afterwards sent to the support of the Eighteenth regiment, which were

stationed behind the stone wall at the Marye house. The Seventeenth regiment was placed in front of Lee's hill, and the Thirteenth still farther to the right. * * Four pieces of artillery were placed on the right of Marye's house, two on the left," so the formidable stone wall was held by thirteen companies, and Marye's heights by seven companies, and six pieces of artillery. It was these two regiments which were captured in the assault. These dispositions were not changed, or his brigade reinforced from Saturday night, till the heights were taken, except that Early sent one regiment to his right, Sunday morning, Hays' brigade to his left, and Wilcox marched down his brigade, from Banks' ford, but such were the difficulties, he says, "that it was utterly impossible for either Gen. Wilcox or Gen. Hays to reach the scene of action in time to afford any assistance whatever," at Marye's hill. It certainly would have been true, also, it appears from this, if Barksdale had been surprised in the night. He says: "The enemy * * moved in three columns, and three lines of battle, twenty thousand strong, against the position held by my brigade." If so, Howe's attack was also against Barksdale. Early's division lay down at the right by the railroad crossing. As soon as the pontoon bridge was laid at Fredericksburg, Sedgwick did not need to leave much of a force in front of Early. Brig.-Gen. Wilcox says in his report that Sunday morning, on receiving word from his pickets, he left his brigade and hastened to Taylor's hill, that a force of the enemy, (Gibbon's) was moving up between the canal and the river, that he gathered in *twenty men* of his pickets and deployed them as skirmishers on Taylor's hill, and got two guns into position, and opened on the enemy, who sought shelter from the fire. Then he speaks of "the enemy being so easily checked by the display of such a small force on our side," so does Lee. That force prevented the laying of bridges across the canal.

By the rebel reports it appears that Early's whole division fell back along the telegraph road to the left, and Lee says: "Gen. Wilcox fell back slowly, until he reached Salem church on the plank road." By noon the heights were in possession of the Sixth Corps, the enemy had fallen back a mile or two, and only a single brigade was on the Chancellorsville road. Yet Sedgwick did not start according to the testimony of Howe and others, till three o'clock. Newton's division was not pushed right on, but "considerable time" was taken, says Warren, to have Brooks' division march up from the crossing, three miles below, to take the lead. It formed in lines of battle and advanced. Wilcox's four guns stopped and shelled them. Hotchkiss and Allen say: "The Federals were slow in moving, and this encouraged him to continue a spirited resistance." Again, "The slowness and caution with which the Union troops advanced, encouraged Wilcox * * to retard their movements until reinforcements could arrive." The whole Sixth Corps was now on the march, and Gibbon says he moved out a mile and a half in support of it, yet the one rebel brigade by its pluck and enterprise in skirmishing, and the use of artillery, delayed the whole force under Sedgwick which should have made short work with it, in getting to Salem church, not four miles from the works, till late in the afternoon, when reinforcements arrived from Chancellorsville, sent down by Lee after the news reached him that the heights were taken by Sedgwick. And a staff officer had time to ride up there, and these reinforcements had time to march down the six miles, get into line, and be ready for battle.

Lee and his subordinates tell what these reinforcements were: He says, "Gen. McLaws, with his three brigades and one of Gen. Anderson's was ordered to reinforce Gen. Wilcox. He arrived at Salem church early in the afternoon, where he found Gen. Wilcox in line of battle." Sedgwick fought these

five brigades with his two divisions. Warren says the battle began about six o'clock P. M. It lasted into darkness. Some splendid fighting was done here by Brooks' division, especially by Bartlett's brigade, contested ground was taken, and the advance reached to Salem church; but the ground was lost again, and night closed in with a repulse. Howe's division was not engaged. Howe criticises in his testimony the management of this battle pretty severely. He states that Brooks' division was taken by surprise in the fight, and says, "I have always believed that when they started to move out on the Chancellorsville road, on the afternoon of the 3d, although behind time, if the Corps had been brought into action, with not even any great skill or judgment, we would have gone right on, * * the whole thing was badly managed," at all events they did not get on. There was never any question as to Howe's fighting ability. De Peyster styles him the Ney of the army. Warren says he urged a different arrangment of the troops, and that by fighting differently the battle at Salem church might have been won. Gibbon's division remained in Fredericksburg to hold it and the bridges, and doubtless to watch Early. The Nineteenth Mass. was detailed to act as provost-guard of the town. The men in it congratulated themselves on getting "a soft thing," and looked forward with pride to the splendor of their shining brasses, polished boots and white gloves, possibly, also to paper collars. In the morning when they awoke, they saw with astonishment the rifle-pits on the heights filled with grey coats. Their tour of provost guard duty was brief.

Early finding that the heights were abandoned, moved up from the telegraph road in the morning, and took posession of them. Gibbon had taken two brigades across the river, leaving only one brigade in the town, as the best disposition of his men. Warren rode to Chancellorsville at midnight of the 3d, reported to Hooker Sedgwick's

operations and situation, and sent him on the morning of the 4th despatches from the commanding general in which he instructs him, "You need not try to force the position you attacked at five P. M. Look to the safety of your Corps. You can retire if necessary, by way of Fredericksburg or Bank's ford;" also, "You are too far away for him to direct." Thus twenty-four hours after he was required to be at Chancellorsville he is relieved from any further attempt to get there. The whole thing given up as a bad job. During the forenoon, he received orders directing him to remain, if possible, on the south side of the river. Early made a junction with McLaws, Sedgwick took a position and awaited their attack. Lee reconnoitred Hooker's new position at Chancellorsville on the morning of the 4th; decided it was too strong to be attacked, without his whole force, and that the first thing to be done was to dispose of Sedgwick; so he ordered Anderson to march down to Salem church with his three brigades, say fifty-seven hundred more men. Lee went down and took command in person. The attack on Sedgwick was not opened till six P. M. Again the battle, which was a severe one on both sides, lasted into the night, but Sedgwick's lines were driven to Banks' ford, where bridges had been laid. Howe's division was left at one time to fight nearly the whole of Lee's forces, but it fought pluckily, and could have fought longer, said Howe. Sedgwick telegraphed his situation from time to time to Hooker, and received answers according to the tenor of his despatches. At 11.15 A. M., he telegraphed, "The enemy threaten me strongly on two fronts. My position is bad for such attack." At 1.40 P. M., "I know no means of judging the enemy's force about me, deserters say forty thousand." At midnight. "My army is hemmed in upon the slope covered by the guns on the north side of Banks' ford. * * Do your operations require that I should jeopard by retaining it here?" An

answer was received at 1 A. M. "Withdraw, cover the river, prevent any force crossing." He did withdraw, and the Sixth Corps was soon across the river. When he was across, he received at 3.20 A. M. this despatch, "Yours received saying you could hold position. Order to withdraw countermanded." But it was too late. So ended ingloriously the attempt to strike Lee in flank from the direction of Fredericksburg.

The general officers concurred in the opinion that it would have been a damaging blow if it could have been delivered as directed, and the fortunes of the battle of Chancellorsville would have been different, provided Hooker had cooperated by a simultaneous attack at his end. He evidently had planned to when he should hear Sedgwick's guns. That was of course before he was driven back, and before his injury. Hotchkiss and Allen say from the rebel stand point, "The delay at Frederickburg and Marye's Hill" (on the 3d), "had given Lee time to defeat and to dislodge Hooker, and when the advance, which made in the morning, might have given a decisive advantage to the Federal army, was only pushed forward late in the afternoon, it was to meet a bloody repulse. * * The Federal commander was allowing his army to be beaten in detail." Again, "The plans of the Federal commander-in-chief had been rendered abortive by the failure of Sedgwick." Sedgwick said to the Committee that he had been censured for not being at Chancellorsville at daylight on the 3d, and uses this language: "I now affirm that it was impossible to have made the movement if there had not been a rebel soldier in front of me." He was not asked whether he could have been there before eleven A. M., which would have served Hooker apparently equally well. He would have said no, doubtless, yet from the testimony it hardly seems that the unprejudiced reader could agree with him. In his testimony, Sedgwick

gives his opinion of the enemy's forces opposed to him, which, of course influenced his judgment and his movements, repeating the estimate in his despatch to Hooker, "I think there were forty thousand men around me on the 4th." He very much over estimated their force. He says there were "two divisions of the enemy on the heights of Fredericksburg, which was in my rear." There was only Early's division, seventy-four hundred men. The rebel accounts concur in the statement that McLaws and Anderson, together, had seventeen thousand, making with artillery say two thousand, twenty-six thousand four hundred to his twenty-two thousand without Gibbon. Both sides had lost. Sedgwick says he lost near five thousand. Butterfield testified that in his opinion the order could have been executed "with a determined attack." Hooker says that Warren reported to him that "in his judgment Gen. Sedgwick would not have moved at all if he (Gen. Warren.) had not been there." Hooker said of Sedgwick also in his testimony which was given in 1865, a year after he had fallen, "I knew Gen. Sedgwick very well; he was a classmate of mine, and I had been through a good deal of service with him. He was a perfectly brave man, and a good one; but when it came to manœuvreing troops, or judging of positions for them, in my judgment he was not able or expert. Had Gen. Reynolds been left with that independent command, I have no doubt the result would have been different." It could well be added to Hooker's estimate of Sedgwick, that he was a thoroughly patriotic man, a loyal soldier; but very cautious and constitutionally slow.

Meanwhile at Chancellorsville after eleven A. M., Sunday, there was no fighting. Nothing disturbed the stillness of the battle-field except the roaring of the flames, where the woods caught fire, as they swept through the undergrowth unextinguished, burning to a crisp, what the rebel Col.

Hamilton, describing the scene called, "The dead, dying and roasted Yankees;"—and later towards night the roar of Sedgwick's guns, distinctly heard from Salem church. At night, and at next day's dawn, the solemn silence was broken only by the whip-poor-wills, and their notes sounded as peaceful as in the woods about the quiet homes of Mass.

It is not to be overlooked that when Lee reinforced Early at Fredericksburg he reduced his own numbers just so much at Chancellorsville. On Monday when he had sent away McLaws with four brigades, he was left with only Jackson's Corps and Anderson's three brigades, not twenty-eight thousand men to Hooker's near eighty thousand; and on Monday, when he went down with the rest of Anderson's division to finish Sedgwick, Stuart was left at Chancellorsville with only Jackson's Corps to hem in the entire army of the Potomac, there, the eighty thousand men. So that for twenty-four hours the First, Second, Third, Fifth, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were kept paralyzed by that one Corps of Jackson's which had overwhelmed the Eleventh Corps and destroyed its good name because it did not successfully resist it. It may not be set down to the blame of all these Corps that they were kept paralyzed by this, as compared with theirs, small force, nevertheless it is true that not an effort was made to move out of the intrenchments and deal a blow at the weakened enemy.

After the failure of Sedgwick was reported to Gen. Hooker, he called his Corps commanders to a council of war. The cavalry had accomplished little, the time of thirty-eight N. Y. regiments had expired,—he submitted the facts and the question of advance or withdrawal to them. Their opinions were about equally divided, Meade and Howard favored advance, but the preponderance was rather for withdrawal. Hooker who had not participated in the council, was inclined to that opinion. Doubtless, the words were ringing in his

ears which Lincoln had written in his letter assigning him to the command, and twice repeated, "Beware of rashness, beware of rashness," and they made his bold soul timid under the responsibility. So he decided to withdraw his army to the other side of the river. A severe storm set in on Tuesday which delayed the operation, the river rose, and threatened to carry away the pontoon bridges, and prevent the operation entirely.

Meanwhile the rebel chief had returned from driving Sedgwick across the river, determined with all his force to do the same thing to Hooker. He planned to attack his intrenchments Tuesday morning, but the storm equally interfered with him. Wednesday when he moved to attack, the army of the Potomac was gone. It was safe across the Rappahannock.

WHO WAS TO BLAME FOR THE DISASTER?

Who was to blame for the disastrous result of the campaign? And first for the disaster on Saturday? The Eleventh Corps, and how far? That Corps had not long belonged to the army of the Potomac, and had never fought with it; as now constituted, it had never fought together at all. Most of it had belonged to the army of Virginia under Pope. It had last fought at the second Bull Run, and had fought well. It was then under Gen. Sigel. Nearly half of the Corps, forty-five hundred men, were Germans, from the generals down. Sigel was their countryman, in whom they had unbounded confidence. But he was relieved, and an American general, Howard, who had a good reputation, but whom they did not know, was ordered to command them. For one or both these reasons, the Corps was placed on the right at Chancellorsville, where it was evident Hooker expected the least fighting, for another Corps, new to this army, the Twelfth was also placed there, while the old seasoned Corps

that had been together years, were placed on the left, the direction of the enemy.

Recall now the position of the Eleventh Corps as shown by the evidence. Of the ground it occupied, Hooker confessed he knew nothing, and could find out nothing about it, or its roads. The point at which its right rested had no natural or artificial defences, was exposed in front, flank and rear. There was nothing between its rear and the river, three miles off. The Corps was strung along for a mile and a half in a thin line of battle, faced to the front, south, except two or three regiments on the flank, on a road through the wilderness which amounted to a defile to a great extent, capital for a front attack, but worst of all for an enfilading one, and for a change of front; the right in a thick wood where it could see nothing a few rods ahead. Hooker and other generals agreed the night before, that it was not a strong position, that the Corps' lines should be contracted, and be put on more defensible ground, and the right be more refused, but through the over confidence of Howard, Hooker, rather weakly, it must be said, allowed it to remain as it was. A whole Corps including the Eleventh's best brigade, as the correspondent called it, was taken bodily from its left out two miles off, across a creek, leaving a wide gap in the line, so that its left was now like its right and rear, utterly without support. Then, so as to practically neutralize the effect of their own numbers, and disarm them, the men in it were told by their superiors, (honestly enough) that the enemy was retreating, there was to be no fighting, they could stack arms and make themselves comfortable. Soldiers were always ready to obey that order. So they went to eating and drinking (army rations) and making merry, when in a twinkling, twenty-two thousand rebels sprang up out of the ground, with yells that reverberated through the forest as if a million demons were coming,

and in long lines closed in around the Corps' right flank so as to crumble it up, and the rear, so as to prevent deploying that way, and then instead of all running away from this rebel avalanche that had overtaken them without warning, we scarcely could have blamed them if they had, most of the Eleventh's men took their guns when they could get at them, turned to as a Corps, and fought the enemy with the odds against them, more than two to one, in numbers, and ten to one in situation, from position to position over two miles and for three hours, without any help, till the attack was protracted into the night, and the enemy was put into confusion and compelled to halt! For the majority of the Corps which fought that night as well as any could, under the circumstances, the blame which has hitherto been heaped upon it, is gross injustice. To a part of it, not a large part, which was seized with a panic, and fled without sufficient effort to do their duty, some blame must ever attach. The writer does not acquit them. It is not good military policy to justify a panic. But if there ever was a situation in which troops were placed that justified a first-class panic, the situation of the Eleventh Corps that Saturday night was one. This much can also be said, for every old officer knows it to be true, that if soldiers, even the best of them, are put in a position where there is not a living chance for them, or for anybody, they will not fight. It certainly was true of our army, for the men in the ranks reasoned as much as their officers.

Whatever may be the verdict as to the rank and file of the Corps, even should it be an unjust one, what as to their superior officers who allowed them to be so completely surprised, and utterly unprepared? Is there any valid excuse? And who are they that are thus to be held responsible? First as always, the commanding general, Hooker, himself. He would have had the glory of success, he must bear the blame

of anything which caused failure. He had the choice of means and instruments. Judged by the standard that rigidly requires of a commander to provide for any contingency that might have been reasonably anticipated, it must be admitted that in this case more than formal blame rests upon Hooker, faultless and magnificent as was the initiative of this campaign. As he was to blame for the faulty ground, so he took no adequate means to find out what was going on around him, though he had them at his command. When the enemy was found to be moving in front of him, he formed the opinion, as did others around him, that there were two explanations of the movement; either it was a retreat, or it was to attack his right flank, and he so advised Howard and Slocum at 9.30 A. M., yet he did not, all day long, order out any reconnoisance from his right flank, to find out if the enemy was moving against him there. He could have ordered Howard's entire Corps out there, just as he let Sickles go off to the front, or he could have found useful employment to the right, for the only cavalry he had saved for this great battle, the brigade of Pleasonton, under "an officer of experience," in whom he reposed especial confidence, according to the cavalry general's testimony. He only ordered the pickets to be pushed out as far as would be "safe." They could do nothing, of course, with any strong picket line of the enemy, and could not have been expected to by the order. He did not insist on having the right contracted, according to his judgment the night before, now that there was a reasonable chance of an attack there, and though he said in the 9.30 order to Howard, of his right, in anticipation of an attack, "there appears to be a scarcity of troops there," which seems a grim joke in light of subsequent events, he not only sent no more troops there, but allowed Sickles to carry off with him, two miles away, more than a corps, including nearly all the reserve force he had to send anywhere in an emergency,

for the purpose, and this is the best that can be said of it, of finding out whether the enemy was really retreating, or moving to attack his right, which he was all the while weakening just so much. Hooker told the writer, though, once, that he never authorized Sickles to take Williams' division and Barlow's brigade, and no such order of his in words appears in the testimony.

While the commander of an army is required to be all eyes and ears, we know that he must use those of others, and must rely upon others to furnish him information and to execute his orders, and so far as they fail him they must be held responsible as well. Whatever Hooker failed to do to prevent surprise, and to be properly prepared, his subordinate commanders who had the requisite authority failed equally, or rather more, for they had only their part of the field to look out for, and their duty was to get information for him as well as for their own commands. The commanders of the Eleventh Corps must come in for a large share of the blame for insufficiency of preparation and the weakness of his force, and position even. No excuse justifies extreme confidence and disregard of advice but success. And in adhering to his position and the formation of his troops, he certainly disregarded advice if he did not disregard positive instructions. His thin extended line was his choosing, and though Hooker saw his line Saturday morning and substantially approved, yet after Hooker had received new information of the enemy's movements, and sent to Howard the 9.30 order, the latter was not only at liberty to change his dispositions, but commanded to, for he could not have "heavy reserves well in hand," without doing so; yet he made scarcely a change. He did not ask for any more troops, or remonstrate when Barlow was sent off. It would appear that he did not even order that his line, such as it was, should be kept on the alert, for it can scarcely be supposed that the men in two

divisions would have been ordered to stack arms, and allowed to be away from them for getting their suppers, and otherwise off duty, against the positive orders of the corps commander.

Whatever is said of the Corps commander applies as well to the division, and subordinate commanders, to whom was intrusted independently any of the duty which was so unfortunately neglected. From the testimony of Gen. Devens we are informed that the disposition of the troops was in accordance with the orders of the Corps commander, and he did not feel authorized to make any changes himself, no matter what the information that came from the scouts. Yet after he became convinced that the enemy meant his right, and Schurz got the information he did, unless they afterwards changed their minds, it is hard to explain why they should have allowed their men to stack arms and be away from their lines, off duty, at the critical moment, unless too the Corps commander overruled their judgment; it is hardly to be supposed he would have in such a particular.

By the standard of criticism applied to the rest, the general who deserves not the least blame for the disaster on the right is Sickles. He states it as his judgment, in his testimony, "that if the Eleventh Corps had held its ground, the result of that day's operations would have been" more favorable, "entirely successful but for the giving way of the Eleventh Corps." It is safe to say the result would or should have been different if he had held his original ground. No one was more responsible than he for leaving that Corps utterly isolated, and beyond the power of help when the attack came. And if he was in a "critical position" when Jackson passed around his right and rear, what of the Eleventh Corps which he left alone with half his number of men? The movement which he made was of his planning. He persuaded Hooker to let him make it, begged for one division after another until

he had three, and wanted another, and had sent to him all the cavalry which Hooker had, and dreadfully needed, too, elsewhere, and then he suffered himself to be amused the rest of the afternoon with a wagon train, and with capturing a few hundred prisoners, sending in bulletins of his success which deceived Hooker, while Jackson's column had got three miles away from him, and was doing, what he had said was likely enough, dealing a blow at the Eleventh Corps, which he blames for not waiting till he got ready to come back from his afternoon's wild chase. His ill-timed movement away from the main body, on his own account, did as much as any one thing to produce the result, just as a similar one of his at Gettysburg came near being disastrous to the army of the Potomac there, when it took nearly the whole of it to save him and the left of the line.

Such must be the criticism if the commanders referred to are to be held accountable for not doing what the circumstances, as they appear to us now, reasonably required of them. But history makes allowances. It is more human to put oneself in the place of others, and see how it appeared to them. It is impossible to resist the conclusion from the evidence, that on that Saturday afternoon, everybody from the commanding general down, knew that it was possible the enemy was moving to attack the right, and perhaps said so, but came to believe sooner or later, that he was not, and was really retreating. This conclusion explains everything; upon any other it seems as if everybody had gone mad. It cannot be supposed that a regular officer of such reputation as Howard, who afterwards came to be commander of the Army of the Tennessee by Gen. Sherman's own selection, could have allowed his corps to be so completely surprised, and poorly prepared, if he had actually believed the enemy was about to attack his right; or that Sickles, who knew what fighting meant, would for

the sake of his own, or his corps' glory, have left the Eleventh in the critical position that he did, if he truly believed it was to be attacked by the force that he reported as forty thousand. That Hooker believed the enemy was "flying" is evident from his dispatch to Sedgwick, based as he says on Sickles' opinion; and if such was not Sickles' honest opinion, then Hooker, in the language of the day was very badly "bulldozed." Hooker and others might well disbelieve that Lee in the presence of an enemy that vastly outnumbered him, would cut his army in two, and march a part of it where it could be beaten in detail. Nothing but success has prevented the movement from receiving the severest military criticism. At all events it is nearer the truth, and less harsh to say that Hooker and his commanders erred in their conclusions, than that they grossly neglected their duty.

The want of success at Chancellorsville on Sunday was evidently due in the first place to the fact that not half of the army there was put into the battle. Whose fault that was, if any one's, it is difficult to discover. Certainly not Hooker's, for at the critical moment when the right should have been hurled upon Stuart, according to Hooker's plan, he lay senseless through a severe injury. Why Gen. Couch did not at once assume command, or if he was notified and did, why he did not order the movement that was needed is not stated by any authority cited. In the next place want of success that day was due probably, though not certainly, to the failure of Sedgwick to carry out energetically and with proper enterprise, the spirit if not the letter, of Hooker's order to him. Probably, though not certainly, because if he had fought his way through to near Chancellorsville before eleven A. M., as it must be decided that he could have, it is not sure that after Hooker was disabled the Army of the Potomac there would have been handled so as to

co-operate vigorously with Sedgwick, and prevent Lee's hurling his whole force on him.

A cause of the failure of the whole campaign was, besides the want of sufficient cavalry in the battle, the utter want of success of that important arm where it was sent, a whole corps under Gen. Stoneman to do, as was promised, great things towards compelling Lee to retreat. His orders, "fight, *fight*, FIGHT." But he divided his corps into picnic parties that scampered over the country, too insignificant in numbers to do any mischief, and they did precious little fighting.

After the campaign thus ended in failure all around, and the Army of the Potomac was across the Rappahannock, it marched back again by the same muddy roads, to the same old camps. The Thirty-Third stretched its shelter tents over the same old log huts at Stafford C. H., that luckily it had not burned, and was once more in "Camp Smith," as if nothing unusual had happened.

Drills, parades and picket again. Camp yarns, base ball, and other diversions in season, among them the classic game of "greased pig." Camp sells were in order again. Capt. McMichael, the brigade commissary who had opened his shop at the old stand, was the occasional recipient of bottles of temperance gin from an unknown admirer; one of the suspected officers, it was said, was induced by him to dig for oysters in the neigboring hill. Major Brown left the regiment here to pursue his profession, amid the haunts of the peaceful ale-wife, and where the Taunton griddle, which he had taught the field and staff to love, abounds in its perfection. Capt. Lampson became major; Lieut. Prescott, captain.

There being nothing doing, and it being the height of the ladies' season, (forty came down about this time on one boat,) the colonel was advised by officers high in command to take apartments in the Virginia mansion occupied by division headquarters, and send for his family. His wife and child arrived after proper army delays. Serenades and receptions were inaugurated, and the experiment promised to be highly successful, when in the inscrutable orderings of army affairs, a confidential communication came down from headquarters, only a day or two after the arrival of these visitors from Mass., announcing that Gen. Howard, having been ordered to detail from the Eleventh Corps "five hundred picked men, well disciplined and commanded by competent and efficient officers" for a secret expedition to start that night, had selected the Thirty-Third Massachusetts! Such a very complimentary piece of information! Even the men in the hospital responded to that summons, some who afterwards found their pluck was greater than their strength. Could anybody find it in his heart to upbraid fate for such an order? It was an end of the family establishment, however. In the army everybody fully realized that this state is but a pilgrimage, and that he must keep moving on. That time the Thirty-Third moved on according to orders, towards "Spotted Tavern" wherever that might prove to be.

It kept moving on all night, and in the small hours of the morning, in a thunder shower and through the darkness and the mud, with a guide, so called, and long after it had decided there was no such place in Virginia as "Spotted Tavern," found what was claimed to be that favorite haunt, and found, too, the Second Mass. and other regiments "picked" by a similar order from their several corps; and fell into a short bivouac with them. It moved on again that morning under Gen. Ames, who was in command of a temporary brigade of infantry in which the regiment now found

itself, towards the Rappahannock, and soon began to see a long line of Buford's cavalry, and batteries of artillery. When it reached a bivouac at Bealton station, it had done forty-five miles in twenty-six hours. It seemed to be appropriately detailed to the cavalry.

Information had reached Gen. Hooker that a large body of rebel cavalry was massing near Culpepper, under Stuart, preparatory to a raid into the north somewhere, and Pleasonton, now in command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, in place of Stoneman, relieved, was ordered to move with his corps against Stuart, and head off his raid. He was to move in two columns, one division under Buford across the Rappahannock at Beverley's ford, two divisions under Gregg across the river at Kelley's ford, these fords being about six miles apart. The two columns were to form a junction near Brandy station. Two brigades of infantry, one for each column, were to accompany the cavalry, made up of regiments selected from the several Corps, and commanded respectively by Gen. Ames of the Eleventh Corps, and Gen. Russell of the Sixth, both regular officers. A suitable number of efficient batteries of artillery were selected also. L. L. Crouse, an army correspondent, in an account written on the evening of the battle, and published in Vol. 7 Moore's Reb. Rec., says: "The infantry force selected challenged particular admiration. The regiments were small, but they were reliable—such, for instance, as the Second, Third and Seventh Wisc., Second and Thirty-Third Mass., Sixth Me., Eighty-Sixth and One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth N. Y., and one or two others of like character." So the Thirty-Third found itself in good company.

Hooker planned the expedition very quickly, preparatory movements were executed with great secrecy, and when the leading brigade of Buford's column, Col. Davis, in the dawn of June 9th crossed the river, over which the mists still

hung, the rebel pickets were completely surprised; as the "Richmond Examiner" had it, "caught at breakfast, made prisoners on foot with guns empty and horses grazing," a "surprise * * the most complete that has occurred." The cavalry followed the rebel pickets that escaped into a patch of woods, the rest of their brigade was alarmed, mounted, and some of the squadrons came charging down on the road, through the timber, upon Davis' advance. A short fight ensued, and Davis was killed while gallantly rallying his brigade. Ames sent over the Second Mass. and Third Wisc. After fording the river they went on the run, formed line and drove the enemy back. They won considerable praise for the steadiness and accuracy of their fire. The cavalry was ordered to charge the enemy in flank. As the Thirty-Third came onto the hill that overhung the river at the ford here, to support Graham's regular battery, it witnessed the fight of the infantry, and the charge of the cavalry. The Penn. Lancers, supported by the Fifth and Sixth regulars, dashed up onto the opposite slope, through a heavy storm of shell and cannister, went into the rebel lines in splendid style, almost to the muzzles of their guns. The rebel cavalry recoiled before the shock, then gathered, and charged back. The tussle lasted several minutes. It was a rare sight to see the lines of blue and gray in the open fields, massing, wheeling and charging into each other, thousands of sabres flashing in the sun. Suddenly the Lancers and regulars were taken in flank, by rebel reinforcements that appeared on the right; but they gallantly cut their way through. Buford now had two brigades against him. Both sides dismounted and went to fighting as infantry, while the artillery of both practised on each other. The Thirty-Third was ordered to the front. Down the hill it went, forded the stream, passed on through the patch of woods to the left, by plenty of dead cavalry men, blue and gray, formed line under a heavy

artillery fire, and sent out skirmishers. At once there was hot work. The Second Mass. in which the colonel had formerly served as captain, was now placed under his command as a support to his line. The skirmishers so annoyed a rebel battery in the edge of the woods beyond, that it paid them the rare compliment of opening on them with round shot. A formidable mass of cavalry on the flank moving about with its fluttering Secesh colors did not care to trouble this line of infantry.

The rebel cavalry, although in great numbers now, began to fall back. Approaching guns were heard from the direction of Brandy station. They were Gregg's guns. The rebels were between two fires and so fell back to escape being cut in two. Gregg met with no opposition at Kelley's ford, moved up to Brandy station which was held by the enemy in force. Col. Sir Percy Wyndham charged with his brigade, supported by Kilpatrick's upon the station, surrounded a house in which it appeared afterwards that Gens. Stuart, Hampton and Jones were met to consult as to the intended raid. But rebel reinforcements drove Wyndham back. Stuart's ambulance was captured with all his papers, including the plan of the intended raid into Penn. and Md. At Brandy station, Gregg found that the trains were bringing up rebel infantry. Spies saw rebel infantry marching through Culpepper. Gregg fell back from here and marched up to join Buford. The proximity of rebel infantry in force was information for Pleasonton to report; he now held a council with his commanders, and decided to fall back, which he did. It was the first cavalry battle of the war. Some brilliant and daring dashes were made on both sides. The "Richmond Sentinel" says of the fighting that day: "The hand to hand encounters of cavalry and the crossing of sabres were the principal features of the fight." The rebels claim that Pleasonton had ten or twelve thousand men, while their only brigades engaged were

Hampton's, Lee's and Jones', not over five thousand men. The Thirty-Third was with Buford's advance, and reached a point nearly three miles from the river. In falling back, and in crossing the river, it had the distinction of being rear guard to the whole column, but it was not seriously molested.

A day or two was spent in picketing at Rappahannock station, and then the officers and men of the regiment turned their faces homeward to the old camp, and the attractions left behind. But no such luck was in store for them. Gen. Hooker rightly divined that the presence of columns of rebel infantry in that neighborhood meant something more than a cavalry raid; and so he put his whole army instantly in motion to follow up the rebel movement thus commenced and keep between Lee and Washington.

The Thirty-Third met its Corps at Catlett's station, then marched with it that long, hot and dusty journey, often footsore and hungry and generally thirsty, into Pennsylvania, by the Bull Run and Goose Creek route, halting a while "at camp near no one knows what," as it was known at regimental headquarters; being about the hottest place that could be found anywhere about. Then over the river at Edward's ferry, by the way of Poolesville and mouth of the Monocacy into Jefferson, one awfully long day as rear guard to the mule trains. Then leading or following along the turnpikes of fertile and thrifty Maryland, that blooming June, with waysides of roses and flowers, green fields and waving wheat, where all was peace. Over the Kittoctan range, through prosperous Middletown, up onto the South Mountain, looking down a day or two onto the sunny plains of the Cumberland valley and the field of Antietam. Back through Middletown, then, by one or two forced marches, which gave short time for cherries, through loyal Frederick and Emmittsburg. One march of forty odd miles in twenty-five hours! beating the Beverley's Ford time.

At Frederick the army awoke in the morning and found it had a new commander, Gen. Meade. "Good bye Fighting Joe," was sorrowfully said by the whole army, for every one in it loved him. He was lost forever to the Army of the Potomac. But the Thirty-Third was to have him again and be drawn to him more on other fields.

From Emmittsburg the Thirty-Third marched on to the music of heavy guns. The men in it knew—the whole army knew, what was before them, a great battle—that Lee's Army must be driven from Pennsylvania at whatever cost of lives. That could be seen written in the determined faces of the men of the Army of the Potomac, as they heard those ominous guns July 1. The Thirty-Third, marching to their sound, followed its column double-quick into Gettysburg.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

The Preliminary Movements of both Armies. Change of Federal Commander on the Eve of Battle. Meade succeeds Hooker. Numbers and Topography. The First Day of the Battle. The Fighting of the Cavalry and of the First and Eleventh Corps. Reynolds Killed. The Retreat to Cemetery Hill. The Second Day. The Attack on Sickles and the Left. Cannonade. Bigelow's Ninth Mass. Battery in action. The Arrival of Sedgwick. The Charge of the Penn. Reserves. The Attack on Cemetery Hill. The Fight of the Thirty-Third. The Third Day. The Charge of the Second Mass. The Great Cannonade. Pickett's Charge and Repulse. The Losses in the Regiment. The March back into "Old Virginny." Dog Days' Rest.

During the progress of the rebel invasion of 1863, which the people of Pennsylvania will remember a good while, doubtless, after Lee's Army had roamed along up the fertile Cumberland valley, in that state, from the Potomac to the Susquehannah river, feeding and clothing its starved, barefooted and destitute men, by levying and stealing from the inhabitants all it could lay its hands on, and was about to cross that river to plunder Harrisburg, and visit other northern capitals, one morning the frightened people living along the Susquehannah awoke and found the rebels gone bag and baggage, none of them knew whither. Lee got intelligence from his scouts, that the Army of the Potomac had crossed over into Maryland after him, and was heading for the passes thro' the South Mountain, and the Cumberland valley to his rear. The conviction flashed on the rebel soldier, that Hooker was planning to strike his communications, a move he realized too dangerous to be disregarded. To counteract it he instantly determined to cross from his side of the South Mountain chain, over to the eastern side, to threaten Hooker's

communications, and Washington, and to give battle if required. The main body of his army was then at Chambersburg, one column at Carlisle, both in the Cumberland valley, another had reached York around to the northeast of it. These three places are on the arc of a circle, the centre of which is at the town of Gettysburg, east of the mountains. Three great roads run from these places to Gettysburg, just thirty miles distant from each. This town is a business centre from which other roads radiate, one of them was the shortest road to his base. So after reports from some of his commanders, he ordered his army to concentrate there; and thus it befell that this little known county capital, awoke one morning and found itself famous.

In the meanwhile Hooker had begged in vain for the troops at Harper's Ferry and for leave to "pitch into Lee's rear," as he expressed it, been relieved at his own request by Halleck, who was not over fond of him, and gallant "fighting Joe" went the way of all the Army of the Potomac's other commanders, and on the brink of battle it was made to take a new one, whom Hooker recommended but whom it little knew, Meade. It was used to change, however, and kept right on marching northward. From Frederick in Maryland, which it had reached under Hooker's marching orders, it moved on in three columns, each ten to twenty miles apart diverging from each other like the ribs of a fan, towards the Susquehannah, keeping between Lee and Washington. The Federal movements and direction of march, Lee's cavalry commander Stuart failed to report to him, for he was away raiding around the right flank of the Army of the Potomac, and was a day or two behind hand. The rebel movements were changed so suddenly that Meade had not yet heard of their new ones. The roads on which the left column of his army, consisting of three corps, was moving, led through Gettysburg. On the night of June 30th, the hostile columns

had approached each other on the different roads so closely, that from fifty to sixty thousand rebels, and twenty-five thousand loyal infantry were sleeping within a dozen miles of each other, without either of them suspecting the proximity of the other force, tho' Buford's cavalry had heard of rebel infantry in the neighborhood. The next morning the hostile forces were nearing each other fast and a great battle was impending, unexpectedly to each; in spite too of the Federal commander, for Meade that morning of July 1, having just heard that the enemy had disappeared from the Susquehannah, somewhere, was busy laying out a battlefield on the line of Pipe Creek, a day's march to the rear; but the resistless tide of events willed otherwise, and the Battle of Pipe Creek was not to be.

Of the numbers in the army of invasion, various estimates have been made from Hooker's and Meade's of ninety thousand infantry, to Longstreet's, of but fifty-five thousand infantry. It probably brought to the field nearly seventy thousand infantry, ten thousand cavalry, and five thousand in the artillery, and that army had the prestige of the last victory at Chancellorsville, which was worth thousands of men. The army of the rebels was freshly re-organized just before the start, into three corps besides the cavalry, each corps with three full divisions. Our Army of the Potomac brought to Gettysburg, says Meade, ninety-five thousand of all arms, not all effective probably, and retained the old organization, seven corps and a cavalry corps, each corps had some two, some three thin divisions, not larger often than a rebel brigade. The rebel division, it was sufficiently near to say, nearly equalled the average of our corps, eight to twelve thousand men. Longstreet, A. P. Hill and Ewell, full Lieutenant Generals, commanded the rebel corps. The two armies were probably larger by ten to twenty thousand men than the armies of Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

Looking down from Cemetery Hill, and facing northward, the town of Gettysburg lies in the valley at your feet, just to the left; all around and beyond it rise hills and ridges sloping gently up and away into a sort of amphitheatre; ten miles off to the west is the blue chain of the South Mountains, beyond which is the Cumberland valley, at its lower end the field of Antietam; between are a series of parallel ridges running nearly north and south; you are standing on one, the Cemetery Ridge, which bends sharply round to the right. The next ridge to the west, longer than the one you are on and as high, half a mile beyond the town, is Seminary Ridge; to the eastward beyond Rock Creek, which comes down from the north and flows into the Monocacy to the rear, rise the high and irregular hills from another ridge, the western slopes of which meet the slopes of a cross ridge beyond the town, and help form the amphitheatre. From here you see the roads running into the town from almost every direction, like so many spokes into the hub of a wheel; there are ten principal ones.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE BATTLE.

Out on the Chambersburg road, which comes in from the northwest over the mountains, Buford's cavalry, kept on the flank of our left column to protect it and to reconnoitre, struck a column of rebel infantry, marching unconcernedly towards the town and only a mile and a half from it, and the first day of the battle commenced at nine o'clock in the morning. This rebel column was the advance of Hill's Corps, Heth's division. Our cavalry dismounted, skirmished, opened with their horse artillery and drove the surprised rebels back on the road, till they were reinforced and began to come on "booming" as Buford had anticipated, and drove in turn. A message was sent back to tell Gen. Reynolds of the First Corps, then commanding our whole left column, that the enemy had been met in force and request him to hurry up with his infantry while Buford held them in check. But

Reynolds was a soldier and promptly marched to the sound of the guns. He soon galloped up on the Emmittsburg road, with a division of his Corps on the double quick, and out across the hills and fields at ten o'clock to the scene of the opening fight. As Reynolds rode up and saw Buford, he asked "What's the matter, John?" "The devil's to pay" replied Buford. "I hope you can hold out until my Corps comes up," said the former. "I reckon I can," answered the latter. Reynolds decided at once that the enemy must be held till our marching columns could be apprised of the danger threatening their flanks, and the commanding general order what he would do, and he humanely decided also to fight if he could beyond the town, so as to spare it. "I will hold on to this Chambersburg road," said Reynolds significantly to Doubleday, for the time commanding his Corps, "You hold on to the next," not knowing what might be there. The division he had brought up, fell at once into a hot fight, was at first driven, then swung around handsomely and captured the rebel Gen. Archer, and two or three thousand men. Reynolds stood dismounted, watching the successful charge of the Iron brigade led by Col. Fairchild and his Second Wisc. when he suddenly fell forward on his face dead, shot by a rebel volley. "Reynolds dead?" "Reynolds!" asked men in astonishment. It was hard to believe and harder to bear. The news flew quickly through the regiments of the First Corps that idolized him, back through the whole Army of the Potomac that looked to him as one of the great leaders, and all over the land that lost thus early a most promising commander. But a battle waits no more for a dying general than a dying private. The struggle for that road grew fiercer. Hill hurried up his forces; in a brief space of time, Doubleday succeeding to the command, found himself fighting against two full rebel divisions, Heth's and Pender's, with the little First Corps, that came up one division after another, eleven thousand

against nearly twenty thousand! The brave old Corps fought against the odds backward and forward, with varying fortune, left ghastly rows of dead on both sides, wherever it struggled. Stone's Bucktail brigade went into a forlorn spot with the war cry which they caught from their commander, "We 've come to stay," "we 've come to stay." Hosts of them did stay, and sleep there still.

It was here,—"Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood old John Burns.
* * * * * * * * * *
With his long brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails, they were laughing at.
* * * * * * * * * *
the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre."

The Corps was forced back after a while, by the pressure of the rebel numbers, nearer the town, but up to twelve o'clock, still obstinately held on to that road to the west. All at once Buford reported a rebel column coming in from the north on the Carlisle road; it proved to be Rode's division, of Ewell's Corps. The leading regiments swung around to connect with Hill's men, the right division, Robinson's of the First Corps, bent back to meet the new danger, suddenly swooped down on these rebel regiments and captured three of them. The Twelfth and Thirteenth Mass. were in that fight, both Cols. Bates and Leonard were wounded. The success was only for a few moments, Ewell had a division right there on that road, another ten thousand. Before long it came down in line at right angles with Hill, upon the flank of the First Corps, threatening to crumble it back and brush it away from the road to the town, that it had cost the life of Reynolds, and hours of bloody fighting to hold. At this opportune moment the Eleventh Corps appeared along the Taneytown road, and two divisions about seven thousand men went through the town doublequick out to meet the Carlisle column to the north; Howard being now the ranking officer took

command of the two Corps. As he rode over Cemetery Hill he glanced at it for a moment, called the attention of Capt. Hall of his staff to it as a defensible position, and said to him, "Here is where this battle ought to be fought." He saw its strategical importance and decided to hold it if all else had to be given up before the rebel odds. He established there his headquarters, ordered Capt. Hall to place there a battery from his remaining division, the second, in which was the Thirty-Third Mass. just then, about one o'clock, coming into town on the doublequick, and the whole division to be held there in reserve. This position proved to be the key of the next two days' battle.

Sam'l P. Bates says, in his "Battle of Gettysburg," (p. 76,) of the commander of the second division, "Von Steinwehr was an accomplished soldier, having been thoroughly schooled in the practice of the Prussian army. His military eye was delighted with this position, and thither he drew his heavy pieces," and threw up lunettes around each gun. * * "If the First and Eleventh Corps performed no other service in holding on to their positions, though sustaining fearful losses, the giving opportunity for the construction of these lunettes and getting a firm foothold upon this great vantage-ground, was ample compensation for every hardship and misfortune, and the labor and skill of Steinwehr in constructing them must ever remain objects of admiration and gratitude."

The Eleventh Corps, now under Schurz, very soon became hotly engaged, most of it fought so well that even unfriendly commanders afterwards gave it praise. But while that Corps was trying hard to redeem the unjust dishonor of Chancellorsville, all of a sudden an overwhelming column of Jackson's old men, Early's division of Ewell's Corps, sprang up out of the ravine of Rock Creek, and came down on their right flank and rear, as in that ill fated battle, with their infernal rebel

yell. It was the column from York, arrived just in time to outflank our troops again. Marvellously well planned, or fortunately well directed were the marches of these three columns of Lee's Army so that they concentrated from the west, the north and now the east so nearly at the same hour and so effectively. But the Eleventh Corps did not run this time, if any of it did at Chancellorsville, it swung back its right and manfully grappled with this fresh swarm of gray-backs; the other brigade of the 2d division was sent in and Smith's brigade was left alone in reserve among the tomb-stones of the cemetery. The gallant division commanders fought their men handsomely, one of them, Barlow, once of Mass., fell nearly shot to pieces, and Ames succeeded him. The day was against us. The two Corps gallantly as they had fought, were badly outflanked on both sides and nearly enveloped, the Carlisle column drove an entering wedge in the centre between them, and Howard at length gave the order to fall back on Cemetery Hill. For six hours the two Corps, not twenty thousand men, had kept at bay four rebel divisions, each almost as large as one of the Corps, together, nearly half the rebel army.

From their position on the crest of Cemetery Hill, the officers and men of the Thirty-Third looked down upon the winding lines, three miles long, and watched them as they stubbornly retreated, turning every few rods to fire a volley, facing in every direction. Batteries limbered up, galloped back, and then halted and fired grape and cannister. One color-bearer was seen to face about, plant his color, and his regiment, a Michigan regiment, rallied about it instantly, many brave men went down fighting around that flag; and as the little remnant sullenly retreated, the plucky standard-bearer shook his fist at the rebels to have them know, that though the order was to "fall back," he would fight them to the last. The brave fellow was soon shot down by the

bullets he was defying, but he stubbornly held up with his last grasp, that flag of his country for which he was so willing to die, unsurrendered to the end!

Our troops fought desperately in that retreat but it seemed like fighting the tides of the sea; the enemy's brigades poured in like the ceasless coming in of the waves and threatened to overwhelm as irresistibly all that did not flee before them. A thousand or two prisoners were carried off from both Corps, that got crowded confusedly together in the narrow streets, and the rest of our shattered forces retreated hurriedly to make a stand, if they could, on Cemetery Hill. Quickly orders were given, fragments of regiments and brigades were reformed. Howard put what there was left of the two Corps into line around the crest of the hill. Smith's brigade was put in the Taneytown road along a low wall there. In this position the Thirty-Third saw the butternuts in the orchard and in the edge of the woods opposite, getting into line and moving forward apparently for attack. A staff officer asked the colonel if he could hold his men's fire till the rebels were within short range. That looked like business. "Yes, sir, if that is the order," was the reply. He knew his regiment, though it was not an easy thing to keep men cool in the fiery impatience that comes in battle, especially when everything seemed to be giving away. The butternut columns were anxiously watched, but they came no farther then.

In the meanwhile orderlies galloped back to Meade with news of the meeting of the hostile columns and of the death of Reynolds, and Hancock, who had the especial confidence of the commanding general, was sent up to take command there, tho' he was junior to Howard and Sickles, and to report to him the state of affairs; he quickly sent word back, that the ground was favorable for a battle with reliable troops. Meade promptly decided to fight his battle at Gettysburg,

promptly orders went to the different columns to change their course and concentrate here. That morning Reynolds had sent a summons for the Third Corps to come to Gettysburg. It was but ten miles off, but Sickles did not move. He was resting his men as he afterwards testified. When he got word from Howard and Doubleday in the afternoon that they were hard pressed, and begged him to come, he started promptly. This call of brother soldiers overcame his hesitation. At the needful moment while the enemy seemed to be forming again and threatened to move up and drive our disordered forces from their new position, the old Third Corps came swinging along the road to go in and help. The Twelfth Corps was only five miles away nearly all day. It could hear the guns and see the smoke of the battle. But Slocum did not march to the sound of the guns or send up to ask what was the matter. When Howard sent for him he was reluctant to come. Both he and Sickles may have thought that no general had a right to fight a battle at Gettysburg when Meade had selected Pipe Creek. He came up within two miles with his Corps about six o'clock without orders. The Second Corps in the middle column was near, but the Fifth was twenty-three miles off and could not get there till morning, while the Sixth, the largest Corps in the army, was thirty-five miles away, and the next day's battle could be lost or won, before a forced march would bring it to the relief of our army. It was not without solicitude that our men watched the butternut lines on the hills opposite, and waited for another rebel attack, and watched for it into the night.

Lee did not arrive till night, which was evidence that he did not anticipate a battle there any more than Meade. Hill and Ewell were unwilling to assault our formidable heights till their army was all up; Anderson's division, rebel accounts said, lay all the afternoon in sight and sound of the battle. Their golden moment slipped away from them forever, and

the sleep that came over the tired armies at last, was undisturbed, except by occasional false alarms.

The next morning, the morning of the second day, the sun rose on as quiet a scene, as on any hot July morning at home. The Second Corps was in line, the Fifth had arrived, and was in reserve, the reserve artillery was in park to the rear, the commanding general had been on the ground since midnight, Cemetery Hill and its slopes were covered with batteries. The ridge on which our army now awaited the enemy's attack is two miles long, and runs nearly north and south. Its general shape can be best described by likening it to a gigantic fish hook, the outside of the hook lying towards the rebels. The bend of the hook is Cemetery Hill, sweeping round towards another hill to the east, Culp's, which swells out making the barb, so to speak, and slopes down to Rock Creek, the point of the hook. The long ridge which forms the back or shank of this imaginary hook, gradually becomes lower, spreading itself out gently on either side, and far down rising up steeply again, into a double hill, Little and Great Round Top, the head of the hook. On the Cemetery Hill, between the Taneytown road and Baltimore pike, that cross over it into the town, lies the cemetery, which gives its name to the hill and ridge. The position the enemy now proceeded to occupy, was the circuit of hills beyond the town on two sides, and an eminence in the town itself, a line generally parallel to ours, nearly six miles in length, and portions of the enemy's columns would have to march hours to reinforce any part, while our line was less than three miles long, and a half mile march would put troops at almost any threatened point, except the very extremes; that was a vital advantage to us in the fortunes of that battle.

Slocum's Twelfth Corps had the right of our line and occupied Culp's Hill, most of it; then came one division of

the First Corps, the Eleventh Corps held Cemetery Hill, then next along on the ridge was the rest of the First Corps, now under Newton, then Hancock's Second Corps in the left centre, Sickles' Third Corps towards Round Top, Syke's Fifth Corps in reserve; inside the ridge, the reserve artillery. In the rebel line, Longstreet with his Corps held their right, Hill the centre and Ewell the left.

The forenoon passed without any apparent movement. The Thirty-Third was by orders detached from its own brigade and division for the battle, and ordered to report at the Cemetery to Gen. Ames commanding the 1st division in the Eleventh Corps, after Gen. Barlow was wounded. Gen. Ames was its commander at Beverley's Ford and asked for it. The colonel was strictly obeying the orders of the General when in the midst of the battle he was chasing back with his revolver some of the cowardly officers in a German regiment who were running away, while their men were standing up to their duty bravely, which circumstance threw some light upon the conduct of this and some other German regiments at Chancellorsville. The new surgeon, Dr. Hastings, reported for duty that morning. He was soon full of business.

Sickles was ordered by Meade to take position in prolongation of Hancock's line, on the flattened ridge, his right connecting with Hancock, his left resting on Round Top, which Meade seems to have known very little about. For some unaccountable reason, Pleasonton had sent off the cavalry on the left to the rear, so that this flank of the army was practically unprotected and without the means of discovering what the enemy was up to. Early in the afternoon Sickles reported the enemy moving around through the woods opposite to him, in three heavy columns, threatening Round Top and his left. From the Seminary Ridge to the southwest a lower ridge comes obliquely across to the Cemetery Hill. Along this ridge the Em-

mittsburg road runs into town. Sickles thought this ridge was better ground than the lower swell of the Cemetery Ridge where he was, that it commanded his, and asked permission to put his troops there. The commanding general sent his chief of artillery, Gen. Hunt, to look at it, who told Sickles it offered in his opinion excellent positions for artillery, but he had no power to authorize the change; could only report. Time pressed, the enemy were still pushing around, and at three o'clock Sickles decided the question for himself, and ordered his Corps out to the Emmittsburg road. The whole army watched the grand sight, as the long lines and solid columns moved steadily out, brigade by brigade, with regimental colors and division and brigade pennons waving. Down the slope, up on to the fields beyond, bare and barren, not a tree nor a bush, hardly, to shelter them. As they were deploying, one of Sickles' batteries sent a shot. Instantly a gun opened on his men from far down to their left, quickly another and another. Soon guns opened from the heights around Cemetery Hill, till the sharp flashes ran all around the encircling ridges which seemed to throb with fire and smoke, and the hills roared with heavy echoes. Whizz came a round shot over the heads of the Thirty-Third men on Cemetery Hill, and plunged into the earth with a dull sound. A shell came shrieking and hissing in its track and exploded itself into destructive atoms; in almost a moment of time a hundred shot and shell were tearing about, bursting into fragments that hurried away many a brave life. Splinters of gun carriages, pieces of tombstones, even human legs and arms and palpitating flesh were flying about in every direction. From so many different points the shots came during that fire, that the colonel of the Thrity-Third changed his men's position from one side of a wall on Cemetery Hill to another, twice, and left them on the front side, as on the whole the safest. In the midst of it a woman's courage was tested. Mrs. Gen. Barlow

was waiting on the field to find her wounded husband, who never knew fear himself, a prisoner in the town. She was seen at this time, riding beside Gen. Howard in the terrible storm of shell, calm and apparently fearless. A woman's devotion overcame all fear. The next day her fidelity was rewarded, the town fell into our hands and with it her wounded husband. The moment the hostile shot struck our lines, our batteries answered and sent back death and destruction. The enemy's cannonade on the second day was mostly concentrated on Cemetery Hill, and there, during the hour and a half it lasted, it was as awful and destructive, as the memorable cannonade of the next day. It was intended to occupy our guns and seemed to have been a feint to indicate immediate attack there.

Before it was over, a little after four o'clock, crash came the sound of musketry from the woods far down on the left; a noise like the falling of giant trees in a forest, carrying down everything around them, and like such a crash was the blow that fell on Sickles. His position was a triangular one projected right into the enemy, almost. His right, Humphreys' division, was along the Emmittsburg road, at an angle with the rest of our line, his left, Birney's division, stretched off towards Round Top. His apex was at a peach orchard a mile out. The enemy were about to close their jaws, as it seemed, on Sickles. Meade was out examining Sickles' position, stood talking with him, just as the fight commenced, too late to change, if he would. A cloud of rebel skirmishers come out of the woods, then two lines of gray, a mile and a half long, double round on the two flanks, open on them, and concentrate the fire of brigades, upon the brave handful of regiments and batteries at the exposed salient. They come on determinedly, led in person by "the best fighter of them all," a British officer who was with them, tells us, Longstreet, waving on his men, cap in hand.

The smoke rolls nearer, Sickles' men fight as they always did fight, fiercely, but they cannot stand such numbers. A call comes up for reinforcements to help Sickles' Corps. Meade sends help at once. The Fifth Corps is at hand, one of its divisions, Barnes', the Eighteenth, Twenty-Second and Thirty-Second Mass. regiments in it, is hurried in on the left of the peach orchard, and for a while helps check the advance. Down go four brigades flying the red trefoil on their brigade flags, Caldwell's division of the Second Corps, the Irish Mass. Twenty-Eighth in it, into the smoke and dust of battle, and begin a fearful fight to hold the woods that encircle a wheatfield, on a little cross road, a wheatfield that was famous in the struggle of that day. Down farther to the left, Ayres' division of regulars in the Fifth Corps, is sent. And just as a column of Texans is creeping around to penetrate between the two Round Tops, a detached brigade, Vincent's, of Barnes' division, in which was Col. now ex-Governor Chamberlain of Maine, is swung in by Gen. Warren, Meade's engineer, among the bowlders on the slope, in the nick of time, and by the greatest bravery saves the hill, till reinforcements arrive.

Ten thousand men have been sent in now to help the left. But the enemy soon break through the weak angle, though there is some hard fighting done there by the Third Corps; then like the giving away of a dam in a spring freshet, when the swollen flood sweeps all before it, dam, mill wheels, bowlders, uprooted trees and buildings, every obstacle in its track, so this rebel torrent of thirty thousand men breaks through our lines there, carrying everything before it, regiments and brigades, their flanks being now turned, falling back to prevent being surrounded, guns hurried away to keep them from capture. It is not a confused rout, but much of it, a square fight for every foot. A sullen, bloody retreat. Phillips' Mass. battery is saved by dragging in its guns by hand, the captain pulling with the rest.

Bigelow's Ninth Mass. battery comes back firing with the prolong, as if drilling on Boston Common, a rare instance in the war. He is just dragging his guns through a gateway, when McGilvrey, commander of the reserve artillery, orders him to hold that place at all hazards, till he can get a line of batteries into position in the rear. Bigelow fills up his guns to the muzzle, waits till the column of rebels is within fifty yards, then fires a volley of death. They charge up again and again, shoot down his officers and men and horses, and again and again he sweeps them down with canister. Longstreet's men swear they will take those brass guns, if they lose every man. They try hard. He blows them even from the muzzles. The Captain falls wounded himself, and when he is carried among his men to the front (not to the rear,) sees the rebels standing on his limber chests, shooting down his cannoneers that are still bravely loading and firing. Two-thirds of his officers and men drop, eighty horses out of eighty-eight are shot, seventy rounds of cannister fired, an extraordinary amount at close quarters, but the heroic remnant of men still hold their ground till they see that bristling line of batteries all ready at the rear, and then come in coolly pulling off one or two of their guns from the very clutches of the enemy, Lieut. Milton among the rest, pluckily saving his. This was a Boston battery and its first fight.

As the rebel tide rolls on, the fighting becomes fiercer about the wheatfield. The roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry and the yells of the advancing rebels, go up from the enveloping smoke. Eleven brigades have gone in around that wheatfield, fifty regiments, fifteen to twenty thousand men, and after awful fighting, some of it at close quarters, hand to hand, really a rare thing in the war, a Michigan colonel, Jeffers, being bayoneted to death, a Mass. major, Edmands, of the Thirty-Second saving himself by knocking over a rebel with a navy revolver, brigadier-generals, colonels,

lieutenants and privates being piled up together, dead ; the line is crushed to fragments, driven back, and the wheatfield with the tall grain of the morning trodden down and red with the blood of mingled friend and foe, is lost. The hostile lines rapidly reach Sickles' right division, Humphreys', which has to yield, fighting though, with the pluck with which Joe Hooker's old regiments always did fight, among them the First, Eleventh and Sixteenth Mass. shooting down one traitor conspicuous on a white, or as described by a native Gettysburger "yaller" horse, before they go, Brig.-Gen. Barksdale, of Mississippi, and the country's account is settled with that fire-eater. Sickles is carried to the rear, his leg taken off by a cannon shot. Hosts of subordinate commanders have fallen. Everywhere is confusion, everything seems to be going against us. The destruction of the whole left imminent.

At this critical period of the battle, the head of a dusty column comes in sight from the rear, and moves over the crest down toward the thickest of the fight. A solid and sturdy column to gladden the eyes of despairing soldiers, but a column of over marched and weary and foot sore men ; a blue corps flag flying at their head with the Greek cross in the field, the headquarters flag of the Sixth Corps. The long expected column from Manchester. How the news flies from regiment to regiment ! "The Sixth Corps is up !" "Old Sedgwick has come !" "Sixteen thousand men to reinforce us !" The Sixth Corps men have made a forced march of Thirty-five miles, and been all night and all day at it, have rested at the rear only an hour or so, but the army needs their help, they are ready for the fight, and the leading brigades go promptly into line. Longstreet's men pushing on to seize the fruits of their hard fighting, and wrest away Little Round Top, apparently within their grasp, have seen the unexpected succor to the Federal left, recoil before it, and give up the attempt disheartened.

At six o'clock, Gen. Crawford, commanding a division of Penn. Reserves temporarily in the Fifth Corps, orders up McCandless' brigade for a charge. It forms in line. Crawford seizes the colors and calls on the men to go in, with the name of their native state as a battle cry. They fire two volleys and down they go from the rocky slopes of Little Round Top into the ravine, through Plum Run, up the other slope; have a short struggle for a wall with the Georgians, go over it, thickly dropping their dead and dying, cross the bloody wheatfield, following the retreating enemy and recover the line almost to the point from which Sickles had been driven. Cheers go up for the victory.

Longstreet's attack was ended for that day. Most of the Twelfth Corps was sent by Meade to help the left, but when it reached there in the dusk, it was not needed. Hill was ordered to co-operate with him and make a simultaneous attack. Anderson's division made a bold push to break our centre, and Wright's brigade of Georgians, in the twilight of evening, gallantly fought their way up to the guns that were mowing them down, and cannoneers and rebels lay dead together; but they were unsupported, and Hancock's infantry with the guns on Cemetery Hill finished them, and Anderson's attempt. Some of his brigades on the left failed to advance, and for that reason, rebel testimony says, Pender's division remained back, idle. If they had all joined in the fight and supported Wright's brigade with the same pluck that it fought, the fate of that afternoon might have been different. That brigade went back with but one sound field officer.

Ewell with his Corps was to have attacked with the rest. He was tardy, it is said, purposely, so that Meade might meanwhile weaken his right as he actually did. Ewell's attack came at last. Scarcely was the fight over on the left, and the hurrahs of victory had but just died away, when the sharp

crack, crack of musketry, near by, warned the men of the Thirty-Third, on one side of Cemetery Hill, that their skirmishers had discovered danger in front, and they soon saw these rapidly driven in, fighting their way back. There is a little dent between Cemetery and Culp's Hill. The regiment, after having been ordered to an exposed position in a field, was drawn back and placed that night on the slope of the former hill, behind a little wall, near this dent. In a minute a long line that stretches from beyond Culp's Hill around to the town, comes creeping up from a ravine in front, and right behind another, their colors, the red field and blue and white starred cross bars, can be just made out in the gathering darkness. A sheet of fire flashes along the dusky lines as they stop and fire a round and then start on. Instantly a gun belches at them from the right and then from the left, and in a twinkling of time the thirty odd guns about the Cemetery are trained from the left, where they have just been firing over the tombstones onto Hill's men, down now with depressed muzzles to the front, onto these troops of Early's division that are rapidly coming on. The darkness is lighted up with the flames from the cannons' mouths, that seem to pour down in streams onto them. The roar and shriek of the shot and shell that plough through and through their ranks, is appalling. The gaps bravely close up and still they advance. Canister cannot check them. They near fifty yards, when a rapid and awful fire is poured into them from the Thirty-Third and other infantry, until there are almost as many upon the ground as in their lines. It wavers some, but steadies up again, this brave brigade of Hoke's North Carolinians in front of the Thirty-Third, and then doggedly pushes forward again. It looks as if in a half minute it will be on the Thirty-Third men; they set their teeth, coolly get their bayonets ready and grimly wait for it, one solid Mass. regiment that kept its position lighted up during that night

attack, with an unbroken line of fire, when it was all dark in gaps beyond. Hoke's men get up so near that the regiment starts up to use its bayonets; a rebel flag is waving almost directly over its head, when in an instant there are flashes like lightning from the muzzles of a Maine battery on the right, the roar of guns, and down drop the color and color bearer, and heaps of these brave traitors. Groans and shrieks fill the air. A fearful destruction of life! The Maine battery, Stevens', has waited with double shotted guns till it can rake the flank of the charging column with an enfilading fire, and has so mowed down an awful swath. "Good for Maine," is the shout of the Mass. men. The line in front is gone, all but the rows of dead and dying.

Just above on the crest to the left, the fight still rages. Suddenly the artillery fires stop, and there are only flashes of musketry, and mingled with its noise are heard yells and cheers, and bullets from there drop in the rear of the Thirty-Third, and wound some of the men. The adjutant is sent to the Cemetery gate by the colonel to tell them there they are firing into their own men. When he returns he whispers, "It is the rebels." Hayes' brigade of Louisiana Tigers have rushed up against the storm of minie-balls and canister, broken through and scattered some of the German regiments, in the Eleventh Corps on the slopes, and with yells, these gallant Irishmen from Dixie, jump upon the guns. An officer, relates Col. Batchelder, puts his hands upon a piece and calls out: "I demand the surrender of this gun." Up jumps a big burly German in Rickett's Eleventh Corps battery and answers back: "I teaches ye how to surrender," and with a hand spike smashes in his skull; another knocks a rebel over and pounds him insensible with a stone. But hand spikes and stones cannot contend against bayonets and muskets long. If relief does not come soon, the key of our line is gone, the Baltimore pike cut off, and things look gloomy.

But the danger has been provided for by Meade. Soon a dark mass is seen to move up, doublequick, onto the flank of the rebels this side; it is Carroll's brigade from the Second Corps. At the same time a brigade from the Eleventh Corps takes them on the other flank, and in a short ten minutes the Tigers' career is finished. Half of them are dead, the other half prisoners.

The men on Cemetery Hill, after the attack on them was over, thanked God for that narrow escape, and turned to listen to the roar of battle on Culp's Hill. As the last brigade of the Twelfth Corps was moving out of its hastily thrown up rifle pits, to go to the left, Johnson's rebel division, led by the famous Stonewall brigade, advanced up in the darkness to move in. The brigade, Greene's, turned and handsomely repelled three obstinate charges of the whole division and saved the hill. Down at the extreme right by Rock Creek, the rebels pushed in and took possession, for nobody was there. Darkness alone saved the army from mischief there. The Thirty-Third was moved that night still farther along, close to the left flank of the Maine Battery for the rest of the battle. The storm of that day's battle was over. Our army held its ground; but twenty thousand men in the two days had been dropped from the rolls for duty, — too many, forever! Full as expensive had the two days been to the rebels. Ewell's men in town, jubilant the night before, were a little crest fallen now, — but they said, "Wait till Pickett's division comes up to-morrow."

THE THIRD DAY.

The troops on Cemetery Hill were awakened at dawn of the third day from their hard bivouac, by the sharp rattle of musketry, that told them the fight was renewed on Culp's Hill. Slocum had returned with his Corps in the night;

found the rebels in possession, and waited for the first streaks of daylight. And now his parrotts, and napoleons, and twenty-four pounders, opened and rained on them iron for two hours, destroying alike men and the trees that sheltered them. So tremendous was the fire of the artillery and the infantry in the woods here, that a year and a half afterwards not a tree of this thick forest was alive. But the rebels braved it out. An order came down for the Second Mass., and the Twenty-Seventh Indiana to charge into the works still held by the enemy. It was an order for two little regiments, true as steel, though they were, to plunge into two rebel brigades, hundreds against thousands, behind rifle pits at that. "Are you sure that is the order?" asks Lt. Col. Mudge. "Sure," replies the staff officer. "It's murder, but it's the order," says the young commander, as he looks sadly for a moment at his handful of doomed men. "Up men! forward, doublequick, guide centre," is his prompt, firm command. Taking their muskets, without time even to fix bayonets, without firing a shot, with a cheer, those men of the Mass. Second, that this historian knew so well, for it was his privilege to serve with them a year, ready to follow that promising young leader wherever they are ordered, start into almost certain destruction. Through the open meadow they rapidly move on, floundering in the tall swale grass and the water. They have scarcely started, when Lieut. Stone drops dead; then Captains Fox and Robeson mortally wounded,—young officers, well known in Boston,—a trail behind, all their way, of noble men gone down under the bullets. Half way over, the young Colonel, at their head, falls dead, three color bearers fall one after the other; the tough Indiana regiment drops behind; but the Mass. Second never stops a moment, it still pushes on, closing in to the centre all the time over the gaps left by its dead. It reaches the works, jumps over into them, drives all before it, and plants there, its flag,—the gift of Boston,—

in victory! It was, indeed, murder; but it was the order, and it has been obeyed most gallantly. Yet of what use is such heroism? A little wreck of a regiment alone, in the midst of a rebel division, a mark for every rebel musket. The order is given to fall back. The fifth color bearer soon takes the colors from the falling fourth, and then sullenly and slowly the Second falls back over its bloody track, the line steady and straight almost as in a manœuvre, turning every now and then on its pursuers, halting for a while at a stone wall for orders, and then falls back to the creek again, more than half, on its rolls, dead or dying in the little meadow, and all Boston in mourning! It was just another Balaklava charge. A foolish sacrifice of a little handful, three hundred as brave as the famous British six hundred, caused like the Crimean slaughter,—"some one had blundered."

The enemy now began a furious assault to carry the rest of Culp's Hill, while Slocum tried at the same time to drive them out of the portion they still held. Ewell had sworn a fearful oath to break through our right or lose every man. For hours the woods reverberated with the crashing rattle of musketry. Back and forth swayed the lines. But the Twelfth Corps men fought doggedly, pressed steadily, and the rebels went out. After a hard fight of seven hours, four o'clock till eleven, our line was restored. Ewell swore in vain, but he made a very handsome loss. In the meanwhile our calvary was not idle. On our left the smoke of Kilpatrick's guns was seen puffing over the woods, and with his light division fresh from a fight with Stuart, supported by Merritt's, he was leaping fences and ravines, charging back a flanking column of Longstreet. Gregg was having a hard but successful tussel with the rebel cavalry chief, on our right.

Lee took time for his next move, and as Meade felt he could afford to wait, if Lee could, the Army of the Potomac waited and took breath for the next struggle,—an awful one.

The hours of the forenoon wore on in silence. Through the openings in the woods on the hills opposite, everything appeared to be in motion for a while, then all settled down quiet again. The silence became ominous. Men nerved up themselves to meet the impending attack wherever it should fall.

At ten minutes past one o'clock a solitary Whitworth gun near the seminary, sounded a heavy signal, and in an instant a hundred and twenty-five to a hundred and fifty cannon, many of heavy calibre, placed along the whole six miles front of the enemy, opened a mighty volley into our lines. Gen. Hunt could only crowd about ninety guns into our narrower front, but they were the heaviest he could bring up. In a twinkling they were unmuzzled, and then broke upon the quiet of that summer's afternoon, the most awful cannonade probably that has ever taken place in this world. Nothing was like it before, that men ever saw. It could only be fitly compared to the fabled battle described in classic legends, of the Titans against the Gods; the rebel giants on Mount Othrys against the immortals on Olympus. As in the fable, back and forth flew mighty missiles; the air was filled with hissing bolt and flaming iron; rocks were rent into pieces; the earth torn up into strips; trees wrenched into fragments and hurled about to overwhelm and destroy all around. It seemed as if some unseen monster like Briareus of the fable, stood and threw iron continuously with his hundred hands; and it was such a storm as the ancient poets pictured, when "Mighty Jove" was in his wrath, whirling thunder bolts, flashing lightnings, and storming with "hail of iron globes." The ridges shook as if with the throes of earthquakes, the hills reverberated with terrible noises and clouds of smoke skirted with intermittent fire, settled over the valleys. It seemed an awful place for mere mortals. Men crouched to the earth and hid themselves, if they could,

and the poor beasts trembled at the fury of forces, before which both were alike helpless. And where the fearful missiles found them, human bones and flesh were torn to atoms and sent to the winds, and horses were horribly disemboweled. Heavy caissons and timbers were slit into splinters or pulverized; stout brass was knocked into fragments, timbers of houses were torn through and through, and marble monuments of the buried dead crumbled into atoms. A single shell killed and wounded out of one regiment twenty-seven men. About army headquarters sixteen horses of staff officers and orderlies were killed in the little yard, in as many minutes. Headquarters, which seemed to be a special mark, it was in rear of the threatened Second Corps position, became so hot a place that Meade was forced to say, as he did, very coolly to some of his generals, if any of them expected to live to see the battle through, "they better adjourn to another spot." All over the line the poor horses of the artillery and of the mounted officers had to stand up and take the storm, and everywhere the air was filled with their fearful cries, as they reared and plunged in agony and the ground all along was covered with their carcasses. Hosts of men could not escape, either, from destruction. For an hour and three quarters this iron hurricane lasted; every second of it, half a dozen shots were whirled into the air, filling it, without intermission, with flying shell, schrapnell and round shot, twelve, twenty-four and thirty-two pounders. Who could estimate the destruction? The losses to batteries, guns, horses, cannoneers and officers, were appalling. Luckily our army had twenty or thirty more batteries in the reserve artillery, and fresh ones were brought into position as fast as horses could be found to draw them, or the ammunition chests could be got through without being blown up. At length the ammunition was getting very low and the guns needed to cool, so Gen. Hunt gave the order "slacken fire." The rebels

were quick to believe they had done the business for which this awful cannonade was intended, silenced our guns and destroyed or demoralized our men. They promptly slackened their fire and made ready for the next part in the programme, the work intrusted to the infantry. This work was to break through our left centre, where the ridge was flattened and lower and was the weakest spot, if we had any, where Wright's brigade had broken through the night before, the position held by the Second Corps.

PICKETT'S CHARGE AND REPULSE.

After that nearly two hours havoc, Lee said to Pickett, the bold and handsome Virginian general of division in Longstreet's Corps, who was to lead the coming charge, "You can start now, you wont find anybody alive on that ridge." Pickett was ready. Soon a long heavy skirmish line emerges out of the woods and orchards on the slopes of Seminary Ridge, not quite a mile off, and pushes out. Behind it, regiments and brigades come marching down by the flank and deploy handsomely into line. When they are ready to start, as they move forward in cadenced step, thousands of feet keeping step together down the slope, with bayonets glittering in the sun, it is a beautiful sight! A mile of bayonets in length, and acres deep, for three lines of battle come into view, a few hundred yards apart, and beyond it, other lines in support, while on the right, are brigades of flankers in column of regiments. There are full eighteen thousand men in the lines. Not a gun from our side disturbs that handsome start. Our army watches it a few moments with breathless, anxious silence. These moments though, seem ages. As they move down, a gun opens here and there, and then the artillery fire spreads along our whole left and centre. Round shot and shell tear great gaps in the

beautiful moving mass, but it is like tossing pebbles into the sea; in an instant this mighty human tide closes over the ripples, and is steadily coming in on Meade's lines. It soon reaches the little crest of the Emmittsburg road and they are a fair mark for canister. Fifty muzzles send grape and schrapnel flying into them at the rate of a thousand iron bullets a minute, mowing down great swaths of men as a scythe mows grass. This is an ordeal for the chivalry. But they pass it heroically; bravely close in and keep coming on steadily nearer and nearer, down the slope, in the face of this deadly storm of canister, down into the valley of death. Their skirmish line is gone, and the mile front closed to a quarter.

They rapidly approach Gibbon's division of the Second Corps, but his men have not yet fired a musket at them. "Hold your fire, men" are his orders. "They are not near enough yet." A little detached brigade of the First Corps, down to the left, is the first to open fire. It is Stannard's Vermont brigade, nine months men, never in a fight before. It rises up suddenly now from the tall grass, where it lies in advance of the line, and opens a sharp musketry fire, close upon the hostile flank, that makes this charging column, for the first time, recoil a little. But their officers ride gallantly up and down their lines, under the fire, to urge and wave them on with their swords, and with a yell like the war-hoop of so many savages they come on. When they are within a hundred yards, Gibbon gives the order to fire. There is a long sheet of flame, and near four thousand muskets send their shower of lead into the doomed ranks. At the same time Hayes' division of Hancock's Corps, on their left, pours its fire into their flank. As the leaves fall in November, so fall these brave rebels under this terrific fire of musketry. Their left wavers under the shock, and soon breaks. Pettigrew's division, on that part of their line were made to believe that

after they should get through the artillery fire, they would only meet the Pennsylvania militia; but when they get up near enough they recognize the tattered old flags which they have met on so many fields, and know this withering fire is from the steady muskets of veterans; their heroism fails them, the cry goes through their ranks, "It is the Army of the Potomac,—the Army of the Potomac;" a panic takes them, and they throw down their arms and become prisoners by the hundreds. They have lost every general and field officer in the division but one major.

Pickett's division of Virginians have lost as terribly, but they seem to know no fear. Right along they march without a halt of a second, for the break among their supports. Their first line has already melted into the second, and the second and the third become one. A regular battery commander, Cushing, in Webb's brigade, sees the crisis. He is already wounded, and so are most of his men. Quietly, he says, "Gen. Webb, I will give them one more shot. Good bye." With the help of the infantry, his last gun is double shotted and run down to the wall. As it is fired, he falls mortally wounded. The thirty guns on Cemetery Hill, which have been mostly silent to this point, now open on them at point blank range. A few regiments, among the rest the Twentieth Mass., have waited till they can see the whites of the enemy's eyes, and now deliver their fire in the rebels' faces. And what an awful sight it is! How fast they drop! But death has no terrors to hold them back. How gallant these Virginians are! As brave as our men that led that forlorn hope on the heights of Fredericksburg. The two charges should go down into history together. This division that started out a column of long and regular lines, has become at length a solid mass, a packed acre or two of moving men. The very momentum of it, threatens to carry it through our lines in spite of all human power. Gibbon is

steadying his men. Hancock riding up and down, storming around as usual in a fight. "Give it to them, Give it to them," he keeps shouting. They reach our wall. A part of the Seventy-First Penn. is crowded out of its place, as it is said, and falls back; a part remains at its post. Gen Webb does all that mortal can to fight his brigade and keep the rebels back. His Sixty-Ninth Penn., "Paddy Owen's own," hugs the wall and does not yield an inch. Some of its men have a hand to hand fight with the rebels. But Gen. Armistead leading his men with his hat on his sword, shouting, "Boys, give them the cold steel," leaps over the vacant piece of wall, with his Virginians' cold steel close behind; the red cross is mixed with the stars and stripes. Armistead and Webb stare into each others faces. Armistead's men spring upon Cushing's guns, bayonet the cannoneers and rush on to go through the last defence of Hancock's line. It is an appalling moment. The Army of the Potomac is cut clean in two!

In another moment, it seems as if an unseen voice invokes the Army of the Potomac. "Up men of the North, the time has come for a death grapple with the chivalry. Sons of the Puritans, the Knickerbockers and William Penn stand up now, and measure your strength with these boasting descendants of the Cavaliers, these fire-eating slave masters from Jamestown, or the day is lost to the flag of your fathers and the free republic planted at Plymouth and Manhattan." The sons of the New England commonwealths, of the Empire and the Keystone states, and their kinsmen of the North-West, obedient to the voice, welcome the struggle with the traitorous sons of the Mother of Presidents and rush to the conflict. Gallant and seasoned loyal regiments there in the Second Corps are ready and do their duty manfully. Instantly Hall's brigade, next on the left to the broken line, makes a dash for the Virginians. The Nineteenth Mass. is in the second line. Col. Devereux had begged to be allowed to charge. "Now is

your time," says Hancock to him, "forward." His men obey without flinching, and with the Forty-Second N. Y., spring forward upon the enemy. The Twentieth Mass. and Seventh Michigan at the same time swing in by the flank, double-quick. Lieut. Haskell of Gibbon's staff gallops along at the critical moment and orders the rest of the division to the rescue. Harrow's brigade comes running up from the left, in it the Fifteenth Mass. Colors are thrown forward to rally men, the Fifteenth's colors among the foremost, and all the tried old regiments along the line there go in together, and fight most pluckily, Mass. and Maine, New York and Penn., Michigan and Minnesota, side by side, without order or organization, officers and rank and file, each on their own hook. They close with the Virginians, shoot and bayonet, club with muskets, fight with pistols, the chief of artillery, Gen. Hunt among the rest, take hold of hands even, and form a chain to keep back the mingled mass of friend and foe, and just in "the pinch of the fight," as it has been called, the Green Mountain boys of Stannard, leap their fence in front of the line, rush pell-mell onto the flank and rear of the Virginians, and they at last finding themselves penned in, and cut off, their gallant leader, Armistead, mortally wounded, throw down their arms and their flags, and throw up their hands as prisoners, and the fight is won. That magnificent charge of Pickett's is utterly repulsed, his column crushed to atoms, and the chivalry vanquished. This final success, wins for our army the field, and the battle of Gettysburg is ended in victory.

The last great effort of Lee has failed. In a moment almost the thing was done. "I looked up," said a rebel, wounded at the Emmittsburg road, "and the division was gone, as if blown to the winds." It was almost literally annihilated. After the charge was repulsed, eight hundred men of the charging column lay dead on the plain in front, and the

wounded and prisoners were thousands. Out of four thousand seven hundred, rank and file in the Va. division, three thousand three hundred and ninety-three, says Harrison, were killed, wounded and missing. Thirty odd battle flags were trophies in our hands. "Thank God," said Meade, reverently, as the struggle was over, and then in the flush of victory he waved his arm and shouted like a boy. "Thank God," said many a devout soul among those gallant old veterans, and stout hearted men wept for joy while the cheers wénт up for victory.

After Pickett's column had been repulsed, Meade rode down to the left, directed Crawford to make a reconnoissance and gave orders for a column to be got in readiness to assault the enemy's position. Hancock, who was wounded, and other officers, urged Meade to send in the Fifth and Sixth Corps to the attack. But Meade afterward stated that the troops were so slow in moving, it got to be night, and an assault was impracticable. Military authorities have differed as to the effect of such an assault upon the enemy's strong position, on their ridge. Longstreet has been quoted by Swinton as saying that he would have welcomed it, but in a recent paper published in the "Annals of the War," he says: "For unaccountable reasons the enemy did not pursue his advantage."

All the next day, a glorious Fourth of July on our side, the two armies watched each other, only the pickets were firing. Under the cover of that night the defeated army of Lee retreated, leaving behind five thousand five hundred dead, with fifteen thousand of its bravest, wounded on the soil of the North which it had invaded, and not an inch of which had it conquered. Well might Lee say to Gen. Imboden, the night the battle was over, as the latter quotes him, "It has been a sad, sad day to us." "*Too bad!* Oh, too bad!" Longstreet says Lee promised when he left Virginia not to fight an offensive battle, and with a magnanimity of soul, took all the blame to himself. "It is all my fault."

Imboden convoyed the wagon train, mostly filled with wounded, which stretched out seventeen miles in length.

Three thousand of our men lay dead, and vast numbers wounded. Colonels Paul Revere and Geo. H. Ward were among the dead from Massachusetts. Gettysburg was a Thermopylæ to three thousand lives of the noblest and bravest of the loyal states, to stem the advancing tide of rebel invasion in the North. Great though as were its sacrifices, it is the verdict of history that this great battle was the turning of the tide back forever. And the martyr President, wise and good Abraham Lincoln, saw through its smoke and fire, that "government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

The night the battle was over, while the officers and men of the Thirty-Third were getting a precarious supper by stripping off the wheat in the field where they were, Quarter-Master Geo. M. Walker came up with a wagon load of hard tack. Army pastry was never more acceptable. The rotund quarter-master was embraced on the spot. The next day, the Fourth of July, the regiment joined its brigade by the Taneytown road; was sent out to picket beyond a barn in the storm, and celebrated the day by a skirmish. The hidden villains picked off as many of its men while it had to stay there and take it, as were lost in the battle. That line was the curtain behind which Lee was hiding his retreat. The next day, Sunday, he was gone.

The battle had cost the Thirty-Third eight killed and thirty-eight wounded. The killed were Corporal Allen and Privates Mahan and Peaterson of Co. D, Privates Pierce of Co. E, Chenery and Howe of Co. H, Beal and Horr of Co. I and Corporal Richards of Co. K. Allen, Horr, Beal and Pierce have the honor to represent the regiment in the National Cemetery, and sleep under the shadow of the noble monument to the fallen victors.

And now after the battle, on the road again in a chase after the retreating enemy. Through Emmittsburg, Utica Mills, where the regiment went into the flour business, and Middletown, up into the South Mountain, for another look at the Cumberland valley, then down to explore it and visit new places of interest. Among others, Boonsboro' and that metropolis, Funkstown. In a camp in the wheat field, near by, the regiment was visited and addressed by its good friend and the friend of all loyal soldiers, a future Vice-President of the United States, Senator Wilson. The army now formed itself in line of battle, expecting a fight to make one more chapter of thrilling history, on the banks of the Antietam. The muse was ready, and, like all the men in the ranks, watching. But the council of war was reluctant, and Meade's final decision to attack was too late. Mr. Lee could not wait. So when the swollen river had fallen, for his pontoon bridges had been carried away, he girded up his loins and hied him across the river to his native hills and valleys. Our line dissolved, and its fragments went on through Hagerstown down to Williamsport to escort him decently to the Potomac; and then came back over the mountain, through Middletown, where the Thirty-Third began to feel very much acquainted, and struck for Berlin, whence the pontoons carried it "back to old Virginny, to old Virginia shore." Lieut.-Colonel Rider, Capt. Tebbets, and other officers being sick, here left it for a while; and soon Adjutant Mudge, who was thrown from his horse by accident. Lieut. Richardson resigned and left.

"Old Virginny," after Gettysburg, still had mixed opinions as before. As the Thirty-Third moved up Loudon valley, the loyal people, they were generally black, though there were some attractive exceptions, greeted it warmly. The inborn secesh were sullen and hid themselves. Where a town was found with blinds all closed and curtains down, it

was stirred up with "Yankee Doodle" and "John Brown" from the band. The regiment encamped one night about Mt. Gilead, whatever such a name signified in that godless country! greeted old friends, Goose Creek and New Baltimore, and arrived in, from a fifty days journey, at Warrenton Junction, having made a pretty little round trip of four hundred and fifty miles on foot, and seen a "right smart" stretch of country.

Major Lamson joined for duty from a long sick leave. Capt. Doane soon resigned; various changes occurred among the line. Lieut. Philbrick had become captain, vice Hinds resigned, Lieut. G. M. Walker captain, vice George resigned, and now Lieut. Rowe was made captain, vice Doane. Several gallant sergeants received commissions. It being determined that the regiment should leave its pleasant camp here for another, was compelled to wait till some day should turn up that would bear off the palm of the season for heat, and when it arrived, in due time, took the occasion to march back to Brentsville. When it reached that village there was but a small guard for the colors. The heat and sunstrokes made men fall out that never straggled when marching towards the enemy. Here it was, encamped on the beautiful green sward in front of the Court House, that the regiment was informed, in orders, it would "stay some weeks, the camp would be regularly laid out, and the men made comfortable, etc." The colonel and staff engaged board for the season at a Virginia mansion across the way. The regiment marched, of course, the next morning at four o'clock. Perhaps the good host never knew where his summer boarders disappeared to. Had he pursued his investigations (your noble Virginian is too lazy to take any such pains) he would have found the Thirty-Third in the woods at Catlett's Station, on a deserted and dilapidated railroad line, where it fell back upon its own resources for

entertainment. Thence it emigrated to a more dreary spot, Bristow Station, to pass the remainder of dog-days, near the then great commissary line. During the rest here after the Gettysburg campaign, occurred the regiment's official birth-day. It was just a year old.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BATTLES OF WAUHATCHIE, LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE, AND RELIEF OF KNOXVILLE.

Autumn Ride by Rail to Chattanooga. Enter Grant. Exit Rosecrans. The Battle of Wauhatchie. Midnight Attack on Geary. Fight of Tyndale's and Smith's Brigades. Charge of Seventy-Third Ohio and the Thirty-Third. Casualties. Sherman and His Army Arrive from Vicksburg. The Battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. The First Day's Spectacle and Advance. The Second Day. Hooker Fighting Above the Clouds. The Third Day. Sherman Pounds His Way to Tunnel Hill. Thomas Carries Missionary Ridge. Blanketless and Shoeless March for the Relief of Knoxville. Winter Quarters.

The dog-days of 1863 waned at Bristow Station, Va., as everywhere else, and golden autumn dawned even on that desolate spot. The brick colored streams, known to the natives as "cricks," became less parched, the naked fields of dry mud grew more cheerful, the heats of day more considerate, and there was at length some excuse for the cold evenings of Virginia. Besides the regiment began to prepare for them. Devoted and handy craftsmen in the ranks, cunning with the trowel, as they were effective with the musket, accomplished a goodly chimney for the colonel's quarters, fair to look upon, and which promised great things by way of comfort. But this promise, like countless others in the army, was never realized, for ere the first curl of smoke dimmed its virgin freshness, why, at that opportune moment came the order to march, at first, the next morning; then, on second thoughts, right away the same night. With their wonted promptness and spirits, the men of the regiment leveled their summer residences about that watering place (for locomotives) and were soon upon the road, jingling their canteens

and making light of the knapsacks that seemed too often full of lead, singing "while we go marching on," and wondering what camp they were changing for. By and by they were challenged by the gaunt chimneys of Manassas Junction, staring out of the midnight darkness, grim sentinels, as they seemed, keeping guard over the deserted earthworks and camps and quaker guns of that once rebel stronghold, a ghostly outpost of the silent battle-fields of Bull Run, hard by. They bivouacked on that historic spot as if it were common cold ground; cared little for the past, and knew naught of the morrow, as usual. Not even their dreams warned them that this was their last camp in Virginia.

The next day their destination was the West. On September 20th, while the men in the Thirty-Third were listlessly brushing away the flies by day, and hovering around camp-fires by night, was fought the battle of Chickamauga, so far off that they not only did not hear of it at the time, but if they had heard of it, no one could have convinced them they had any special interest in it. It was the easiest thing in the world, out in the field, to be mistaken. Rosecrans' Army fought hard, and when his several Corps fell back into Chattanooga, it was claimed to be a strategic movement for that strong position; but he was badly beaten, and only noble old Thomas, fighting like a lion at bay, saved the Army of the Cumberland from a bad end. Rosecrans' suspicions were confirmed; the odds were against him. He was really fighting two Armies, his old western foes and a part of the Army of Northern Virginia. Longstreet's Corps—all there was left of it after its closing charge at Gettysburg—looked in on Bragg the other side of the mountains, and gave him a friendly lift. Our War Department now awoke to the conviction that two could play at that game. And thus it was that three days after the battle of Chickamauga, the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were detached from the Army of the Poto-

mac, and ordered west under dear old Joe Hooker, to become the historic Twentieth Corps in the Army of the Cumberland, a Corps name to become glorious by the battles of the South-West. As the officers and men in the regiment were packed into the box cars, like so many herds of cattle, and moved slowly off through Alexandria and across the familiar Potomac, they waved adieu to "Old Virginny." "Good bye, Virginia, so long pressed by our tired feet by day and our weary heads by night; marched over and fought over; on whose soil are the graves of hosts of our comrades; good bye! We can spare thee now and leave thee without regret, for on the whole thou wert very unsatisfactory, Old Virginia! Farewell, comrades of the brave old Army of the Potomac!" Ah, that was harder to say. "Long tried and oft defeated, but ever patient and never dishonored, old Army, we go to represent, if we but can, your courage and bravery among our western brothers. We shall try never to forget we are Army of the Potomac men, wherever we fight." That is what the sentimental men are supposed to have said, not much time was expended though on sentiment in the army.

A strange and merry march that of a thousand and odd miles, which was thus begun by the advance of the Eleventh Corps, with which was the Thirty-Third, on the afternoon of the 25th of September. Out from Washington towards Baltimore, leaving the Relay house at dusk; then on along the "Baltimore and Ohio," a railroad torn up and rebuilt so often, as the tide of war swayed back and forth over its track; passing the dilapidated walls of Harper's Ferry at daylight; the regiment fed with a hasty breakfast among the wrecked locomotives at Martinsburg; then gradually leaving the ruins of war; on along the more peaceful scenery of the upper Potomac, skirting loyal West Virginia; into the gorges of the mountains; crossing the Alleghanies by moonlight through the regions of blazing forges and smoke and soot; winding in

and out of the dew-covered hill sides at sunrise; at noon in a cloudless day, giving the first greeting to the noble Ohio, namesake of a noble and veteran Army; then over the pontoons to dine at Bellair. Then on, on, through rich and populous Ohio, over fertile fields, ripening grain, trees and vines golden and red, in just such autumn days as Massachusetts men delight in at home; eating savory breakfasts and dinners prepared a hundred miles ahead by loyal hands, at Greenfield, going through a bill of fare of ten courses, ices included, greeted morning, noon and night by friendly and industrious citizens, whose business did not seem to have suffered much by the war, if they even thought much about it. In fact, every man, woman and child in Ohio seemed to be principally engaged in electing Brough and defeating Valandigham, which they did handsomely. From Ohio the Thirty-Third was whirled away among the Hoosiers; supped at Indianapolis, at an acre or two of tables, called the "Soldiers Home;" and at daybreak was ferried over the Ohio on one of those western steamers, that seem three stories with a French roof, into Louisville, and thence through sleepy and worn out Kentucky, the land of niggerhead and Bourbon, till it saw the moonlight shining on the capacious limestone capitol at Nashville, and realized it was away down in Tennessee. So it marched, with its brigade the advance guard of a hundred trains, steaming along the iron track that girdled six states of the Union.

When it arrived near its journey's end, in the edge of Alabama, in just such another shiftless, tumble-down, godforsaken country as the one it had left, only fifty per cent worse, the unmistakable home of the peculiar institution, and of whiskey, and hog and hominy, the first salutation that greeted the colonel at Stephenson was from a Massachusetts surgeon, who had somehow been cast up there, and was in these cheerful words: "For God's sake, Colonel, do not get

wounded down here." A villainous omen, though the doctor meant well, and knew what medicine (it came from Kentucky) to prescribe after that long ride, as the gentlemen of the staff and line might testify. Ten miles farther, on at Bridgeport, Tenn., when on that last day of September, the men of the regiment emerged from the cars, stretched their legs and unlimbered their backs for good, they figured up a march of eleven hundred and fifty miles in five and one half days! Pretty fair, that! For a few seconds then, it did seem as if they had come all that long distance just to be ignominiously destroyed by a magazine explosion; for a soldier stowing away percussion shells had carelessly dropped one, and exploded the whole magazine, and while the officers and men were forming line, fragments of exploded shell, shrapnel, and old iron rained on them, reminding them a little of Gettysburg, but luckily without casualties.

Camp was made on a sunny slope in rear of the majestic shanties of Bridgeport, in the edge of a forest which was needed for timber, and the old business at Bristow in Virginia was resumed, viz. guarding a railroad, without the trouble of getting very near it, and as cheerfully as could be, without horses, baggage or sutlers, in a state of siege as to mails and supplies, for days and weeks. But it was on the banks of the grand Tennessee; the season was mellow autumn; all about in the fields were shining red gum trees and russet oaks; in the forests, variegated magnolias and yellow giants festooned with graceful ruby vines. The regiment was at rest, and there were no midnight scares; so, barring Tennessee water, it approached the ideal of a "soft thing." The rest of the Corps soon came up, Gen. Howard pitched his head-quarters hard by, and the Twelfth Corps was now effectively guarding the rear. When the regiment moved back and made its camp at Stevenson, that metropolis of sutlers, it continued to lead the same retired contemplative life varied

with picket, which was about as much sought after here as in Virginia, an occasional inspection, a serenade to "fighting Joe," and a return visit from the old General, who seemed proud of the Thirty-Third Mass. as a representative of his native state, and once there was, for variety, a town meeting in the Ohio regiments, when they voted for Brough, precious few of their men for Valandigham. How like old times seemed the electioneering speeches! Only the conventional beaver was wanting to make it seem like the real thing as it was remembered at home. Now and then a rain set in that lasted the better part of a week, and was anything ever so dismal and slimy and sloppy as that river bottom soaked with a three days' rain? The gentlemen who came in after a rainy tour of picket, you could wring water out of for a day or two afterwards.

Lieut. Col. Rider and Capt. Prescott, joined here from a successful drafting and substitute service in Massachusetts, whither they had been sent. The absent officers were now all back; the trusty horses neighed again in camp. One day Gen. Rosecrans stopped here on his way to St. Louis, and the band gave him a serenade. "Old Rosey," as his men loved to call him, looked a noble officer, proud of his Army, though he confessed that in "setting up" which the West Point soul always yearned for, the Army of the Potomac was just a little superior. In fact, each Army had its own glory. Well, he had won Murfreesboro and two or three other battles; had as good as a lost one, Chickamauga, but it was the last one, so exit "Rosey." Who was in his place? The old hero of the rear guard at that battle, Thomas, and over them all, the Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio Armies as one military division, the silent man of Donelson, of Shiloh and Vicksburg. In two days came the order to march forward. The Vicksburg man meant business. The Thirty-Third first marched back to Bridgeport, which was forward, had a Sunday

inspection and morning service there, then crossed over the Tennessee on pontoons to the rebel side of the river, into bivouac at Taylor's Store, the whole Corps in motion.

In this movement on Taylor's Store (so called doubtless because there was no store and no Taylor in that neighborhood) the regiment came near losing the services of several valiant captains. It chanced that the day it was back at Bridgeport was the birthday of one of them. By a singular coincidence he discovered the sutler to be his cousin; whether by any private marks about his person is not known to the historian, or how he happened in just then at the sutler's shop. It was regarded as an occasion for a suitable celebration not to be neglected by a choice circle of friends, (they forgot all about its being Sunday, men often did in the army) and there, around the seductive shrine of Bacchus, they utterly forgot poor Mars out in the cold. The devotees overtook the regiment, though, by a skirmish movement at the double-quick, and were doubtless among the earliest to pay their respects to the Massachusetts school marm at the Store. It was a rare privilege to see a lady from Yankee land in those parts. It is to be feared that Taylor's Store was a discouraging field for missionary efforts, even for the devotion and courage of a Massachusetts woman.

The monotony here was also relieved by a precocious rebel urchin, simply attired in a shirt, "only this and nothing more," singing that classic secesh air:

> "Jeff Davis rides a white horse;
> Abe Lincoln rides a mule.
> Jeff Davis is a gentleman;
> Abe Lincoln is a ———."

That was before Jeff Davis appeared as an old woman.

The march on Taylor's Store was the beginning of an important movement. When Rosecrans fell back into Chattanooga, Bragg chased as rapidly as Thomas would let him, sat himself down upon Missionary Ridge, a chain on the eastern side of the valley in which Chattanooga lies, and spread out on all the eligible hills in the neighborhood around, especially Lookout Mountain, an overlooking height on the western side of the valley, which was abandoned, swooping in the pike and other roads south of the Tennessee, and speedily reducing the railroad there to old iron. In fact, he behaved very much like a disgusting bird of prey, which, though baffled in his first onset, was sure of his victim if he waited long enough. He said as much. Rosecrans thus suffered himself to be reduced to a state of siege. He had but a single line for supplies, over a railroad five hundred miles long, from Louisville, Ky., to Bridgeport, Tenn., which it took an army to guard, and then from Bridgeport, on the north side of the river, over the Cumberland Mountains by a villainous, circuitous, mud road sixty miles long, coming in by the river's bank, opposite Lookout Valley, on the western side of Lookout Mountain, between that and Raccoon Mountain; and when the weary mules had floundered along and dragged their heavy loads near their journey's end, they were leisurely shot down by the rebels on the opposite shore, and piled up together with their freight in heaps. Two regiments of Bragg's men, on picket in that valley, made it their principal business to shoot the mules of Rosecrans' supply trains. In consequence of the difficulties of getting supplies, the men at Chattanooga were starving to death on half or quarter rations, freezing to death without tents or blankets, and the hospitals were more than full. Ten thousand animals died for want of forage; even horse meat was scarce, and the artillery could not be moved. Yet nothing was done. The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps had been there a month, a substantial reinforce-

ment, but Rosecrans seemed paralyzed. He even prepared to retreat, it was said, and a retreat would have been disastrous.

The instant Gen. Grant was put in command of the military Division, (it was by Stanton in person) he telegraphed from Louisville, relieving Rosecrans, putting Thomas in command, and ordering him to hold Chattanooga at all hazards. "I will hold the town till we starve," was the response of the old veteran, and he at once ordered a concentration of our Corps at Bridgeport. While the band of the Thirty-Third was serenading Rosecrans, Grant was on his way to the front. He looked over the ground there with Thomas, and, before he finished one cigar, gave the order for Hooker to open the road south of the river, get possession of the railroad, and free the river for navigation. Another hand was at the helm, and the "soft thing" was all up.

The order was "forward" again, and Taylor's Store was left to the wretched company of itself. Forward to Shell Mound; a halt for dinner. Massachusetts men even on their way to a fight could never resist the opportunity to explore a real cave here; or, when they came to where Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama cornered, of just standing a moment on three states at once to see how it seemed. On again by the white cotton heads and the sugar cane, into bivouac at Whitesides, where the tall bridge loomed up out of the darkness above, like a huge spectre. In the morning march, after coffee and precious little hard-tack, threading a way along the pass of the Raccoon Range, with the mountain sides ablaze with the colors of October, and the air balmy as summer; then over into the other valley, beyond Raccoon Mountain, when old Lookout got his eye upon the column looking down from his couple of thousand feet of crag, where he lay stretched out, lazily, miles on the other border of the valley. Somebody else had their eyes upon the column too. Masses of little Liliputians, as they seemed, on the great shelf of rock, eyeing with their telescopes the strange Poto-

mac banners (there were some there who recognized them) and reporting with their miniature signal flags particulars about movements that it was hoped to keep confidential. In fact their curiosity was extremely disagreeable, and soon led the men to expect at every turn of the road an unpleasant reception. No shots saluted them, however, up to Wauhatchie Junction, on the railroad to Charleston, which they passed without sensation.

This movement from Bridgeport was a great surprise to the enemy, and they were unprepared to meet it up to this point. But now musketry is heard ahead there from the first brigade. Forward rapidly the second brigade into line, into such a shrieking and hissing of shell, tearing through the trees, though mostly overhead; on the side of Lookout the increasing puffs of blaze and smoke; a rattle of musketry; a sharp chase now of the rebel infantry till they cross Lookout Creek over the railroad bridge; and that brisk little skirmish is over, and the road is clear. The artillery, however, amuse themselves on both sides a little longer. Only one dead out of the ranks of the Thirty-Third, and he as brave a sergeant as it had, Adams of Co. F. The regiment follows along the base of a line of hills towards the river, catches the echoes of friendly hurrahs that fill the valley, of beating drums and strains from bands; sees hundreds of flags waving—the stars and stripes—no mistaking them—and sends up lusty cheers in response. Troops are here in waiting, which carry no Corps banners, but they are soldiers of the Union, a brigade of infantry from the Chattanooga shore. "We greet you, veterans of the Cumberland; and here we of the Potomac join hands with you, to fight side by side the coming campaigns!" They answered for the Cumberland; their welcome was hearty and the bond entered into that day on the banks of the Tennessee was cemented in the fire of many a battle afterwards.

Between Chattanooga and Lookout Valley, to the westward, both on the south side of the Tennessee, the river makes a sharp bend southward to the base of Lookout Mountain, and then, again, northward, forming a loop-like figure and enclosing a tongue of land, called Moccasin Point. A chain of steep hills borders the Lookout Valley on the western side of the point, beginning at the foot of the mountain. As a part of the movement to open the line on the south side of the river, Hazen's and Turchin's brigades of the Army of the Cumberland, under the direction of Gen. W. F. (Baldy) Smith, its chief of engineers, had floated down the river in boats the night before, surprised and drove in the pickets, made a landing at Brown's ferry, and laid a pontoon bridge, thus connecting the valley with Chattanooga, by another bridge already on the eastern side of the loop. They went into position on some of the hills nearest to the ferry. The rebel Gen. Law had had his whole brigade in the valley till within two days, he states, when all but two regiments were sent away, and they were unable to prevent Smith's making a lodgment. The whole movement so far was a complete success, and the road on the south side was open. The two divisions, then constituting the Eleventh Corps, (the first had been sent south,) went into camp near Hazen's brigade on the road to the ferry. Gen. Howard at first occupied the hills nearest the mountain with his troops, but they were subsequently ordered back nearer the ferry by Hooker, so that, as he said in a letter to Gen. W. F. Smith, he "could make use of them to the best advantage." A part of Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps had been halted near Wauhatchie Station on the railroad, three miles back, to guard the Kelley's ferry road, and had there gone into bivouac.

The Thirty-Third now carefully selected a camp, pitched its shelter tents, and prepared for that great luxury, rest, after a long march. The band went up and played most

gloriously, as it could, seductive airs from the operas, and marches, at Gen. Howard's house. Later the colonel was sent for. It was reported that a rebel regiment had been cut off between there and the river; in fact had staid out too long shooting mules. "Would Col. Underwood have the goodness to take his regiment that night and go for it?" "Certainly, sir." His men would be so delighted, he reflected, (though he did not deem it proper to mention it,) after the march of the day, to roam around all night in the wilderness of a strange country, hunting for stray rebels with whom they had no particular acquaintance; and he thought of the night at Chancellorsville down by the Furnace. At this stage of his reflections, quoth Gen. Howard, "On the whole I think three good companies will do. We may need you with your regiment to-morrow." Neither he nor the colonel had then any idea how. As the latter returned, the camp was sound asleep, and perhaps some ungracious expletives floated on the air as companies A, B and G were routed out by Adjutant Mudge for picket. It was an unfortunate precedent that the army swore dreadfully in Flanders. The poor picketers started off at last. It was not their choice, certainly, that they were not with the regiment later in the night. Col. Smith, the brigade commander, states that he did not know that night the three companies were sent away. These orders given and obeyed, the colonel and adjutant turned in and went to sleep, thinking of home, as ever.

At midnight, it did not seem ten minutes afterward, the camp was aroused by hearing firing in the direction of Wauhatchie Station, and then by the long roll; quickly the orders came, strike shelter tents, pack knapsacks and into line. Forward in the flickering moonlight; eyes hardly open, legs unsteady. Forward to the relief of Geary, who had been attacked. The enemy proposed to make good use of the information they had gained in watching the movements of

Hooker's columns from the peak of Lookout, the afternoon before. They had counted the number of Geary's men, that went into camp with his wagon train at Wauhatchie. They knew the distance from the main body that had passed up to near Brown's ferry. Half way between the two, the railroad and highway, which run to Chattanooga along the base of Lookout Mountain, pass through the chain of steep hills that border Moccasin Point, intersecting the road to Brown's ferry, and then cross Lookout Creek (emptying into the Tennessee) on bridges, the bridges by which the attacking force had retreated that afternoon. Gen. Longstreet, in a letter written in 1876 to Gen. E. A. Carman (of the Thirteenth N. J.) who is preparing a History of the Twentieth Corps, in reference to the battle, says, "A short distance to the right, (my right) of the intersection of these roads, was a considerable, and very rough hill, and there were other topographical features of the ground which indicated great natural strength at that point. I conceived the idea therefore, of occupying that point with a strong force, as soon as it was dark, so as to prevent Gen. Hooker's main force getting back to the rescue of his rear guard, whilst I sent another considerable force back, to attack and capture his rear guard. * * The troops engaged were the division that had been commanded by Gen. Hood, who was very dangerously wounded at Chickamauga, leaving the division under the temporary command of Gen. M. Jenkins of South Carolina." Three brigades moved down after dark and occupied the hills at the intersection of the roads, while Jenkins' brigade of six South Carolina regiments under command of Col. Bratton, was sent back to surprise and "gobble up," as the latter, describes it, Geary's force. Bratton moved along stealthily with his regiments in line of battle. Just before midnight a Federal picket under Maj. Clanharty, descried danger, and gave an alarm. Bratton quickly pushed on and burst in upon Geary's men with a

furious attack. They were only four regiments, eight hundred N. Y. and Penn. men, parts of Gen. Greene's and Col. Cobham's brigades, Gen. Geary was with them. They had heard the picket firing, and had time to seize their muskets and rush into line. Geary states that he had some warning of the attack by the reading of the rebel signals. The commanders of regiments do not speak of this information. They and their men made a gallant fight, and were still fighting as the Thirty-Third hurried along with the rest to the rescue. The booming of guns and the rattle of musketry was incessant.

Schurz's division, nearest to Geary, was hurried off, and then Steinwehr's. As Schurz's advance passed along the road, and then before reaching the intersection of the roads, struck across the fields, it was fired upon at long range by the rebels in position on and about the hills beyond the intersection of the roads, the Bridgeport road making a bend, and this fire disclosed the presence there of the enemy in force; it was Benning's brigade. Tyndale's brigade of Schurz's division was ordered to attack and dislodge them. It was at once engaged. As the patrol, or videttes, in advance of the Seventy-Third O., Steinwehr's division, neared the intersection of the roads, it ran into a rebel skirmish line, posted across the road, and then found the main body "on the considerable and very rough hill," selected by Longstreet, and occupied as he planned, to prevent relief reaching Geary. This force must be driven off, the hill cleared. That is business for Smith's brigade, leading the column. "Charge the devils, double-quick" is the message from Hooker. Double-quick it is, and the hill is reached. An order comes from Col. Orland Smith, "The Thirty-Third Massachusetts will form in line to the left of the Seventy-Third Ohio, in echelon with it, at thirty paces, advance up with it and take that hill." "We will try, sir." The Seventy-Third under Maj. Hurst forms in line, its right to

follow the road. The Thirty-Third forms line to its left. "Forward, steadily now, Thirty-Third." Up the slippery slope. What a hill! almost perpendicular. Riders dismount, for no horse can get a foot hold. A sorry place, too, for men with knapsacks on their backs. (Why will they load down men with so much baggage for a fight?) Seize the tangled underbrush, anything, and pull and push on. Shots fall around. The Thirty-Third speedily strikes the enemy. The colonel on the right strains his eyes to keep sight of the Seventy-Third, but it is impossible in the forest, the darkness, and with the rough ground. An indistinct line is seen ahead, just made out in the glimmering moonlight. Then the old rebel trick, "Don't fire on us." Adjutant Mudge, just like him, risks himself to save any fatal mistake, and steps before the line. "Who is it?" he asks. "Who are you?" comes down from the crest. "The Thirty-Third Massachusetts" replies the adjutant. "Take that," replies the crest with a rebel yell, as the shower of lead falls. No Seventy-Third Ohio there. Up and forward, Thirty-Third, into the fearful storm, quick and steady. The encircling crest ablaze now, and the trees rattling with the hail. Gallantly on against great odds; men fall like leaves in the brave ranks. Now to meet them with cold steel. "Remember Massachusetts, fix ——!" the colonel commands. A bullet cuts short the order. He is one of the casualties, and the command devolves on the lieutenant-colonel. The adjutant is instantly at his side, and tenderly asks, "Good God, colonel, are you wounded?" But time is too precious for such courtesies. "Lead on the men," is the colonel's answer. Yet it is too hopeless for a minute; that fire was too deadly; too many gaps; the line must recoil a little, close up compactly again and take breath. A few words from Col. Smith. Now ready; another start. Men grasp the bayonet, set their teeth, and move steadily up again, maddened and determined; again into the tempest of

fire and lead, almost too much for mortal men. Gallantly and generously, but too fearlessly, the adjutant springs before the line. "Forward, men, let us avenge our colonel," is his impulsive battle cry. Instantly he is a mark for rebel bullets, and the pride and the idol of the regiment lies dead in the beauty of his young manhood. Up, men of Massachusetts, avenge the dead now, these scores of young lives! Push on the stainless white color of your state, and the flag of your country, against these traitors who would trample them under their feet. Steady a moment, under that scorching fire; see Lieut. Shephard there, dashingly waves on his men, and Sergeant Williams, his captain being wounded, and lieutenant dead, calls, "forward, boys." A dash now; leap over into the rifle pits; follow the color, though the brave color-bearer drops; grapple with those villains who dare hold out, collar them, bayonet, club them with your muskets till they cry quarter. Look! They surrender at last and the rest—they run like sheep down the slope, and the hill is ours! The old flag of the regiment, and the white color, float in victory over those ugly rifle pits! Hurrah, boys! and thank God!

Ah! how it all comes back, that thrilling night scene that is so burned into one's memory. It seems last night, yet it is years now since the writer took part in that fearful scene, and many a surviving actor has since been borne to his peaceful grave.

Many exciting incidents took place in the struggle, more than will ever be recorded. Some not wholly serious. There was a comical, though almost a death tussle between Corporal Jubb, who had kept on advancing, he says, while the regiment was rallying, and a tall gawky Tennesseean, who had seized him as he jumped into the rifle pits, then sat on his stomach, throttling him, when Corporal Buckley, his tent mate, came to Jubb's relief, clubbed the Tennesseean with a musket over his bald head, described by Buckley as "shining

in the moonlight like a brass kettle," and he bawled out so like a calf that it actually stopped the fight a moment, it was so irresistibly ludicrous. And his surrender was in keeping with the scene, as he confessed with frankness of spirit, and in the purity of his Tennesseean English. "If you 'uns hadn't come thar so quick, I'd a slit his wizzen." He would have been as good as his word if he had been let alone. They were a precious set, those prisoners.

After plucky little Jubb was released from the gripe of his big enemy, he sallied on in pursuit, to find some reb on whom to wreak his vengeance. He soon found his customer, as he thought. He was on the enemy's side of a tree, beyond the rifle pits, savagely clinching a man on the near side with one hand, and with the disengaged fist was punishing him on the head with such effect, that Jubb declared "you could hear the blows whacking like a beetle on a wedge." Jubb made a spring to run through with his bayonet the man who was successfully "whacking." His bayonet went through his belt and clothing, and just as it drew blood, the man shouted "Hold on, don't kill your own men." It was Lieut. Shephard. The reb was captured, and afterwards owned that for three days he had an unearthly headache.

Within a few minutes after the Thirty-Third had broken through the enemy's line and driven them from their rifle pits, the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N. Y. came up onto the crest, at the left, to finish the business if it was needed, and helped capture prisoners. After the two other regiments had started, it was ordered to charge up the hill in support, with fixed bayonets, and without firing a shot. It had promptly and gallantly obeyed the order, with loss of two killed and four wounded. The Seventy-Third O. was found in the darkness, not far away from the summit. It had made two gallant charges, as had the Thirty-Third, fought obstinately with the loss of Capt. Buckwalter mortally wounded,

nine men killed and fifty-seven officers and men wounded, one missing, out of less than two hundred. It was put in line on the crest at the right. The loss in the Thirty-Third was the severest. Out of two hundred and thirty-eight officers and men carried into the fight, in the seven companies left after the picket detail the evening before, four commissioned officers and thirty-one enlisted men were killed or mortally wounded, four officers and fifty-four men wounded, and one missing. All there was left of the Fifty-Fifth O. after the regular picket details, was in reserve that night. The brigade captured the enemy's tools and went to entrenching on the other brow of the hill.

Capt. Vogelbach commanding the Twenty-Seventh Pa. in Bushbeck's brigade, in his report of the battle, says, "Twice they stormed unsuccessfully, when on the third attempt, supported by the Twenty-Seventh Pa. on the left, they made the final effort which was crowned with success. The charge was made by the Seventy-Third O., Thirty-Third Mass. and Twenty-Seventh Pa., the latter regiment only participating in the final charge, however, capturing a number of prisoners and entrenching tools, losing but eight or nine men."

Tyndale had handsomely dislodged the enemy, Benning's brigade, from two hills and the gaps between, beyond the Chattanooga road, a half mile away, as Gen. Schurz reported "after a short fight in which we lost about a dozen officers and men." Tyndale writes "with supporting columns attacked the hill, and with persistent and vigorous efforts carried it at the point of the bayonet, * * swept up the hill (steep and rugged) to the very top, driving the enemy at every toilsome upward step."

As soon as Tyndale's and Smith's brigades became actively engaged the attack on Geary ceased. Jenkins found Bratton's line of retreat seriously endangered, and that it was high time for him to fall back. He sent him orders accord-

ingly, and Bratton came in just in season to save himself, and crossed Lookout Creek with the rest of the division. This attack on the enemy's force occupying the hills to prevent relief being sent to Geary, proved to be the readiest way to relieve him. Bratton claimed in his report that he was getting the advantage of Geary's force, and but for this trouble in his rear he would have crushed it. His brigade was six regiments against four, attacking in the night. The Hampton Legion outflanked Geary's men on their left, got into the wagon train and shot down some of the mules. When it fell back it was in too much of a hurry to drive any of them along and certainly retreated from them. Probably on this basis of fact was founded the funny incident, as worked up into a parody on "The Charge of the Six Hundred" by some unknown poet, published in Moore's Reb. Rec. vol. 8, entitled the

"CHARGE OF THE MULE BRIGADE.

* * * *

A number of mules affrighted * * dashed into the ranks of Hampton's Legion * * compelling many of them to fall back under a supposed charge of cavalry. * * * *

II.

'Forward, the Mule Brigade!'
Was there a Mule dismayed?
Not when the long ears felt
All their ropes sundered;
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to make them fly.
On! to the Georgia troops,
Broke the two hundred.

* * * *

V.

Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules behind them,
Pawed, neighed, and thundered;
Followed by hoof and head,
Full many a hero fled,
Fain in the last ditch dead,
Back from an 'ass's jaw,'
All that was left of them,
Left by the two hundred."

Gen. Howard in riding with his staff to find Geary, had got in among the rebels, and only his presence of mind saved him.

The hill, three hundred and odd feet high, taken by the small Ohio and Massachusetts regiments, supported by Col. Woods of N. Y. and the Twenty-Seventh Pa., was held by Gen. Law's brigade of five Alabama regiments, entrenched in rifle pits, on the top, and at least two regiments if not the whole of Robertson's brigade on the flanks. Col. Sheffield of the Forty-Eighth Alabama, in his report of "the engagement near Lookout Creek," says "I put my regiment in position with its left resting on the Chattanooga road, and some thirty or forty paces from the valley road," (to Brown's ferry). "I was at this time notified to take command of the brigade. As each regiment arrived it was put in position; on the right" (of the Forty-Eighth) "the Forty-Seventh Ala., the Fourth Ala. in the centre, the Forty-Fourth Ala. on its right, and the Fifteenth Ala. on the right of the brigade. I immediately put out videttes in front of each regiment along the valley road," ordered breastworks of rails and logs to be put up. "The videttes in front reported a column of Yankees advancing up the valley road from the direction of Brown's Ferry, * * a well directed fire drove them back in confusion. In a short time they rallied, returned and made an effort to charge the works, when they were handsomely repulsed and gave back in confusion. They must have suffered severely in their charge, from the cries and groans of the wounded in our front. The left wing of the Forty-Eighth Ala. regiment, and an Arkansas regiment on my left," (Robertson's brigade) "opened fire upon them, and caused some confusion in their ranks." (It must have been the Seventy-Third O. which confronted Sheffield's left.) "In a short time an attack was made on my right, (which rested some two hundred yards from the valley road, with thick undergrowth

between our works and the road,) which was handsomely repulsed. In a few minutes, another, and more vigorous attack was made upon the right, meeting the same fate, as the first attack." (Probably this was the Thirty-Third.) "Being fearful of a flank attack, I now strengthened the company on the right with two other companies, one from the Fifteenth and one from the Forty-Fourth Ala., shortly afterward I was notified by one of the pickets on the right, that a column of Yankees had passed around my right near the river. I notified Gen. Law of the fact, and he sent forward the Fourth Texas regiment," (Robertson's brigade) "which was promptly placed in position on my right by Capt. Terrell, A. A. G. In a few minutes after placing this regiment, a vigorous attack was made upon the front of the Fourth, Forty-Fourth and Fifteenth Ala., some two or three columns deep. The enemy was repulsed but returned in a short time more vigorously, and strengthened by several columns, *who broke through my lines over our works. The left of the Forty-Fourth Ala. having given away.*" (This was certainly the Thirty-Third. The italics are the author's.) * * "Here I ordered Col. Perry commanding the Forty-Fourth Ala. to rally his men, and retake his position at all hazards. The Fourth Ala. co-operating with him, soon drove the enemy from, and beyond, the breastworks. He soon returned, but was driven back. About this time I received orders from Gen. Law to fall back, * * when I received orders to recross the bridge." If his enemy (the Thirty-Third) was driven back the last time, there was no occasion for him to retreat as he did. The O. and Mass. regiments made each two charges, doubtless not simultaneously, Sheffield may have confounded some of them, or the movements of companies, probably the latter. Col. Lowther of the Fifteenth Ala., in a letter to Gen. Carman in 1877 says, "Capt. Richardson had, I think, forty (40) men with him."

(skirmishers on the right) "He and most of them were captured. * * I think it was the Forty-Fourth Ala. regt. that was on my left. There were three assaults on my front, and the first impression, that I was aware of, was on the left of the regiment to my left. When they commenced to give way, I quit my regiment and ran to them and carried them back, and then ran back to my own regiment; but they would not stick at the next assault, and then, as the Federal troops got in the gap, my regiment gave way, but went out in pretty good order." Capt. Waddell of the same regiment, in a letter to Gen. Carman in 1876 says, referring to the detachment of companies by Col. Sheffield, for the right of the line, "Right here was the main secret of our failure. These companies taken from our brigade, were taken from the rights of regiments after they were entrenched, which left a space between the left of one, and right of the other, of some 25 or 30 yards. The space between my company on the left of the Fifteenth and the right of the Forty-Fourth, which was immediately on our left, was at least 30 yards, and through this your troops finally made an entrance and broke our line. When first fired upon, being taken by surprise, they were thrown into great confusion, but they soon rallied, and assaulted us in turn, and most gallantly did they do it. I had fought the same troops in Virginia, but I never saw them behave as well as they did this night. It was quite a steep ascent in front of my company, which made it most difficult to attack an enemy entrenched on the brow, but up this ascent they came, as if determined to go over; for notwithstanding they were repeatedly repulsed, they immediately renewed the attack, and it must have been at a great loss. * * This was continued for some time, until I discovered that a part of your column had crossed our line to my left. * * I then drew my company back and attacked that part of your line next to me and drove them back, but was soon assaulted in the rear by troops crossing the works I had left.

I turned again to fight these, and after struggling for awhile, saw there was no use, and ordered my men to retire, which acted as a signal for the regiment, and we all went out faster than we came in. * * My impression is, from what I saw, that the moment your troops crossed the open space between my company and them, that the Forty-Fourth Ala. or at least the right of it, retired from the field. * * My own regiment, the Fifteenth Ala., acted most gallantly, and could never have been driven from its position by an attack in front. But I will say this most cheerfully, for I always admired a brave enemy, that if any troops in the world could have accomplished it, it was those in our front that night." Col. Bowles of the Fourth Ala. in a letter to Carman the same year, says, "The Federals were close enough, advancing slowly over great rocks, and in the dark. We opened fire which was responded to by a general fusilade from the enemy, but our position was too strong and advantageous, and the enemy fell back leaving a great many wounded, judging from their shrieks and lamentations; they rallied in a few minutes and came the second time with the same result, * * again, the the third time the enemy came up gallantly to the onslaught, and so close that the paper wadding fell thick and fast over and among my men. (Once the Federals succeeded in getting into the works of the Forty-Fourth Ala., and one man a 1st sergt. * * was bayonetted to death.) The Federals were again repulsed with great loss, and this retreat was final so far as we knew at the time. We remained in the works for a long time after, awaiting the advance of the enemy, until we were ordered to march by the left flank, which we soon discovered to be a retreat."

By this testimony it appears that to the Thirty-Third belonged the honor of breaking clean through the rebel works, and starting the Alabamians out of their intrenchments.

Gen. Longstreet in his letter before referred to, states

that Gen. Jenkins reported "he had made the attack according to the plan and instructions, and had failed, owing to the failure of Gen. Law to hold the point assigned him, to the right of the intersection of the mountain defile with Gen. Hooker's line of march. This point being lost, Gen. Jenkins found it difficult to withdraw his force that he had sent back to attack the rear guard. The failure of Gen. Law to hold his position was not very satisfactorily explained, as it seemed to be one of such strength as to warrant the belief that it could have been *held at night* for three or four hours, *against Gen. Hooker's entire command.*" (Some of the italics are the author's). He says further, that Gen. Law had a "good military character" himself, and "splendid troops."

A great victory was won, the siege of the army at Chattanooga was raised. "Hooker's hard-tack line" was opened, and he had earned the title "Hard-tack Joe" by which he was familiarly known quite a while. But the victory was expensive to the Thirty-Third, and its losses in dead, as those in other regiments, were to be long remembered. The possession of the field made the care of the wounded easy, and they were promptly and tenderly borne to the rear, some were severely, others only slightly wounded. The colonel, who lay at one time between the two hostile lines, and might have had a worse fate, was hurriedly pulled down the hill, not an easy mode of travelling under the circumstances, though by tender hands, and then carried on a confiscated shanty door, not over soft, to a log house in the rear, where kind and skilful Surgeon Hastings patiently and tenderly administered his art. The rest were carefully cared for. The other officers wounded were Captains Blasland and Walker and Lieut. Welch. But all thoughts were turned toward the dead, they were so many, and among the noblest of the regiment. The next day was performed the sad duty of burying them, a service tenderly directed, and almost his last one in

the regiment, by Chaplain Foster. There they lay as they had fallen, the poor adjutant, Mudge, his bruised head resting on his arm as so often before when he was asleep! How strangely his wish, so many times expressed to the colonel, was fulfilled; if killed, that it might be when fighting under Joe Hooker! There was Lieut. Burrage, three days a graduate of Harvard when he enlisted in the ranks. Lieut. Hill of F, shot through the head. The color sergeant, Smith, dead in the rifle pits, where he still clung to the color; and the rest, killed, or who afterwards died of their wounds, were some of the bravest and best in the ranks. Ryan, Simpson and Quinlan of C; Buxton and Patten of D; Churchill, Crocket, Mayo, Hutchings, Rand, Wares, Whitcomb and Wright of E; Adams, Knapp, Cook, Wheat, McLaughlin, Merrill and Bohonan of F; Cammett and McMahon of H; Smith, Clark, Grady and Howland of I; Drake, Johnson, Davis, Fisher and Farrar of K. Lieut. Jones of C, also mortally wounded. An honorable list.

The brigade received many commendations from its superior officers, for its gallantry in the fight, especially the Seventy-Third Ohio and Thirty-Third Mass. Col. Smith, the beloved brigade commander, in an eloquent general order to his command, made this reference to its bravery and success: "The colonel commanding in adding to the testimony of others to the valor of his troops, renews his thanks to the officers and men of his command for their heroic conduct on the afternoon of Oct. 28th and the morning of the 29th. The splendid deeds of that memorable morning need not to be recounted. The glory of the living and the dead is complete and sufficient for the most ambitious. To those brave comrades of all grades, who so gallantly responded when called to breast the wall of fire from two thousand muskets, he cannot be too grateful. Yours is the credit, yours is the fame. Let its brilliant lustre never be tarnished, either upon the battle-field or in the more quiet routine of duty."

That gallant and appreciative old Prussian officer, the division commander, Gen. Von Steinwehr, in his general order, made flattering mention of the brigade, as follows: "The second brigade was ordered to take and hold this position. The Seventy-Third Ohio and Thirty-Third Mass. formed in line of battle, and with the greatest determination, scaled the precipitous slope, moving over almost impassible ground in the face of rapid volleys. The One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N. Y. was now ordered to support the left of the two advancing regiments and advanced with heroic bravery, as did the Fifty-Fifth Ohio, which was to support the right. On the crest, a fierce hand to hand contest ensued. The enemy, although fortified in a position almost impregnable by nature, could not withstand this most extraordinary bayonet attack, and were forced to inglorious flight, leaving many prisoners and intrenching tools behind their parapet.

The storming of this hill against such stupendous odds, is a brilliant episode of the war; a feat of arms rarely surpassed in history. Officers and soldiers! * * Let your valor preserve unsullied the honor of the White Cresent."

It was worth something to receive praise from such a gallant old soldier as "Fighting Joe Hooker." In his report of this "battle of Wauhatchie," he wrote, "Smith's brigade of this division, (Steinwehr's) was ordered to carry it with the bayonet. This skeleton, but brave brigade, charged up the mountain, almost inaccessible by daylight, under a heavy fire, without returning it, and drove three times their number from behind hastily thrown up intrenchments, capturing prisoners and scattering the enemy in all directions. No troops ever rendered more brilliant service. The name of their valiant commander is Colonel Orland Smith of the Seventy-Third Ohio volunteers. Tyndale, encountering less resistance, had also made himself master of the enemy's position in his front." And of Geary's fight, "For almost

three hours, without assistance, he repelled the repeated attacks of vastly superior numbers, and in the end drove them ingloriously from the field." He made honorable mention also of several subordinate commanders and staff officers. Gen. Hooker in a general order to his command, communicated what he styled, "A noble tribute to your good conduct from a brave and devoted soldier," Gen. Thomas' general order in which he said "The bayonet charge of Howard's troops, made up the side of a steep and difficult hill, over two hundred feet high, completely routing and driving the enemy from his barricades on its top, and the repulse by Geary's division of greatly superior numbers, who attempted to surprise him, will rank among the most distinguished feats of the war." That was a good deal from "old reliable."

In a telegram to Gen. Halleck, commander in chief, on the morning of the battle, Gen. Thomas reporting Howard's part of the fight, said, "The enemy occupying in force, and commanding the hills on the left of the road. He immediately threw forward two of his regiments, and took both at the point of the bayonet, driving the enemy from his breastworks and across Lookout Creek. In this brilliant success over their old adversary, the conduct of the officers and men of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps is entitled to the highest praise." In his report to the War Department, says, "Reflects the greatest credit on both these officers, and their entire commands." And in his report to the "Committee on the Conduct of the War," wrote thus of the importance of the action and its results. "The seizure of Brown's ferry, and the splendid defence of Lookout Valley by Gen. Hooker's command, decided the question of our ability to hold Chattanooga, for steamers began immediately to carry rations from Bridgeport to Kelley's ferry, leaving but about eight miles of wagon transportation from that point to Chattanooga, and repairs were commenced on the railroad south of

the Tennessee River. The enemy made no farther attempt to regain Lookout Valley." Let it be remembered it had been a question how many days longer the army could stay in Chattanooga before it was starved out. His inspector general, Col. Horace N. Fisher of Mass. wrote to an officer of Gen. Howard's staff, "From accounts received here, no more glorious a career could have been made than that of last night, in which the Seventy-Third O. and Thirty-Third Mass. participated. I feel very proud of the present laurels gained by your Corps." Gen. Grant in his report on the battles around Chattanooga, published in Moore's Reb. Rec., vol. 8, states very strongly the condition of the army there, when the movement was made, and the fate from which it was saved. "These movements, so successfully executed, secured to us two comparatively good lines by which to obtain supplies. * * Up to this period, our forces at Chattanooga were practically invested. * * The artillery horses and mules had become so reduced by starvation that they could not have been relied upon for moving anything. An attempt at retreat must have been with men alone, and with only such supplies as they could carry. A retreat would have been almost certain annihilation * * already more than ten thousand animals had perished in supplying half rations to the troops. * * They could not have been supplied another week."

In the "Richmond 'Despatch' account," in the same volume, the writer gives the enemy's estimate of the importance of the result. "The loss of Lookout Valley and Brown's ferry removed all doubt as to the ability of Gen. Grant to subsist his army at Chattanooga this winter, and rendered the longer possession of Lookout Mountain of comparatively little importance."

There was a homely tribute to the victorious valor of Hooker's men, not to be overlooked, recorded in chalk on a

house near the fight, by some plain spoken, much whipped rebel, probably just before his flight, in these words: "In the year of our Lord A. D. 1863, the Yanks drove the rebs out of this valley. Bully for them!" The musketry fire in the battle, as heard at Chattanooga, was described as something fearful. The bullets flew so thickly that twenty were counted next day in a small sapling near the Thirty-Third's position.

This battle was generally referred to by the enemy as that of "Wills' Valley;" it was variously called on our side "the battle of Lookout Valley," "Lookout Mountain," "Brown's Ferry," and by Gen. Hooker, and other commanders generally, as the "Battle of Wauhatchie," because the first attack in the battle was made on Geary, near the station of that name, although only one brigade on each side was actually engaged there, while the heaviest fighting was done on the hills at the foot of Lookout Mountain, and the forces engaged here, were three brigades on the rebel side, two on our side, and three more were near by in reserve. It is thus distinguished from the "Battle of Lookout Mountain," also under Hooker, which took place not long afterward on the side of the mountain.

The brigade speedily went to work, turned the rebel rifle pits inside out, and made ready if any of the enemy should come again and claim their property. But none ever did, and nobody but the curious, or interested traveller has ever disturbed the stillness of that wooded crest, since the brigade left it, as it did, not many days afterward. After a few days' residence at the log house, the "desperately wounded" colonel, as described by Gen. Hooker in his report, was carried by his devoted men on a stretcher to the river, floated down the majestic Tennessee in a steamer, and then ingloriously suspended from a car ceiling, was carried by rail to Nashville, without much opportunity to inspect the scenery on the way. For the gallantry of the officers and men of his

regiment, in that desperate fight, upon the recommendation of Gen. Hooker, he was made Brigadier-General from the date of his report, Nov. 6, 1863. The regiment was so reduced in numbers, that under the then existing orders of the War Department, no colonel could be mustered in the vacancy, and no promotions therefore be made. It remained for many months under the command of Lieut.-Col. Rider.

The pickets of the regiment, a few days after the battle, fell in with old friends, last met at Falmouth, Va., viz. some of the Forty-Seventh Ala. with whom they used to chat in the middle of the river there, and trade coffee for tobacco. Friendly relations were re-established, and there was no picket firing. But with the general public enemy, quartered on the mountain side, there was no such truce, and the ugly shell became a frequent visitor to the regiments' bivouac, prematurely distributed, now and then, the rations of a company mess, and chased away sweet slumbers in the weary nights.

Almost as soon as the battle was over, two steamers were put upon the river, and the transportation of supplies began on a large scale. The business was exceedingly active, steamboat loads of hard-tack and shoes, clothing, ammunition, horses and mules, followed each other night and day, on the now open river, and as rapidly as these supplies could be brought down by rail from Louisville. But it was not easy to supply at once, all that the entire, half-starved army needed. Occasionally there was trouble with the railroad, and the enemy made himself soon felt, once or twice by tapping the single line of railroad, and at one time got up such a "corner" on the staple rations, hog's sides and hard tack, that even the wounded men in the field hospital at Chattanooga came nigh starving to death, as they fancied, and fearing the fate of army mules awaited them, some deserted from what was otherwise regarded as a soft thing, the hospi-

tal. Of this number, one was the enterprising Corporal Canning, Co. F, of the Thirty-Third, who, with his arm in a sling, made his way back seven miles to the regiment for rations, only to find that there had not been a hard-tack there for so long, that in the expressive language of Capt. Prescott, (omitting some of his expletives) nobody in the Thirty-Third would recognize a hard-tack if they were to see it again. This hunger gnawed forager, from the hospital, soon afterwards found out to his disgust, that while he was gone, the rest of his wounded mates in the hospital had been furloughed home.

After the regiment had remained on the captured hill, braving for a decent period of time, so as not to seem over sensitive, the daily and nightly quota of shells from the near side of Lookout Mountain, it sought a quieter camp on the sheltered side of the next hill beyond, the hill taken by Tyndale's brigade. It was much nearer "Sis Allison's." Here it composedly waited for "something to turn up."

It did not have long to wait. The army here, instead of being a besieged, starved and demoralized one, as it had been, very soon became a well supplied, well fed, well appointed one, ready for the aggressive. Everybody and everything under Grant's orders, and Thomas' eye, were most ready for the next move. As Thomas says in his report, "As soon as communications with Bridgeport had been made secure, and the question of supplying the army at this point rendered certain, preparations were at once commenced for driving the enemy from his position in our immediate front, on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, and if possible, to send a force to the relief of Knoxville." For information was received, that soon after the late battle, Longstreet's Corps was sent off by Bragg, to deal a blow at Gen. Burnside in Knoxville; the latter was being hard pressed, and was calling upon Grant, under whose command he was, for

help. The readiest and most effectual way, now, to help Burnside, Grant saw, was to deal with Bragg, punish him if he could, wedge his own army between him and Longstreet, and when Bragg had his hands full of business, send relief into East Tennessee. To do this effectively, it was decided necessary to wait for the arrival of a corps of the Army of the Tenennesee, which had been sent for. Grant telegraphed to Burnside to hold on to East Tennessee till relief came, and advised him not to retreat from there till after he had lost most of his army.

One day a "coming man," rode by the camp of the Thirty-Third; a tall, straight, grisly-bearded, hawk-eyed, blunt old soldier — William Tecumseh Sherman. Behind him came his men, just in from the Mississippi, dusty and dirty, ragged and shoeless, hard marched as they had been hard fought. It was the Fifteenth Corps of the Army of the Tennessee, Grants own Army, which had won him his victories. After the disaster at Chickamauga, Sherman and his Corps had been sent for by Halleck. On his way from Vicksburg, Sherman had been appointed to the command of the whole Army of the Tennessee. He and his old Corps, at the urgent call of Grant, had hurried along the road, fighting their way, bridging streams, repairing railroads and climbing over mountains, but pressing on to be in season to help win one more victory for their beloved and ever successful old chief. They rather despised the tidy camp of the Thirty-Third as they passed by it, its men's cleanly brushed coats, polished brasses and general marks of Eastern trimness and setting up, and discoursed on paper collars and other articles regarded in their eyes with contempt. They knew the Eastern men better on the long march afterwards, as they themselves came to be better known, and both mutually confessed their respect. They wore no corps badges. Passing Hooker's men, the latter,

relates Sherman, asked them what their badge was, "Badge, is it?" answered an Irishman, "forty rounds in the cartridge box, and twenty in the pocket." Hence their subsequent Corps badge.

THE BATTLES OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Before Sherman's sturdy veterans, that looked so slouchy, had all marched by, orders came, and the regiment left behind its camp, struck into the valley road with the rest of the Corps, then marched over Brown's ferry and the river again, into Chattanooga to bivouac by Fort Wood.

Grant first planned to have Hooker attack, and if he could, carry Lookout Mountain simultaneously with an attack on Missionary Ridge by Sherman and Thomas; later he decided to mass all the troops he possibly could for the Missionary Ridge undertaking, leaving only a few troops with Hooker to hold Lookout Valley. Accordingly the Eleventh Corps was ordered to cross the river to be in readiness where needed, and then it was moved over on the Chattanooga side to act either with Thomas or Sherman as necessity required. It was placed between Sheridan's and Wood's divisions, in full view of the enemy, to give them the impression that Sherman's troops were reenforcing the town. On the evening of their arrival there, deserters reported to Grant that Bragg was falling back. The next morning, Thomas was directed to drive in Bragg's pickets and make him develop some of his line, to ascertain whether the report were true. During the forenoon he selected his divisions for the reconnoissance in force, and prepared for it. That afternoon of Nov. 23d, a memorable spectacle took place on that great undulating plain that stretches out to the lofty ridges—the Missionary on the southeast and Lookout on the west, which encompass it, in the focus, as it were, making a mighty and picturesque

amphitheatre. About two o'clock in the afternoon of that day, the enemy looking down from their heights, saw two divisions of the Fourth Corps move out before Fort Wood, deploy leisurely, then handsomely advance in line of battle, flags fluttering and bayonets gleaming in the sun. A rather pretty and entertaining parade it struck them, as they watched it leisurely. "Come and see the Yankee review," said Breckenridge at Bragg's headquarters, to his wife and friends. The movements were conspicuous and executed deliberately. The butternut pickets near our line lolled on the ground, and critically watched the Yankee evolutions. By and by it occurred to them the parade was getting uncomfortably near. Forty-two-pound Parrotts in Chattanooga opened on them, and the guns on Moccasin Point made it lively within their range. General Wood and little Phil Sheridan (his first appearance probably before Grant) led these two divisions, and meant business. The butternuts soon realized this, gathered up their traps, fired a few shots and scrambled out of the way. They rallied back on their defences and there made a fight, but our line pushed on over their little outworks and soon Orchard Knob, a mile nearer the heights, was handsomely carried. Grant ordered the divisions to remain, and entrench themselves. The Eleventh Corps, massed until now in rear of the attacking troops, and watching the spectacle, in due time was swung around upon the flank of the moving line, deployed, skirmished a little, driving the enemy across Citico Creek; and this afternoon's pretty evolution, started for a reconnoissance, ended in carrying the approaches to the ridge, and in gaining an advantageous position for another attack when the hour should arrive. That sufficed for that day. Early next morning, Gen. Howard directed Col. Smith to send a regiment of his brigade to the extreme left to drive some rebel sharp shooters from a rifle pit. The Seventy-Third O. was selected, charged in fine style and did the

business. The Twenty-Seventh Penn. in Bushbeck's brigade, also had a smart fight and captured a picket line.

All the morning, Sherman was busily laying pontoons from the north side of the river down near the Chickamauga creek, and hurrying across his Corps which had moved around under cover of the hills on that bank. Just as the last boat was laid, and he stood gesticulating to his men, Howard rode up with Buschbeck's brigade of Von Steinwher's division and there the two soldiers from the distant fields of the great July victories first greeted each other; one from the trenches of Vicksburg, the other from the impregnable Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg. And thus the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of the Cumberland, represented now by the two Corps, joined each other for the great march. In the early afternoon, Sherman's divisions pushed on, echeloned over the field, through the driving rain, with Bushbeck skirmishing, gained the north end of the ridge, made a lodgment, and fought their way into a threatening position on the enemy's flank.

That same day, Hooker was wrenching victory out of circumstances, as well as from the enemy on Lookout Mountain. When it was decided that the Eleventh Corps should be sent to swell the forces to be engaged in the formidable attack on Missionary Ridge, leaving only force enough in the Lookout Valley to hold it, he asked permission to go with that Corps, as the part of his command which was to have the fighting. His request was acceded to. A lucky accident for him, and for our army too, probably changed the programme. During the time that Sherman was crossing his Corps over the river, rains set in, the river became very much swollen, and with the force of the current, the drift wood, and the rafts set afloat by the rebels, all combined, the bridge at Brown's ferry parted, and Sherman's troops were delayed in crossing; in fact, the battle was delayed in conse-

quence, for two days. After the bridge was repaired, it broke again, before Osterhaus' division crossed. Gen. Thomas then recommended to Grant that Hooker with this division, Geary's and Cruft's of the Fourth Corps, which had already joined him from Whitesides, should attack, and if found practicable, carry the face of Lookout Mountain as originally planned. Grant assented to this, and Hooker received orders accordingly, provided the bridge was not repaired in season to enable Osterhaus to cross on the morning of the twenty-fourth; it was found later it could not be.

Hooker was always ready to accept such chances for fighting. By daylight his troops were under arms and ready. They were Geary's division, most of it, (a few regiments being at Bridgeport,) of the Twelfth Corps, just from the Army of the Potomac. Two brigades, Whittaker's and Grose's, of Cruft's division, Fourth Corps, Army of the Cumberland; and Osterhaus' division of the Fifteenth Corps, Army of the Tennessee; thus there were three divisions from three different Armies, all strangers to each other, and two of them to their present commander, but ready for the contest just the same. In all, says Hooker in his report, nine thousand six hundred and eighty-one men; equal to an Army Corps. Geary was ordered to move up Lookout Creek a couple of miles to near Wauhatchie with his division and Whittaker's brigade, cross the creek there and move along the mountain side in line, while Grose's brigade was to drive in the rebel pickets along the creek in front, repair the highway bridge over it and make a crossing there. Osterhaus' division was to co-operate farther to the left, nearer the mouth of the creek. Geary crossed the creek about eight o'clock, on the dam of a little mill, with no one to molest him. Fog hung over the river, and on the mountain side, so his movements were concealed. He marched his column by the flank up the mountain slope till the head reached the Palisades,

which, miles in length, rise up perpendicularly nearly a hundred feet, to the mountain's crest, on which stretches for miles also a level plateau. The column faced to the front, (left) formed in three lines of battle, the different brigades being in echelon with eath other, Cobham's of Geary's division at first leading; then moved over the slope, right along the Palisades, the left along the creek. Rebel pickets were soon met, taken by surprise and the entire line there, forty-two in all, captured.

During this while, Grose marched his brigade to the position assigned him, sent a couple of regiments forward, drove in the pickets on the other side of the creek, and undertook to repair the bridge. But the enemy's picket reserves and main body occupied a formidable line of rifle pits, constructed to resist just such an attack from that direction; took advantage of the railroad embankment, and poured a galling fire into Grose's men. The creek was swollen, and this added to the trouble. Hooker with his staff had taken a position where he could watch the movements of all the detachments on the top of Tyndale's hill, in front of the now deserted camp of the Thirty-Third; a position he occupied during this day's battle. From here, when the fog lifted from the creek, he saw Grose's difficulties. The remedy he thought was at hand. He ordered Wood's brigade, Osterhaus' division, to move a half mile farther up the creek, construct a pole bridge there, and cross; most of Grose's brigade was to accompany it, the two regiments engaged at the highway bridge to remain and occupy the enemy's attention, while the batteries at different points opened furiously. This plan worked better, the bridge was soon ready, Wood's and Grose's regiments at eleven o'clock crossed in season to join, on the left, Geary's lines as they came sweeping along on the mountain's side, over the bowlders, ugly crevices and ravines, the three lines, and the echelons,

owing to the irregularities of the ground, had become now scarcely more than one irregular line. Whittaker's brigade being in front line near the Palisades, the enemy's log rifle pits and other formidable defences were taken in flank, and in reverse. The enemy, however, fought hard, and staid in position till the last minute. Cobham's brigade charged over into the works at one point, and had to use the bayonet, and stones, even. The left swung around now, and as Wood's brigade came upon the force that was fighting Grose's two regiments at the highway bridge, it took them all in, capturing an entire regiment. They belonged to Stevenson's division, were Pemberton's men taken at Vicksburg, had parole papers in their pockets, and had not been exchanged. The enemy, says Grose in his report, was a good deal surprised at the "Yankee trick" which was so effective. On swept the line again, Grose's two regiments crossing over, and more of Osterhaus' force swelling the irresistable line.

All this time there was little fighting in any other part of the immense battle field; silence reigned with the great armies, and friend and foe listened with absorbing interest to the roar of guns on Lookout Mountain, to see if any movement would indicate which side was winning. The fog had lifted from the valley, and it was all clear on the peak of Lookout; but a heavy belt of fog, which the smoke of the guns made thicker, girdled the mountain. As midday passed, the roar of guns came nearer and nearer to the listeners about Chattanooga, and not long after, there, just at the base of the Palisades, on "the nose" of the mountain, as Rosecrans first described it, out of the cloud and above it, came Hooker's line of blue with its red striped flags, as it was driving on in the flush of victory, with shouts and cheers, masses of retreating gray backs, with their fluttering secesh colors. And through the gray, misty girdle, lower down on the mountain, were seen the flashes of his advancing line of fire. Hooker seemed

to have climbed above the clouds and was wresting victory at that giddy height in the air. It was an inspiring and long to be remembered sight; cheers went up in Chattanooga, and they were long and wild. On the front, or nose of the mountain, is a clearing, and a farm house called Craven's, sometimes "the White House." In crossing here, the rebels were fearfully exposed to the fire of the guns from Moccasin Point, and their retreat hereabouts was rapid. Before two o'clock, Hooker's victorious line had cleared this ground, and the left opened communication at the mouth of Chattanooga Creek with the town; two guns were here captured, and some general's smoking hot dinner at Craven's. The line, in the ardor of pursuit, passed the point where it was ordered to halt. The enemy was now re-enforced, made a vigorous and determined resistance, the fog became denser, and Whittaker and Geary halted, but continued the fight with musketry. Its rattle was incessant for some hours. At five P. M. Carlin's brigade came up from the town and relieved some of the regiments on the right, whose ammunition was exhausted, and, who, besides, were tired out. No further effort was made that night to push the line to the Summertown road, the only practicable road to the summit, where a part of the rebel force remained to annoy Hooker's men. The picket lines were firing at each other till midnight, when perfect silence reigned It was bitter cold, and the wind blew at night up on the mountain; the troops kindled bivouac fires, and Hooker's advance line could be traced far away by the line of brilliant fires. It was a striking and pleasant sight to our side.

Hooker says in his report of the battle, "Of the troops opposed to us, were four brigades of Walker's division, Hardee's Corps; a portion of Stewart's division, of Breckenridge's Corps; and on the top of the mountain were three brigades of Stevenson's division." As to the number of the troops opposed to him, and the name of some of the commands,

he was undoubtedly mistaken; and it is not surprising, as he had not the rebel reports at hand. The "Richmond 'Despatch' account," before referred to, written on the night of the battle, says, "Our forces had been much weakened the night before, by the withdrawal of Walker's division, which was sent to the right, leaving only Stevenson's and Cheatham's divisions behind, both under command of Gen. Stevenson." Troops were more needed on Missionary Ridge, now that "The importance of the mountain" as he says had "ceased with the loss of Lookout Valley." The reports of Maj.-Gen. Stevenson and his division and brigade commanders, on this battle, were published in a small volume containing official reports, at Richmond in 1864. According to these reports it appears that on the evening of Nov. 23d, as stated by the "Richmond Despatch," Walker's entire division was ordered to Missionary Ridge, that Jackson's brigade of Cheatham's division, and Cummings', of Stevenson's, on the top of the mountain, were sent to take its place, occupying a line a mile long, from the Chattanooga Creek west, up to the Chattanooga road at the base of the mountain; that they were kept there during the battle to prevent attack from the direction of the town, and could render no assistance on the west side of the face of the mountain, though not attacked themselves. That two brigades of Stevenson's division now remained on the top of the mountain; a part of the force was scattered, guarding passes on the east and west side of the ridge for eighteen miles. Moore's brigade of Cheatham's division was on the face of the mountain near the Craven house, and Walthall's brigade of the same division only, beyond Craven's on the western side. That the only force which opposed Hooker's troops as far as the Craven house, was this brigade of Walthall. At the Craven house, he and Moore were re-enforced by part of Pettus' brigade, from the top of the mountain, soon after one o'clock P. M. A few days before, their pickets had

extended up the creek to the old mill and ford where Geary crossed, but had been withdrawn, and their line then only ran from the railroad bridge directly to the cliff. Walthall had five Mississippi regiments, about fifteen hundred effective men. He says, "Such resistance as I could offer a force like this, consisting, as the Federal Gen. Thomas in an official despatch to his government says, of Geary's division and two brigades of another Corps, was made with my small command, nearly one-third of which was covering a picket line more than a mile in extent." He saw Geary's column move up the river and disappear in the fog; saw the force preparing to attack in front. He was uncertain which was to be the real attack, and had to wait till our movements were developed, as Hooker intended he should. And when Geary came out of the fog on the left, he was taken in rear as well as flank and part of his force was unable to escape owing to the terrible character of the ground "a rugged steep, broken and rocky and difficult of passage for a footman at leisure." He fell back beyond Craven's and made a stand. Moore was here in line, though Walthall does not allude to his doing any fighting; and Pettus' part of a brigade, between one and two o'clock, relieved him for a while. They claim that here Hooker's further progress was prevented. Clayton's brigade arrived about eight o'clock in the evening. Moore's brigade had about twelve hundred effective men. Casualties in all were about two hundred killed and wounded, and a thousand captured. During nearly all this while, the fog on the mountain was so thick that nothing could be seen a hundred yards off. Stevenson's whole command moved off the mountain and crossed the creek before two and a half o'clock next morning. Gen. Moore pays this tribute to the bravery of Hooker's men: "Two of their color bearers being shot down by our men in the trenches while attempting to plant their colors on the embankment. I have never seen them fight with such daring and

desperation." These reports answer to a certain extent Gen. Bragg's query in his official report, after stating that Hooker's assault was met by one brigade only, Walthall's. "Why this command was not sustained is yet unexplained. The commander of that part of the field, Maj.-Gen. Stevenson, had six brigades at his disposal."

According to this testimony, in this "Battle above the Clouds," as Gen. Meigs named it that day, Hooker was fighting all the forenoon and driving, in the fog, with his force amounting to a Corps, only one brigade of the enemy, though over considerable obstacles of ground, and later in the day was resisted by two brigades and a half, when he halted his line; while in the battle called "Wauhatchie," four rebel brigades were obstinately fighting on their side with every advantage of positon, and three little brigades, successfully, on ours; so successfully that it made the later victory easy, and a natural result; yet the earlier battle is little known, and not much remembered, while the "Battle of Lookout Mountain," "the Battle above the Clouds," from the romantic circumstances attending it, and the scene it presented to the eyes of the troops at Chattanooga, will probably become famous in history and war poetry, and "Hooker fighting above the clouds" will live in the poetic legends of the war to thrill men, along with the stories of Sheridan's ride, and of Farragut lashed to the shrouds of his flag ship. It takes away, however, some of the poetry that hovers about the memory of the battle, for one to stand a reverent pilgrim, as did this humble historian, years after the battle, on the mountain slope where Hooker's heroes fought, and there read in staring white letters on a huge rock the inscription that some vile compounder of patent medicine has had painted there, "Fought, bled, took gargling oil and got well."

By next morning's dawn the peak of Lookout had

been scaled by volunteers from the Eighth Kentucky regiment, and there, on that bald and towering crag, floated proudly through the mists of sunrise, the stars and the stripes, a flag given by the loyal women of Kentucky. And before the bright sun of that day was high, Hooker's column was marching over the deserted and smoking camps of the mountain side, driving the enemy towards Rossville, till his progress was stopped for a few hours, by the Chattanooga Creek, the bridges over which had been burnt by the enemy in their flight. During the day, the band of the Thirty-Third, with their usual enterprise, climbed the peak of Lookout, took in the wonderful view, saw seven States, the disloyal among them to be soon conquered, and under the inspiration of the scene, played all the national airs with more than their accustomed skill, and the echoes of their delightful strains were heard three miles away in Chattanooga.

With day break of this day, November 25th, the third day of the battle, Sherman was in his saddle with his staff, and the bugles of his assaulting divisions, two of them under Smiths, soon sounded "forward". Gen. Corse, one of his best fighting men, was sent with his brigade, supported by others, to take an important crest, and he did it, and kept it, though at great cost. The other brigades on the right and left pushed on. Rough work they found, and stubborn fighting along the wooded hills and slopes and through the gorges to Tunnel Hill. Buschbeck's brigade, at Sherman's request, had remained with his forces since it first made a junction with them, and was placed on the right. It made a gallant charge now without firing a shot, up an ugly slope almost into the enemy's works, but it was too small in numbers to stay long. Sherman in his report said "The brigade of Col. Buschbeck belonging to the Eleventh Corps * * fought at the Tunnel Hill in connection with Gen. Ewing's division, and displayed a courage almost amounting to rashness, following

the enemy almost to the tunnel gorge." But with all the handsome fighting, the progress of the Army of the Tennessee was slow. The rest of the Eleventh Corps, during the morning, was sent to re-enforce it, and was placed on the left in prolongation of Sherman's line to Chickamauga Creek, the left now of the immense battle field, thirteen miles long. Just as the Thirty-Third was marching by Sherman's troops, Gen. Corse was brought out of his fight, wounded, making remarks, with strong seasoning, at his ill luck. As fast as Sherman extended his left, Bragg sent troops to confront it. It was getting nearer and nearer his base of supplies at Chickamauga Station, and the movement boded so much danger to him that he deemed it necessary to check it at any cost. His hurried re-enforcements were seen incessantly marching along the ridge to the left. That was Sherman's success. He had the most difficult part of the undertaking, and the hardest fighting, for he had to attack what Grant in his report called "The enemy's most northern and most vital part,"—which he would make the severest struggle to defend, and the object planned was to compel Bragg to weaken his centre and left, to re-enforce the threatened point. He was doing it industriously and fatally. Grant saw that he was. Watching from Orchard Knob the progress of Sherman's battle, and Bragg's movements on the heights; watching also for the smoke of Hooker's guns on the right, which came at last as "Fighting Joe" was driving onto the ridge from Rossville, though it had cost him hours to build bridges, he saw that the opportunity had come, and at near three o'clock gave the order for the Army of the Cumberland to do its assigned part.

Six guns were fired in rapid succession from Orchard Knob. That was the signal. Promptly, four of Thomas' divisions, Wood's and Sheridan's of Granger's Fourth Corps, Baird's and Johnson's of Palmer's Fourteenth Corps, were in

line moving forward, heavily covered with skirmishers, through the belt of timber; soon double quick over the plains swept by artillery and infantry fire, advancing with an irresistible mass of glistening bayonets that carried the first line of rifle pits without a shot; and then bounding over the intrenchments, where they found no protection from the merciless fire, with no halt, though it was laid down in the orders, Phil Sheridan, and other commanders, taking the responsibility, impetuously rushing on with cheers, almost uncontrollable with success, into the canister from thirty guns, and the minie balls, colors steadily advancing, over the second line of rifle pits clear up to the last, pierced the enemy's line in six places simultaneously, and before Bragg awoke to his peril, the crest was swarming with cheering Yankees, his mountain fortress was taken, his head-quarters in the saddle, almost captured at that, and his demoralized hordes in full retreat. All done in fifty minutes! Bragg's right, where the somewhat famous "Pat Cleburne" was fighting with his division, held out for a while longer, but it was soon cleared out, and Sheridan was pushing on in pursuit.

The field of Chickamauga lay at the feet of the Army of the Cumberland, beyond the ridge at its mercy, and the great defeat there under Rosecrans was brilliantly avenged. The great three days battle for Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge was over. Night settled down over a National victory, and the gateway to the south was open. As the report came down and the result became realized, the cheers were caught up from hill to hill, and regiment to regiment, till the whole line for miles was shouting for victory, and the night's bivouac became noisy and sleepless.

The combined battle of Sherman and Thomas against Bragg on Missionary Ridge was of immense proportions. Each of the two Federal commanders had that day about thirty thousand men, Bragg had forty thousand,

entrenched on the crest, in what was believed by him to be with his force an impregnable position. He says in his report, "Though greatly out-numbered, such was the strength of our position, that no doubt was entertained of our ability to hold it." Again, "No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops on the left, in allowing their line to be penetrated. The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column." He states also, that the line to his right was broken at the same time, and furthermore explains, "A panic, which I had never before witnessed, seemed to have seized upon officers and men, and each seemed to be struggling for his personal safety, regardless of his duty or his character." These were veterans that had fought bravely in scores of battles. As the result of the three days battle, our armies captured six thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery and seven thousand stands of arms. Lost over seven hundred killed and nearly five thousand wounded.

The news reached Halleck the next morning, which was Thanksgiving day. He replied to Grant's despatch, "A day of Thanksgiving, truly." It was in this final charge that the color sergeant was mortally wounded, says Gen. Howard, who answered, when they asked him where he was hurt, "Almost up, sir." "I mean in what part of your body," said his inquirer, "Almost up to the top." "Yes," said he, looking at his ugly wound. "That is what did it, I was almost up, but for that I should have reached the top." He reached the heights, but not of this world.

When Thanksgiving Day dawned, the Eleventh Corps crossed the Chickamauga in the fog to join in the pursuit. The road was lined with abandoned wagons, caissons, arms and ammunition, and evidences of the rebel flight. Chickamauga Station was a scene of desolation—piles of corn and meal, pontoons and abandoned gun carriages

were burning, and all about were masses of army wrecks,—thousands of bushels of corn, flour and beans, luckily unconsumed, became a prize for the empty supply trains, and for men and horses. Before Greysville Davis' division encountered the rebel rear guard, and a brief fight ensued, Von Steinwehr's division in support; but the rebels gave way, and next morning that not over-grown village was entered. Hooker was pushing on vigorously, and had a hard fight with the enemy at Ringgold. The orders for the Eleventh Corps were to push on through Parker's Gap, which turned Ringgold and helped Hooker; and there with two brigades under Col. Orland Smith, one his own, the other of Schurz's division, to strike the railroad from Dalton to Cleveland and tear up a section. At Red Clay Station a few hours were devoted to this pleasant diversion, and soon three miles of sleepers were reduced to fire wood, and the rails to old junk. There being no further use for cars and the depot, they were of course burned. Neither Longstreet nor Bragg could now get any comfort from that railroad. It was midnight when the regiment arrived back into bivouac at Parker's Gap, after twenty-seven miles march, and the exercise on the railroad track. Here its esteemed old division commander, Von Steinwehr, was forced by sickness to leave. Buschbeck temporarily succeeded.

THE RELIEF OF BURNSIDE AT KNOXVILLE.

In the moment of victory, Grant's first thought, as in the anxious week of preparation, was of Burnside beleagured in Knoxville, and how many days he could possibly hold out. Couriers and staff officers were despatched from time to time to beg him to hold out. The old soldier had no notion of giving in to trifles. But his rations were getting low, he answered Grant that they would last only till Dec. 3d. So

time was precious, no more could be wasted in torturing Bragg, and the column for relief was instantly headed in the other direction. Granger had been started before the pursuit was over. A day's rest by Parker's Gap in the rain and mud, and the march of the Eleventh Corps began; without wagons or supplies, many shoeless, without knapsacks or blankets, in most of theregiments, and the Thirty-Third among the rest; those articles of luxury (except in the matter of carrying them) having been ordered to be deposited at Fort Wood, upon the theory of participating thereabouts in a short review, which review ended in the three days battle and pursuit. Cold nights had come, but Burnside was in trouble—forward. The first day's march was to Cleveland, where the different divisions of the Eleventh, Fourth, Fifteenth and Davis' of the Fourteenth Corps met, Sherman in chief command. Granger who had been in command, was too slow, Grant thought, and the great commander would trust now only his great lieutenant. He needed, too, all Sherman's troops, including Davis' division, and they marched with alacrity, though as Sherman says, "stripped for the fight, with but a single blanket or coat per man, from myself to the private included." The next day's march was to Charlestown on the Hiawassee, where the rebel cavalry had left the broken pontoon bridge swinging in the stream, boats stove in, and trestles of the railroad bridge thrown down. But versatile Yankees grappled with destruction and it succumbed. Before the night was over the railroad bridge was passable, and at next morning's light, the first of December, troops and artillery were crossing and on their way to Athens, with two days of rebel rations saved from burning cars which furnished a timely variety to living off the country. The exciting report that Longstreet's attack on Fort Saunders was repulsed, came in here. Then up at daybreak again, as usual, and off, the advance skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry through Sweet Water, where Long's

brigade of cavalry pushed on to seize the bridge ahead, if they might find any of it left; then through Philadelphia, not much resembling its namesake, and at nightfall after a weary march into bivouac near Loudon. The next morning, not unexpectedly, revealed no bridge at that town, over the broad Tennessee; pontoons were cut loose in the river, the solid stone piers of the railroad bridge were standing naked and desolate in the eddying waters, which were choked up with dilapidated locomotives and freight cars full of soaked commissary stores and ammunition. Deserted redoubts on the town side were soon occupied by our artillery, and the appearance of a few squads of hostile cavalry on the other side was ample excuse for opening fire, and the artillery proceeded to bang away with great rapidity and vigor, all to announce to Burnside, if the noise should perchance reach his ears, that the relieving army was at hand. The river at Loudon was nearly two thousand feet wide. It began to be realized more and more that there was not enough of bridge left from which to build a new one, in season for Burnside, and there was nothing to do but to turn off east and see what could be done with the little Tennessee. Only one day of Burnside's rations remained, he was forty miles off, it was necessary to notify him that relief was at hand, so Capt. Audenreid, Sherman's handsome staff officer, was started off at midnight with orders to Col. Long of the cavalry, to "push into Knoxville at whatever cost of life and horse-flesh," and to accompany him. They accomplished the task. By the courtesy of the enemy at Loudon, two or three dozen wagons had lost only the spokes out of their wheels; they were prudently repaired and taken along by Howard's column, loaded with plank from the depot to Davis' ford, where a New York regiment soon strung the wagons across the stream, a thousand feet in width, covered them with the planks as far as they went, and for the rest the loyal people helped cheerfully to pull the boards off their own barns.

All the way up that fertile and beautiful valley of East Tennessee the thrifty and loyal inhabitants received the defenders of the old flag with hearty greetings and demonstrations of friendship, in marked contrast to many a discouraging march through sullen towns and hamlets in Virginia. Guides were ready to show every road and ford that led to the enemy's position, and here they even pulled down their own buildings, all for the glorious cause. The bridge completed, Howard's Corps crossed next morning, while Sherman's men, further up, were crossing over a bridge constructed out of "the late town of Morgantown," as Sherman records it. Twenty miles march brought the Eleventh Corps to Louisville, not so well known to fame, certainly, as the Kentucky city. Here an enterprising lad just from Knoxville brought the news to Gen. Howard that Longstreet was in full retreat. He had carried despatches of a post commander to Gen. Burnside, which his plucky sister had travelled eighteen miles through the enemy's lines and over the Tennessee at night to get to him. The rebel general had heard of the disaster to his chief—that Sherman was upon him, and after making one more fierce attempt found the time had come to leave, and did leave on the 4th of December. Sherman it is reported, thought a stern chase was a long one and a hard one for his bare-footed and blanketless troops, and at once halted those that Burnside no longer asked for, sparing them even the dozen miles' march to Knoxville merely to participate in the rejoicings of victory; and that Sunday, Dec. 6th, was a day of rest to tired men, in the quiet woods and fields of the Holston Valley; while Sherman and Granger and their staffs only, rode to see Burnside. He had made so gallant a defence of the town and Fort Saunders, that Congress afterward passed a vote of thanks to him and his men, and President Lincoln appointed a day of Thanksgiving. Only Granger's Corps was left with Burnside, now relieved by

Gen. J. G. Foster (it does not appear why); and on Monday of the second week in December the return march of the rest of Sherman's column began. Back over the same roads and through the same towns, over the bridge of wagons at Davis' ford, and over the bridge at Charlestown, again burned and again repaired. The easy marches favored the shoeless and bleeding feet, but there was not much help for the blanketless. Living from off the country proved a comparative success in that region. The mills were kept running night and day, grinding the wheat and corn that the people brought in in abundance. Sheep and cattle were plenty. Roasted wheat made a fair, if harmless substitute for coffee, when sweetened with the indigenous sorghum, and mush and sorghum were a feature of the journey long to be remembered. At Cleveland, though, the familiar ration of hard-tack and coffee was greeted as an old friend. Likewise the knapsacks, which Capt. Walker, formerly the quarter-master, now convalescent, was ordered, as an expert with mule trains, to transport to the regiment. All the misery they had caused in the long journey from Lynnfield was now forgotten in the comforts they contained.

The exploration of McDonald's Gap in the darkness of night in the mud and up and down the steep and slippery slopes, the roads blocked up with wagons, did not, of itself, furnish many attractions; it was too much like Virginia mud marches. But the men came out jolly and the buglers playful to the last degree. All the calls known and unknown were taken up in the different regiments and were echoing about the hills. "lie down," "strike tents," "taps," "forward," "reveille," all at the same time in the direst discord, until the mountain must have been utterly bewildered if it was at all posted in tactics. The men tired by the march over the execrable roads, soaked in the rain and heavy with the mud, laughed and shouted and picked up the refrain as they

trudged along, "Who would not be a soldier?" The men in the German division who got located for a bivouac, built their fires, got their coffee cooking and themselves dry and then were suddenly driven away to carry out somebody's system, out of the soldiers' elysium into the outer darkness and mud and rain again—did not regard that as so good a joke as did the regiments which got their fires. The Thirty-Third was not one of the lucky ones, and their bivouac was with the rest of the brigade, all huddled together in the soaked and slimy bottom, stretched on rails, piles of crossed sticks, old gates and other devices for defeating the mud. There was great rejoicing, and exuberance of spirits when the Corps passed through Chattanooga, and over into the valley again, and the regiment neared its old camp, where Quarter-master Charles B. Walker hung out the latch string, so to speak, at the old quarters, with the wagons and blankets and overcoats, new shoes and supplies. It seemed like home again. The journey, since the regiment had left, beginning with the great battle, had been three weeks long, and a matter of two hundred and forty miles on foot, mostly bare foot at that.

Capt. Graves was soon ordered to lay out a new camp at the foot of Raccoon Ridge, a mile or two away, after the most approved army style—not with the pretentious spaces prescribed in the army regulations, for these would have stretched our army there over the whole State of Georgia, which we did not then happen to occupy. In this camp, on the southern slope of the mountain, in the stubble land open to the warm winter sun of Southern Tennessee, the regiment proceeded to build its log huts, spread over them the old flies, the same roofs that had served them at Stafford C. H., Virginia, the year before, built their fire places, and were soon settled in winter quarters, while their commanders, Hooker, Howard and Buschbeck were encamped in the mansions of the natives, near by. Not perhaps as much

architectural achievement was attempted in this winter's camp, or such lavish waste of labor and time made in details and decoration as in the pleasantly remembered and luxurious settlement at Stafford. But they were comfortable quarters, nevertheless, and here the regiment spent the winter in quiet retirement, free from the excitements of active campaigns, with no one to molest them, or make them afraid. It is true they were fired at once, when they went foraging beyond Wauhatchie, trespassing on farm yards which some rebel force was carefully guarding for itself; but they were not required to be badly exposed, and the crack of the rifle was rather a pleasant variation.

Drills, tours of picket duty and occasional parades, divided the time, which sometimes hung heavy, when there was no news from home. Camp yarns, games, tricks, ingenious "sells," so called, where the commodity sold was some victimized comrade, and the purchaser the rest of the company, were of course in order. Occasional parties were given to the favored officers of the regiment by the fair yellow girl who lived at the log house on the Kelley's Ferry road, where were gathered until late hours beauty and chivalry, and the lamps, or rather tallow candles, shone on fair women (three or four white and black) and brave men (in great preponderance,) and there was music, Smith's or Hazard's, and dancing with such partners, male or female, as the scarcity of population permitted. There was rare fun often at the division quartermaster's, where the species of dancing known as the gander dance, permitted more freedom and relaxation from dignity than in the mixed assemblies at the other resort. There were occasional festivities at Sutler Trainer's, where Kellinger's songs beguiled the hours, and that new beverage known as "wooden hoop beer," chased dull care away, some times, rapidly. Of course, there were party calls to make and the regiment was always gallant whether in battle or

in social life away from home. One devoted officer proved his gallantry in both senses by climbing the solitary mountain paths many a dark night carrying sweets in his hand (in a jug) and candles in his pocket for the firm friend, who, in grateful exchange often visited the camp with fresh eggs for his mess. A dwelling on the bank of the river over the mountain was a favorite resort of many in the regiment.

Other things occupied attention. Kershaw had a smart trade about that region, in second-hand shirts, tea and coffee, etc. Major Lawrence with a skillful nine selected from Hooker's body guard, challenged the regiment to match them in a manly game of base ball, and his nine got worsted. The New York regiment threw down the glove with a like result. The champion Sharon boys knew a thing or two about base ball, which they had learned in contests with the laurelled Massapoags at home.

In February, the band by a series of skilful serenades to all the principal general officers, and with their never failing enterprise, Amasa Glover interviewing in person everybody who made an indorsement, obtained a combined furlough for thirty days, and joyfully left for old Massachusetts. At Nashville they serenaded their former colonel, whose headquarters were still in bed in a rebel cavalry general's mansion, and the familiar airs were next to a glimpse of home. At Louisville, Ky., they gave a serenade to Gen. Grant's chief quarter-master; it was the price of a special car through to Boston. In the principal cities on the route they serenaded, or played for somebody, and were always hospitably entertained. They made a triumphal entry into Boston, then into North Bridgwater, New Bedford and Lowell, concertising in the last three. The furlough flew away, the band was soon back in Lookout Valley, and Smith, the leader, was presented on arrival by Gen. Howard and staff with a fine silver cornet trimmed with gold. Gold and silver were not too good for his playing.

Meanwhile, changes occurred among the commanders and in the officers of the regiment. The beloved and estimable Col. Orland Smith, a gallant, just and considerate brigade commander, resigned and left the service, and Col. James Wood, jr., of the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth New York, came into command in his stead. Chaplain Cushman succeeded Chaplain Foster of our regiment, made captain of North Carolina volunteers, colored. Captain Geo. M. Walker resigned and went home to the general regret of the regiment. Good and faithful Major Lamson resigned, to go home and die, and Capt. Doane, who had been re-appointed to the regiment as captain, took the majority. Turner became captain.

In April, when the trailing arbutus was peeping up out of the leaves and mosses in sunny spots, with its fragrant pink blossoms, and the early flowers were showing themselves on that mountain side, the famous dinner was given in the regimental parlors, to wit, the hospital tent boarded up, to Col. Duston and his officers of the One Hundred and Fifth Illinois, in return for a similar entertainment to the officers of ours. The decorations dazzled all eyes. Tallow candles glared and melted in profusion; flowers bloomed in pickle bottles; cutlery, crockery and glassware were sometimes of improvised patterns, but effective—and the tables groaned with boiled, roasted and fried ham, in fact, hog in every shape; actual mince pies and varieties of pastry, all flanked by a barrel or two of ale; whether "wooden hooped" is not on record. "The elephant and the giant" were introduced to amuse the audience. That dinner was long remembered.

And so with good cheer and merriment, to drive away the homesickness and the ennui, the winter wore away, and the spring came. The mud began to dry up, and the season rapidly approached which every one knew would bring lively work. It certainly did when it came.

CHAPTER V.

THE CAMPAIGN TO ATLANTA.

The Reorganization in the Spring of 1864. Sherman's Preparations for His Grand Column. The March to Buzzard's Roost and Attack of the Position. The Turning of Dalton. The Battle of Resaca. March to Cassville, Halt, and General Rest. Part of the Second Massachusetts Goes Home. March into the Wilderness of Georgia. The Battle of New Hope Church. Allatoona Pass Flanked. Enemy's Artillery Throwing Old Junk. Lieutenant-General Bishop Polk Deceases. The Fight at Kulp's Farm, and Attack of the Intrenchments of Kenesaw Mountain. Again "Coming 'Round on" the Enemy's "Eends." Atlanta in Sight. Great Right Wheel Towards It. Exit Johnson. Enter Hood. The Battles of Peach Tree Creek and Atlanta. Good-Bye to Joe Hooker. Siege of Atlanta. Last Flank Movement viâ "Lick Skillet." The Mayor Surrenders the City. General Jubilee. The Second and Thirty-Third Massachusetts and One Hundred and Eleventh Pennsylvania on Duty in Atlanta.

With the opening of the spring of 1864, began a new era in the conduct of the war. Grant, the successful commander in the West, had been made Lieutenant-General of the U. S. Army, "The successor of Washington," as Sherman wrote him, and commander-in-chief of all the forces in the field. The great armies in the East and the West had now what they never had before, one head, and under the orders of one controlling mind, in the one general plan for the spring campaign, were to move together down onto the rebellion.

Sherman succeeded Grant in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and now had under him his own Army of the Tennessee, commanded by Maj.-Gen. James B. McPherson, consisting of the Fifteenth Corps, which had helped to fight the Battle of Missionary Ridge, the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Corps, most of both being still on the

Mississippi River; the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by Thomas, consisting of the Fourth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Fourteenth Corps; and the Army of the Ohio, in East Tennessee, commanded by Maj.-Gen. John M. Schofield, who had succeeded Foster, consisting now only of the Twenty-Third Corps, a part of Burnside's former command, the Ninth Corps, having returned to the East and was being reorganized under him. Out of these Armies, Sherman in the plan for the new campaign was to organize an Army of one hundred thousand men to move down from Chattanooga. He took fifty thousand from the Army of the Cumberland, thirty-five thousand from the Army of the Tennessee and fifteen thousand from the Army of the Ohio, retaining the separate organizations and their commanders, and left the balance of the troops in these Armies to hold the territory of the separate Departments. The forces selected for the field were to constitute three columns to co-operate under his chief command. In the reorganization which took place, the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were consolidated into one, called the Twentieth, under Hooker. Gen. Howard of the former was put in command of the Fourth, vice Granger, and Slocum of the Twelfth was assigned a command at Vicksburg. The new Twentieth Corps had three divisions for the field: the first under Brig.-Gen. A. S. Williams, second under Brig.-Gen. J. W. Geary, and the Third under Maj.-Gen. Dan'l Butterfield, Hooker's late chief of staff. Smith's brigade, composed as before of the Fifty-Fifth and Seventy-Third Ohio, Thirty-Third Mass. and One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N. Y., with the addition now of the Twenty-Sixth Wis., the whole under command of Col. James Wood, jr., of the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N.Y. was the third brigade, third division; while the Second Mass., the only other Mass. regiment in the West, was in the second brigade, first division.

As soon as Sherman had selected his commands for the

forward movement, he took immediate steps to concentrate them, and ceaselessly and vigorously made preparations to have them in readiness. A hundred locomotives were kept at work day and night for weeks, whirling trains of rations and supplies into Chattanooga. And when the order to move, from the great captain now in the East, flashed along the wires in the beginning of May, he promptly started for his antagonist, now Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, who was in command of Bragg's Army, Bragg having been relieved by the rebel government soon after the battles about Chattanooga. It had fallen back to Dalton, about thirty miles, where it had wintered. It numbered about forty-five thousand men. Badeau says that Grant during the winter had written to Halleck that the next line to secure should be "that from Chattanooga to Mobile, Montgomery and Atlanta being the important intermediate points." Sherman says the only orders he received from Grant were contained in the letter which he gives, in which Grant says, "You I propose to move against Johnston's Army to break it up, and to get into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources. I do not propose to lay down for you a plan of campaign, but simply to lay down the work it is desirable to have done, and leave you free to execute it in your own way." Grant knew his man,—the country was soon to know him. Next to Sherman, Grant had the greatest confidence in Sherman's Army commanders, he had selected them all.

The writer does not attempt to describe the complicated operations of the different columns in Sherman's campaigns from this on. He, in the second volume of his "Memoirs," describes them so vividly and satisfactorily, that nothing remains to be supplied, as to the general movements, if any one were to attempt to supplement his description. The writer simply tries to give enough of the general movements, to explain where the Thirty-Third comes in.

On the morning of May 2d, reveille in the Thirty-Third was at three o'clock, and soon after sunrise the winter camp was abandoned with all its exhausted luxuries, the extra clothing was carefully stored, never to be seen again, and the march began. It led from the familiar Lookout Valley, the winter's home, around by the steep hill, which the regiment's gallantry and the loss of some of its bravest blood had won; up over the road, along the steep side of Lookout Mountain where Hooker's veterans fought above the clouds, under the frowning Palisades, and the crags of the high peak near Craven's, where the lookout was a wonderful one, the broad ribbon of the Tennessee, and Chattanooga with its girdle of earth works far below, and to the south-west a marvelous stretch of mountain ridges running through four States, where the gateway to "the Gate City," Atlanta, was to be found. Then the march was on down across the valley of the Chattanooga Creek, through Rossville Gap in the Missionary Ridge near the old house of John Ross, the Cherokee Chief, then passing over the great battle field of Chickamauga, "river of death," truly as it means in Cherokee, with its woods riddled with bullets, and its silent mounds of dead, into bivouac at length among the fires of the united division at Lee and Gordon's mill. Then crossing the west Chickamauga Creek, on, in the next few days marches into its valley over the Chickamauga Hills to Pleasant Grove, below Ringgold, and around about through Nickajack Valley, the landscapes beautiful with the bloom and rich with the wealth of summer, trees and shrubs gorgeous with blossoms, the air redolent of perfume and filled with the hum of bees and the songs of myriads of birds, the regiment foraging occasionally for stray chickens; following the crowded track of other divisions through Gordon's Gap, over Taylor's Ridge by Gordon's Springs, on through Dog Wood Valley, the valley of the East Chickamauga Creek, to near Buzzard's Roost

Mountain. Next on what seemed to be a reconnoisance with the rest of the brigade, to Buzzard's Roost Gap in the Rocky Face Mountains, encountering the outposts of Johnston's Army. The first scream of a shell here over the heads of the band, convinced the new chaplain, Cushman, that war as experienced in Sherman's army, was not suited to his calling, and he left. The next day, May 9th, the regiment was skirmishing with the Seventy-Third Ohio into the gap, frowning guns being on every cliff and in every crevice up to the very top of the high precipitous mountain, and the narrow valley of Mill Creek being submerged with water; the artillery of the Fourteenth Corps assisting on one side, and the guns of Geary's division, led on now by Buschbeck's brigade, booming away in Dug Gap; all this demonstration, including the reconnoisance, being parts of a feigned attack to detain Johnston, while McPherson's Army was hurrying on by flank marches at the right to gain the enemy's rear: "Uncle Billy," as his soldiers loved to call him, not proposing to attack in front, a pass in the mountains that such a soldier as Johnston had been six months fortifying.

When relieved by a brigade of the Fourteenth Corps from gallant duty here at Buzzard's Roost, the Thirty-Third was solemnly marched to be inspected by the rebel widow Haynes, in her door-yard, to see whether the regiment was wearing, as she alleged, her stolen chemises and drawers. But it was not, fortunately. She had mistaken, as it turned out the "83" of another regiment, on the caps of the thieves, for "33." The regiment marched back scattering imprecations by the wayside, and came into camp to the lively airs of the "Rogues' march" and "Oh dear, what can the matter be," played by the band in its best style, as pæans of triumph. Ample foraging among the widow's live stock was promised as a sweet revenge. The rain prevented it that day, and the next—with war's common fortune, the regiment was march-

ing with its Corps, miles away from the widow's hen roosts, in the track of McPherson's Army, through Snake Creek Gap, following on for a day or two, troops and sluggish trains of supplies and artillery, corduroying roads, which the rains made resemble the familiar ones of Virginia, and which almost engulfed crippled wagons and caissons. At length it emerged with the rest of its column in Sugar Valley, and so Dalton was turned without a battle. The flanking campaign had begun. Johnston's Army, however, had been able to fall back in season, and was in and around Resaca confronting ours. Howard's Corps pushed on down the railroad after him. It was fondly hoped by Sherman that McPherson would surprise Resaca and secure the river and the roads to the rear so that Joe Johnston could be bagged, and the gallant Audenried of Sherman's staff had ridden as hard as he did into Knoxville, all one night, and bespattered his handsome person with mud, to learn if the commander's plans had succeeded. Resaca was surprised, a handful of our men crossed the railroad, but McPherson or Gen. Dodge, the commander of his leading Corps, had been over cautious and fallen back, though only a division held the town, and there was no help for it now but to fight a battle.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

The town of Resaca lies in a tongue of land between the Oostenaula river on its left, and the Coonasuga on its right, the opening, or base of the tongue being on the northward approach to the town. The enemy was found comfortably entrenched in a semi-circle, convex to the north, behind, and following the course of Camp Creek, with a series of earthworks and rifle pits, completely covering the opening into the bend. They were in a bag as reported, but a bag that it was not easy to take. The three armies having now all arrived in front of Resaca, the Army of the Ohio having fought along down

at the left of Dalton, were deployed before the stronghold. McPherson on the right, Thomas in the centre, and Schofield on the left. McPherson moved up to threaten and carry the bridges over the river, that Kilpatrick's cavalry could not manage; Kilpatrick himself, was brought in wounded, using some profane language. Logan's batteries of McPherson's Army were playing on the enemy at pretty long range, as the Thirty-Third marched by to take its place, with the Army of the Cumberland in the centre. The whole line wheeled around on McPherson as a pivot, closing in onto the rebel defences.

The regiment went into line of battle early in the morning of the 14th, with the brigade on the edge of the open field, on the left of McPherson. The roar of heavy guns and the sound of musketry indicated that sharp work was near. Company C was out skirmishing, and pushed forward across the plain, among the stumps, towards the enemy's line on the wooded hill beyond, with a loss of one killed, Private Lawrence of that company, and two wounded. At midnight, the regiment just as it had about finished its line of rifle pits, was relieved by troops of the Fourteenth Corps, and went back into a short bivouac. Johnston meanwhile had made a heavy attack on our left, and Howard's Corps had got the worst of it until Williams' division of the Twentieth Corps gallantly went to the rescue, drove back the enemy, and retook a battery that had been once lost.

The next morning, the 15th of May, the regiment was moved with its division, the Third, wearing the blue star of the Corps, further to the left, crossing the travelled road from Dalton to Resaca, and took its place with the red and white star divisions of its Corps. The Second Mass., in the first division, was sent out on a reconnoisance and found at a considerable distance beyond, a four gun redoubt in the woods on a high knob, which had a raking fire down the road,

and rebel infantry in rifle pits along the crest on either side; it was the key of the enemy's position in that part of their line. Hooker was ordered to carry, if possible, this position. He was always ready, as the army knew, for such an order, especially if it involved tough fighting. As soon as the Second Mass. returned and brought the information, Butterfield's third division was moved up to begin the assault at about one o'clock P. M. The brigades at first in column, were deployed into line. Ward's brigade on the right was to take the redoubt which had already begun to seriously annoy our line. Wood's brigade was to co-operate by forcing the enemy's position on the same eminence to the left. Coburn's brigade was to support as a reserve. Wood's brigade was formed with batallions in echelon. The Twenty-Sixth Wisconsin on the right, next the Thirty-Third Mass., then the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N. Y., the Fifty-Fifth and Seventy-Third Ohio. Between the brigade's position and the enemy's was a steep hill, continuous with three ridges on the right, with an open valley beyond, in front of the left of the brigade. The brigade advanced double-quick, with its skirmishers leading through the pine thickets, up onto the steep hill, driving the rebel skirmishers from the top. In this advance, the tall major of the Fifty-Fifth Ohio, Robbins, was killed, and Lieut. Williams, in command of the Thirty-Third skirmish line, was wounded. Lieut. Henry J. Parker took Williams' place. A halt was made for a while. Then the order came along, "Forward, double-quick." Again the Thirty-Third moved forward, its skirmishers falling into line, along the little depression up onto the ridge beyond, all the way through the thick underbrush, and exposed to a severe fire from the enemy's guns and rifles, down through the little valley and up onto the third ridge, to within a few yards of the enemy's rifle pits and works, where the fire was terrifically close and hot. It had to hug the ridge to keep from destruc-

tion. When a head showed itself, it drew a bullet. The brave and true Lieut. Parker, one of the earliest to volunteer in the old Sixth Mass., was one of the first shot here. Men dropped rapidly. The Twenty-Sixth Wis. had been partially crowded out on the right.

The regiments to the left had a harder time. The rebel guns raked the open valley over which they had to cross, and their skirmishers poured in a sharp fire from woods on the left. Col. Gambee of the Fifty-Fifth Ohio was here killed. He had said to a brother officer, "I believe my time has come"; within a half hour he had a bullet through him. His, and the N. Y. regiment finally crossed the valley in gallant shape, and came up on the left. The Seventy-Third had to change front, and was unable to make headway against the murderous fire from so many directions, till Knipe's brigade of the first division came to its relief, then it started into the fire, came up to a N. Y. regiment, of Geary's division which was lying down, and the two pushed up with mutual rivalry to the brow of the hill. Geary's men came up to assist the right, where the Thirty-Third was, which could get no farther. One of the officers in rallying his men said to them: "Show them what the white stars can do." "Bully for you," was the cordial response. With a cheer they passed over the Thirty-Third as it was lying down, into the storm, got only a few feet, got enough of the storm, and came out going towards the rear. Wood's men were then left in the advance and held the crest quite awhile. Twice the enemy came out of their works and charged the left of the line where the Ohio regiments were, and twice they were driven back, finally to stay. Williams' division was there close by. When Butterfield's advanced, it had been thrown in double-quick to his left. It met these advances of the enemy, that had reached to the Seventy-Third and Fifty-Fifth Ohio, and repelled them handsomely.

Ward's brigade, which had the brunt of the undertaking, moved on in column of battalions, crossed an open field swept by fire from the redoubt and rifle pits on both flanks, right up to the knob, under the guns of the redoubt, his leading regiment, the Seventieth Indiana, entered the embrasures, shot down the gunners and planted their flag on the redoubt; but they could not stay, the redoubt was within range of the rifle pits beyond, and the brigade had to fall back. A handful, however, sheltered themselves under cover of the redoubt, and kept up such a fire that the enemy could not retake their guns. The Kentucky Gen. Ward was wounded in the assault, and the command devolved on Col. Harrison, grandson of the ex-President. The division had suffered severely, was now out of ammunition, and Hooker ordered it withdrawn. It was relieved by Geary's.

Some of the regiment's best men were killed or mortally wounded on that ridge. Besides Lieutenant Parker, Lieutenant Edgar L. Bumpus, afterwards breveted captain, a fine soldier, obedient and brave: Private Ricker of Co. H, a lad only seventeen and a recruit only a week with the regiment. Such is war. Corporal McCormick of Co. A; Privates Bramhall, Gay and Gustus of Co. B; Corporal Cobb, Private LaClare of Co. D; Private Bowers of Co. E; Corporals Hutchinson and Locking of Co. F; 1st Sergeant Paine, Privates Bowden and Thissell of Co. G; Corporal Dale and Private Wheeler, besides Ricker of Co. H; Corporal Sweeney and Privates Dunbar and Morrison of Co. I; Privates Fisher, Hogan and White of Co. K. Sixty officers and men besides, were wounded and missing. Three color bearers were killed or wounded one after another. Corporal Buckley's hat was badly damaged; the top of it was shot clean off, and it was said that his hair was seen above the remnant standing up straight, like the quills of a porcupine. Other regiments in the brigade suffered badly. Sherman said of the whole Corps that it did some "handsome fighting that day."

The guns of the redoubt, which neither side could approach by day, and which were securely guarded by the Indiana men, were dragged in that night by some of Geary's men. The fighting had been heavy all along our long line. The left had not only maintained its ground against all the attacks of Johnston, but had pushed him back. The Twentieth Corps had suffered the heaviest, losing nearly two thousand men. McPherson on the right, had carried the position in his front, till the bridges over the river were at the mercy of his artillery, and a column of cavalry and infantry had crossed the river at Lay's ferry, some miles below, and crossed onto the railroad. Johnston was again outflanked; his communications were in imminent danger, and in the morning he was gone, "bag and baggage," and our Army was after him rapidly.

The roads were strewed for miles with muskets, bayonets and tools; and in the temporary hospitals, made of boughs, were dead and dying men, showing the haste of the flight. On the road marched by the Thirty-Third, a poor fellow was left on the operating table, and one of our surgeons kindly took up the operation where the rebel doctor had left it, and finished it. Resaca was a myth, for all the men of the Thirty-Third saw of it, but on the other side of the Coonasauga a river which was crossed by a temporary bridge, they found what they cared more for than all the towns of Georgia—a pile of tobacco hidden in a secesh house. Each man of the brigade got his half pound, and such a cheering went up. In the luxury of the moment, yesterday's battle, with all its horrors, was forgotten. The death wounds, and the partings of comrades, and the song of the hour was—the weed—the Army's solace. An old scow, with a primitive rope apparatus, slowly conveyed the division, the next midnight after the battle, over the Coosawattee, the other branch of the Oostenaula, beyond the Coonasauga. Then three hot days' march through a pleasant country, baking in the sun, past splendid

farms mostly deserted, with an unfortunate scarcity of fowls, passing near Adairsville, then through pretty towns with neat white houses, and trim flower gardens, all deserted, brought the division, after it had got lost one night and bivouacked in a square with parked teams, to the vicinity of the enemy near Cassville.

Skirmishers were thrown out and the brigade marched in line of battle. The enemy's skirmishers were so near that they amused themselves by repeating the orders of Col. Faulkner, commanding Wood's skirmish line, "Move up a little Captain Wood, on the right, move up," while our men shouted in derision at their old field piece which was harmlessly firing blank cartridges for want of something better. Once the brigade mistook a column of the enemy, moving to the left, for our men, and came near being out-flanked and captured by Hardee's Corps. The artillery was hurried to the left. The third brigade retired to a commanding position, and intrenched till the other brigades came up. Then the whole division was pushed forward, Wood's brigade in column by battalions in mass, wading across the little stream, moved up onto the low hills, through the burning timber, came in sight of Cassville, and there, on the right, a glorious sight suddenly burst upon the eyes of Butterfield's men, the divisions of the Army of the Cumberland in line, while near by was the Army of the Tennessee concentrating for a battle.

Johnston had evidently intended to fight one here. He had three miles of earth works around on the hills beyond the town, and everything seemed to be in readiness. He wanted to fight one, so did Hardee, but two of his three Corps commanders, Polk and Hood, did not, as he says in his narrative, though Hood denies this in his. Johnston says in his report he has regretted ever since not fighting here. The enemy were in force on the heights beyond the town, which after a

lively skirmish, in which some of the brigade took part in the streets, was abandoned with several hot suppers all ready for some of our men when they had got possession of the place. The regiment lost in the skirmish of the day, May 19th, one killed and two wounded. The next day the enemy were gone. Shelter tents were pitched, and the army was allowed to rest a few days, while the railroad was repaired and supplies got up. The bridge at Resaca was repaired in three days, and trains were running to Kingston on the fourth. Clothing had a general wash, rations were sent up and distributed, the band went serenading generals at night, and letters were sent home,—the first opportunity since the start from Chattanooga. Wood's brigade encamped on Nancy's Creek. Here at Cassville, May 22d, the long three years' enlistment of the only other Massachusetts regiment in the Western Army, the Second, expired, and the officers and soldiers (not a large number) who had not re-enlisted, bade good bye to comrades, and the attractions of army life, and started for the waiting ones in old Massachusetts. Faithfully and bravely the oath of muster in at Brook Farm had been kept. They were comrades of this historian, and he vouches for the truth of this assertion.

The enemy retreated through the Allatoona Mountains, along the line of the railroad, into the stronghold of Allatoona pass, and there lay in wait for Sherman. But he had known the country too well when a lieutenant of artillery, and concluded not to go that route, but to turn the rebel position again, as was his custom, and move southward toward Dallas.

The morning of the 23d, reveille was three o'clock in the Twentieth Corps, and it started. The march was fearfully hot and dusty, down across the Etowah River, on pontoons, through a rich country, fine houses and splendid plantations, up over a ridge of the Allatoona Mountains, down the other

side on the road to Dallas, into the beginning of miles of the densest woods — the Wilderness of Georgia — as impenetrable by nature, and, the scene of as obstinate fighting as its namesake, where the Army of the Potomac was now hewing its way from Chancellorsville to Spottsylvania. This Georgia thicket was remembered by the soldiers in Sherman's Army, for the trials and bloody encounter there, by the expressive sobriquet, the "Hell Hole." Late in the afternoon of the 24th, Butterfield's division was drawn off from the Dallas road to a place at the left called "Burnt Hickory," where it encamped.

THE BATTLE OF NEW HOPE CHURCH.

In this march toward Dallas, the Twentieth Corps formed a column by itself. On the following morning its three divisions were moving on three different roads, all converging toward Dallas, cautiously, down into this unknown country, aware of the proximity of the enemy; for Johnston, finding Sherman was not disposed to come into his nice little arrangement at the pass, and being now re-enforced so that he had sixty thousand men, hastened to throw his Army in Sherman's way, and soon indicated his proximity. Geary's division reached Pumkin Vine Creek first; as it arrived there in the forenoon, it found rebel cavalry attempting to burn the bridge, and after a skirmish drove them away. They fell back upon their infantry which Geary found in force four miles further on, and about the same distance from Dallas, and began what Sherman calls "A sharp battle." Butterfield's division after crossing the creek further to the east was hurried up to support Geary. It was massed beside the road to wait for its place. Williams' division came up from another road further to the west, and was deployed in line. Hooker was ordered by Sherman to secure possession of New Hope Church, close by where three roads meet, one of them

the Dallas road. Hooker was convinced that a large part of the rebel Army was in that vicinity, and that he had a formidable undertaking. He waited till his third division was all up; there was some delay in getting into position, and then the struggle began, about five P. M. with part of Hood's Corps, Stewart's division, says Johnston, for the possession of the Methodist meeting-house and its approaches. The enemy was formed in a line concave to ours, protected by some hastily thrown up rifle pits. While the two other divisions were becoming engaged with the enemy, Butterfield's was moved obliquely from the rear to the left, and as the brigades uncovered, the lines in front were deployed, the third brigade was the last of the division.

As the Thirty-Third came up, there seemed to be half a dozen lines in front. The Fifty-Fifth Ohio and One Hundred Thirty-Sixth N. Y. were in first line; Seventy-Third Ohio and Thirty-Third Mass. in second, and Twenty-Sixth Wis. in third. The brigade moved forward with its right on the road, into a bloody fight. It had scarcely got in before it found a rebel line on the left which enfiladed its lines. The Seventy-Third Ohio changed front and was ordered to advance upon the enemy, which it bravely did, meeting a warm reception, and it was unable to go further. The Thirty-Third changed front, also, and went to its assistance, forming on the left, thus being the left of the whole line, and pouring in its fire. But the rebel line was too strongly protected by its rifle pits, and the two regiments had to stay and take the fire, as they persistently did, without doing much good. They sought the cover of the ground as much as they could, but could get no complete protection. The Thirty-Third and Twenty-Sixth Wis., which had now relieved the Seventy-Third Ohio, kept up the musketry into the night, till a heavy thunder storm and the pitch darkness put a stop to the contest. The rest of the Corps made no better progress. Hooker had

been unable to get possession of this road, though he had fought hard for it. Thomas said he had never seen any better fighting.

The Corps' lost was very severe. The Seventy-Third and Thirty-Third suffered heavily, the former had seventy-two killed and wounded, the Thirty-Third fifty-nine. The killed or mortally wounded were Privates Lawrence and Putnam, Co. A; Patrick Harrington, Murray, O'Leary, and Twomey, Co. C; Nolan, Co. D; Geo. H. Williams, Co. E; Corporal Mansur, Co. G; Private Dutton, Co. H; 1st Sergeant Hill and Sergeant Ryder, Co. I; Private Ingraham, Co. K. This engagement of the Twentieth Corps, and the fighting in this neighborhood which it commenced, was called in the Official Reports, and by Johnston "The Battle of New Hope Church." It was generally known in the regiment as "Dallas," that town being about four miles away, sometimes as "Burnt Hickory."

Our men threw up counter works in the night. The Armies came up into line on the right and left, and the contest was renewed the next day, but the enemy's position was too strong to be carried in front. Johnston was at New Hope Church in person. For ten days Sherman's Armies sat down before that natural fortress as it proved to be, occupied by Johnston's whole Army, and worked as vigilantly to pierce a weak spot without a disproportionate loss of life, and in turn to defend themselves, as did his Army to do the same. The rebs scooped and grooved their hills for rifle pits and for cover to their batteries, and hid in gullies. Our men scooped and grooved and hid their guns and themselves too. The enemy once in a while attempted to surprise some part of our line, and emerged out of the jungle in a dashing charge, only to be mowed down by our canister and minie balls. Ours charged in turn, up steep hills and down ugly ravines, into masked guns and blazing musketry. Nights were hideous

with alarms and surprises, rattling musketry and bursting shells. Along the whole line of eight or ten miles, by day, when there was no sally or open attack, men would only be seen as skirmishers fired and dodged from tree to tree, and whoever hunted for the skirmishers heard the whistle of bullets, from the commanding general, who narrowly escaped, down to the corporal of pickets. It was Sherman's tactics all the while to gain the railroad to the left, and so he gradually withdrew his divisions from the right to overlap on the left. In doing this there was frequent fighting. The Fourth and part of the Fourteenth Corps had a battle on the left, but could not pierce the enemy's line. McPherson had a severe battle at Dallas the first two days that he attempted a movement to the left. During this while, the Thirty-Third took its turn in the trenches, skirmishing with the hidden but enterprising enemy, and then when relieved, retiring to a cheerless bivouac and to the monotony of listening to the ceaseless rattle and roar of skirmishing and battle. The brigade kept gradually moving to the left, as the rest of the line did, marching each time two or three miles. At length, on the 4th of June, after nearly ten days intermittent skirmishing and engagements, Johnston finding he could detain our Army no longer before New Hope Church, or prevent its change of base to the railroad in his rear, evacuated his position, and our whole Army concentrated in the neighborhood of Ackworth, between Allatoona and Kenesaw Mountain, having possession of the railroad which was repaired for bringing up supplies, and of good wagon roads leading to it. So much was gained by what Sherman calls the drawn battle of New Hope Church, and by the manœuvreing. And now Allatoona Pass was safely left behind, and nearly one hundred miles from Chattanooga, in the month's campaign. The Armies of Sherman were in readiness for the next obstacle on the road to Atlanta, which was soon ready for them. On the 10th

they moved forward to Big Shanty Station, and now McPherson had before him Kenesaw Mountain; Thomas, Pine Mountain; Schofield, Lost Mountain, occupied, or covered, by the enemy's entrenched lines, and the next move in the campaign was to capture or turn them.

The Thirty-Third found itself in this last move of the Armies near the right, between Lost Mountain and Pine Mountain, in front of the enemy's intrenched lines, while the Army of the Cumberland was in position before their lines; here Gen. Sherman in the course of an inspection of our front, on the fourteenth of June, stirred up some of Howard's batteries with an unexpected result. Observing a group of the enemy on the top of Pine Knob, as it was called, he ordered a captain of an Indiana battery to fire three volleys into it, to drive it to cover, and rode off to order the next battery to do the same, to interrupt the hostile inspection. One of the shots from the Indiana battery exploded the plump person of Lieut.-Gen. Leonidas Polk, who it seemed was in the group, and the Right Rev. Bishop of Lousiana, as he was ecclesiastically, was thus instantly mustered out of the church militant, to join, we will believe, the church triumphant, where bishops never fight. Capt. Graves was looking through a telescope, in tranquil violation of orders, as it proved in the tent of one of our signal officers at Hooker's headquarters, watching the wonderful gyrations of the rebel signal man, with his flag on the top of Kenesaw Mountain far away, while he was telling of this calamity to their cause, as Hooker's signal officer read his signals, though they were all Greek to Graves. He was never afforded another opportunity to learn the art.

The next day there was fighting on the left, and the enemy gave up Pine Mountain. In the afternoon, Butterfield's division moved forward on the right, being relieved by a division of Howard's Corps in the process of closing in,

crossed the works of Schofield's Army on the Sandtown road, and about a mile beyond the enemy was encountered. Dispositions were made for attack. Ward's brigade went in, supported by Wood's, and advanced close up to the rebel intrenchments. The shot and shell flew furiously. Ward's brigade and Coburn's, which relieved it, skirmished all night, while Wood's rested on their arms, in position. The next day it built a line of works, and in the afternoon moved into those some other brigade had built on the left, close to the enemy's. The regiment had three wounded in the fight. The next day the enemy was gone from their immediate front, and the division pushed on again for a couple of miles, into another position nearer Kenesaw. In this manner our whole line kept moving constantly, generally from left to right before Kenesaw, investing closely every new position taken by the enemy, taking advantage of every weak spot to get nearer; skirmishing and fighting became the regular order of every day. In fact, it was said to be the regular tactics of Johnston to harrass our men, and keep them from sleep by constant occupation, and night alarms. He succeeded in this, pretty effectually, as the Thirty-Third ascertained, but doubtless found that two could play at that game, and that his men could not lead very regular lives under Sherman's system of siege.

The constant artillery duels served to tax the enemy's ammunition supplies a good deal, and they apparently foraged about for all the old iron in the country. One day as the Thirty-Third was marching along, a rebel battery was literally throwing old junk at our men. Old rusty spikes, nuts and hinges, old files and padlocks and pieces of old coffee mills were flying through the air in the most promiscuous manner. The miscellaneous accumulation of years on old plantations, in the iron way, were now being distributed expeditiously in half an hour. This sort of shot was not half

so effective as old stocking legs full of minie balls which Capt. Bundy, on our side, used to throw at the rebs. That kind used to punish badly. During all this artillery fighting, both Armies were digging away like beavers. The pickets and skirmishers as well, had each his hole, and little lunette made of a log, and earth scooped up onto it. Some of the divisions had a pioneer Corps made up of contrabands, who worked while the Army slept, or tried to sleep, and slept while the la'ter was fighting.

Meanwhile the rains set in, such as they have in that region, steady rains for weeks, when delicious June down there becomes a sorry month, the wettest of wet seasons. On the twenty-first of the month, Sherman telegraphed Halleck, "This is the nineteenth day of rain, the roads are impassable, the fields and woods become quagmires." The Thirty-Third experienced the results of this state of facts as an outdoor residence. Everywhere mud and water; fires would not burn. Artillery got stuck; but still with perseverance and Yankee ingenuity the business went on, and our lines gained ground steadily, and the enemy lost it. They had given up Pine Knob, they soon gave up Lost Mountain, altogether six miles of solid earth-works, and swung back, close around Kenesaw. As they moved out fighting, our men moved in fighting.

During the month of June, the Thirty-Third moved half a dozen times, with varying experiences. In one spot, early in the month, the officers made their headquarters in a corn crib. Often the regiment found itself in line of battle, and generally moved to gain ground toward the enemy. Now and then a man was wounded. Lieut. Marston at one time. On the nineteenth day of June, the regiment advanced with its division in line through a jungle, it was like going through a grape-vine trellis, crossed Nose's Creek, which was quite swollen, and about a mile beyond, without any support,

charged and drove back the enemy in the thick wood. Two men of the regiment were wounded here. The next day Butterfield's division supported Williams' in a movement to the right, Howard's Corps having relieved it, and it came out into a clearing, and a very large farm of Mrs. Kulp. That day was memorable for the whiskey ration, its first and last appearance in the campaign. The day after, the division supported Geary's division in an advance, the Fourth Corps coming up and connecting on the left as before. Hooker's Corps was all this while on the right of its Army next to Schofield's, whose Corps formed the extreme right.

On the morning of the twenty-second, the first day the sun came out for a long period. Sherman directed Thomas to move Hooker forward again, and ordered Schofield to support him. Geary very early in the morning drove the enemy from a hill a mile in front, turned the rebel intrenchments inside out and prepared to stay, as he did. Williams' division moved up into line to his right, its right flank resting on the Powder Spring road near the Kulp house. Butterfield's division was ordered to move forward into line on the left. The skirmishers started on the double-quick, followed and supported by the division line. Capt. Graves commanded the skirmishers of the Thirty-Third. They went through a wheat field, over a little brook and its borders of elders, all the while under a sharp fire of the enemy, reached some timber, handsomely captured a high and important ridge, and took a position within a hundred and fifty yards of the enemy's intrenchments. The whole line threw up rifle pits and staid there. It was a charge for which the skirmishers, the regiment, and, in fact, the whole division was much complimented by eye witnesses. The regiment lost in the charge, killed or mortally wounded, Seargeant Harodon and Private Ryan of Co. B; R. W. Parker of Co. E; Keames and McNulty of Co. G, and McGuire of Co. I. Capt. Graves, and near twenty men were wounded.

The enemy found the Twentieth Corps, by this move, too dangerously near their left flank and apparently thought it was isolated. Hood's Corps was shifted from Johnston's right to his left and now confronted Hooker. That afternoon he came out in those strong lines with a formidable rebel yell and made a furious attack on the Twentieth Corps near the Powder Spring road, which fell almost wholly on the first and second divisions. It was a sharp battle. The splendid artillery of the Corps was too much for the enemy, "intrenched artillery," as Johnston calls it, and Hood had to retire after three heavy attacks. Johnston, who did not love Hood over-much, says the attack was made against his orders. Johnston seems to have had the same suspicion of his Corps commander that Sherman says, at this time, he had of Hooker: that he was inclined to "switch off" for a little independent glory. Hooker certainly won it sometimes. Hood was to have his chance later. The Thirty-Third went with its division hurriedly to the right, near the Kulp house and near the fighting, but it was not needed. Schofield was there, co-operating in repelling Hood's attack. The next day the regiment went still further to the right and built a line of works. Here it remained until July 3d. In one of the movements near the Kulp house, private Capen of Company K was mortally wounded.

From its position near the Kulp house the Thirty-Third witnessed, on the 27th of June, the assault upon the enemy's intrenched works on Kenesaw Mountain, which Sherman ordered. He thought it would have a healthy effect on his troops, if it did not dislodge the enemy. He says in his "Memoirs," his men had got the idea that all they had to do was to "deploy before the enemy, throw up counter-works and take it easy, leaving it to 'the old man' to turn the position."

The assault was gallantly made by three or four divisions from both the armies of the Cumberland and Tennessee,

(including Geary's of the Twentieth Corps) while a general attack was made along the ten miles of line. As an assault to drive the enemy, it was a failure. As an exhibition of down-right fighting, it was a marked success, with lamentable losses. Johnston declares that a thousand dead were *counted in front of his lines.* It elicited the blunt opinion from plain old General Thomas: "Any move is better than butting against breastworks twelve feet thick." Sherman said it was the hardest fighting of the campaign, so far. After this, Sherman went back to his old ways and stuck to his flanking manœuvres, which an estimable Georgia old lady complained of in her classic Georgia speech. "You uns don't fight we uns far, you always come round on our eends." McPherson's army was swung from the left to the right of our lines. Johnston's rear was again in danger, so, on July 3d, he gathered up his baggage and started for the Chattahoochie river. Our armies started rapidly after him. Just before this new move, July 1st, General Butterfield relinquished the command of his division, and General Ward, the senior brigade commander, succeeded him. The Thirty-Third pushed on in the general pursuit of Johnston, through acres of breastworks and miles of fortified positions which were thus abandoned by the enemy. (Sherman says they must have had at least fifty miles of them). The houses which were passed had been fortified and the roads were full of the sort of obstructions which our men called "sheepricks." The march kept on to near Marietta, where Sherman had lived before the war as plain college professor. Ward's division had a skirmish with Johnston's rear guard. The next July 4th, the Country's natal day, the Twentieth Corps moved to the right three miles, closing up to the Twenty-Third Corps. The rest of the day the Thirty-Third spent listening to noisy rejoicings after the National manner, from brass bands and other army implements for making a noise; in the evening to the more domestic

music of old violins; when some of the lucky members were provided with an occasional solace in milk punch and the raw extracts from wheat. From here, crossing the Nickajack creek, the regiment marched on two days, peacefully blackberrying by the way, luxuriating in green corn, and punished with heat, dust and musquitos till the spires of Atlanta were in sight ten miles off. The diaries of the men speak of the weather as "hot," * * "hotter," * * and "hottest," and now and then of a real "yellow day." The march of the army was suddenly brought to a halt near the Chattahoochie river. Johnston was too good a general to be surprised; he had leisurely retired here, into a strongly fortified and immense "tete de pont" that a thousand contrabands under good engineers had been a month getting ready for him in anticipation, shut the door, and all there was left for Sherman was to butt his head against it, as he tried to at Kenesaw, or go around. He decided to go around, this time by the left. Previous to the movement, and while waiting for the waters to subside at the ferries, a rest was given the tired armies by Sherman. In this while, the hostile pickets fraternized. The truce began with the characteristic proposal from Rebs: "If you uns won't fire at we uns, we uns won't fire at you uns." A lively trade was struck up in coffee and tobacco. On the 9th of July, Schofield's army crossed the river above the railroad without opposition, at Soap Creek, and the very night he crossed, Johnston evacuated his trenches, burnt his bridges and retired to the other side. On the 13th, McPherson's army crossed the river farther above at Roswell. On the 17th of July, the days of rest were over in Thomas' army, the truce up, and it crossed just above Johnston's intrenchments, on pontoons, at Pace's ferry; then a great right wheel of the three armies was made towards the gate city of Georgia — the objective point of the campaign. On that 17th of July, the Thirty-Third was detached from its brigade by

order of General Hooker and detailed to the duty of guarding the supply train of the division. It had become greatly reduced in numbers by losses in battle, and in the trying campaigns had been hard marched, had its share of exposure, and it seemed its turn now to have a soft thing. The change was welcomed by officers and men like a holiday by school-boys. They were marched to their post and truly commiserated the regiment that was relieved by them, which had to go back to digging and fighting. At this important period of the campaign, Johnston, the commander of the rebel army, was by the fortunate stupidity of Jeff. Davis, relieved of command, ordered into retirement and his place supplied by Lieut. General, now General Hood, his ambitious corps commander. Johnston had ably manœuvred his army in the long retreat, had skillfully turned the chain of mountains into a series of impregnable fortresses, and will be known in history as, perhaps, the ablest of all the confederate generals in the war; but he was informed by the rebel Secretary of War, he says, that he "had failed to arrest the advance of the enemy to the vicinity of Atlanta, and expressed no confidence that" he "could defeat or repel him," and was relieved of command. His failure in the waning fortunes of the Confederacy was a crime.

BATTLE OF PEACH-TREE CREEK.

While the armies of Sherman, seperated from each other, were marching to unite, and the army of the Cumberland was crossing Peach Tree creek, Hood thought his oppertunity had come to crush that army thus left alone. He wanted to show, too, doubtless, that he would make a new departure from Johnston's strategy. He marched out with nearly his whole force and when Thomas' men were resting at noon, unconscious of any immediate danger, though well deployed, fell upon them with columns in heavy masses, without even skirmishers.

The blow fell on the Twentieth Corps, and parts of the Fourth and Fourteenth. The rebels came on, urged by the promise of their officers that if they could break through our lines "the Yank's were gone up," and they seemed determined to prove it; but our men met them with the old pluck. Thomas was full of resources and Hooker full of fight. The divisions had to form front in almost every direction, and take attacks first in one direction and then another. Ward's division was comfortably eating its dinner in the flat fields beyond the creek, when the fire along the skirmish line became sharp, indicating there was trouble ahead and the division sprang to arms. The One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N. Y. was on the skirmish line and made a fine resistance. Soon the enemy was reported as advancing in several lines and seemed about to crush Newton's division of the Fourteenth Corps, next on the left. Here were some hills just in front. In the absence of orders, as time pressed, Captain, afterwards Colonel, Winkler, then commanding the Twenty-Sixth Wis., moved forward his regiment and Colonel Harrison his brigade on the right, to the first range of hills, seizing it, then down the slope, followed by the rest of Wood's brigade, halting in a ravine, as the enemy's lines came down the range of hills beyond. Here the Twenty-Sixth Wisc. was subjected to a heavy fire from the advancing lines and also from an enfilading fire at the left, and suffered severely; but it pluckily held on, and when the enemy was within ten paces it sprang up, poured in a heavy fire which scattered the enemy's front, and led the advance of Wood's brigade up onto the hills beyond, taking the enemy here in flank with terrible effect, and relieved the pressure on Newton's division; it captured the colors of the Thirty-Third Miss.; the Colonel and every officer in that regiment was killed or wounded in the fight. The valley between the ridges was filled with dead and wounded rebels. Colonel Wood said in his report that the brunt of the enemy's attack, in his front, fell

on the Twenty-Sixth Wisc., and that its fighting could not be excelled. It was relieved soon by the Seventy-Third O., which moved into a shower of balls. It had quite a fight, but the enemy made no progress. Geary's and Williams' divisions on the right had an equally hard fight and as stubbornly drove the enemy back. Hooker's Corps expended in the battle a hundred rounds of ammunition per man. Wood's brigade lost one hundred and forty-three killed and wounded; the division, five hundred and twenty; the corps, seventeen hundred. Ward's division captured seven battle flags. The artillery fire on our side was particularly effective; ten guns were got into position in the nick of time, by Thomas' personal directions. Two furious assaults were made by Hood with great odds, and the fighting kept on from the middle of the afternoon till dark, but he never got through our lines or captured a gun, and his men lay piled up by thousands in front of the army of the Cumberland. So ended the battle of Peach-Tree Creek; a handsome piece of work on Joe Hooker's part, that he left to remember him by. The Thirty-Third only shared in the glory of the day through the bravery of their comrades of the rest of their division, (Ward's). It was about the first instance they were not in battle with the rest. The enemy now retired from the front. Two days afterward the Corps marched forward expecting to find Atlanta evacuated, but it found the enemy instead, a mile or two beyond, snug in their strong works, and went to intrenching themselves.

That same day, July 22d, Hood attempted by a similar movement to surprise and defeat the army of the Tennessee as it was on the march to take position on the extreme left of the line. He gained the left and rear of McPherson's army before he was discovered, the cavalry being absent. McPherson himself was shot down by the enemy's skirmishers and his riderless horse came flying back before hardly anyone knew they were there. Hood made a fierce assault, and soon after,

another in front from Atlanta which broke through the lines of the army of the Tennessee, capturing batteries, and came near cutting off that army: but Grant's old army, under the temporary command of Logan, fought as they had under Grant and Sherman: restored their lines and repulsed, it was said, seven assaults of Hood, killing over three thousand of his men and retaking batteries. This battle is known as the Battle of Atlanta, and will long be remembered as the battle in which McPherson, one of the most lamented and one of the ablest commanders in the war, fell: young—only thirty four years of age: tall, handsome and noble, full of vigor and spirits. Officers and soldiers, and even an old soldier like Sherman, could not hold back tears in talking of his loss. He was killed fighting his class-mate at West Point, (Hood,) with the assistance of another classmate, (Schofield). Sheridan was in the same class. Grant spoke of McPherson as one of the best soldiers and "my best friend." He received a medal of honor from Congress and was made a Brigadier-General in the regular army, as Sherman was, for services at Vicksburg.

Curious incidents are told of this battle. It is said that an Irishman who came to this country in search of his brother, who enlisted in our army, was sent out as part of a burying party in this battle and among the rebel dead found his own brother. A German was tending in the hospital a wounded countryman, and in the delirious ravings of his prisoner, discovered he was a brother whom he had left a babe on the Rhine. A federal sergeant shot down a daring rebel officer in the advance line. It was his son. Such incidents were frequently related when border regiments met in battle.

The loss of McPherson happened to be of special interest to the Twentieth Corps. Sherman decided to recommend Howard to the President for appointment to the command of the army of the Tennessee, to succeed McPherson. Hooker was one of the senior officers; had commanded the Army of

the Potomac, and in the west, two corps, the Eleventh and Twelfth, and Howard being his subordinate, he felt that this important command should have fallen to him and not to Howard, and took the choice of Howard as a slight put upon him. If Sherman had put the same estimate upon Hooker and had the same confidence in him as his men had, he would at once have been selected. The Twentieth Corps loved Joe Hooker and believed in him: they would follow him anywhere: his commanding figure riding into battle was an inspiration to fight at any time, and an augury of victory. That was no slight matter to consider in a commander of men: but Sherman, in his "Memoirs," says with grim irony, that he did not even consider Hooker in his selection. Hooker asked to be relieved, his application was approved by Thomas, and his request was promptly granted by Sherman. His men had not the heart to blame him, but if he could have submitted, and contented himself with his corps: they believed he would have made such a record, before the campaigns were over, that "Uncle Billy," whom they confided in equally, would no longer have distrusted him: and when, long afterward, the victory was won and they marched in the great review, half the glory seemed gone because Joe Hooker was not there to share it with them. As he rode along the lines the day he took leave of his corps, (July 27th.) erect and soldierly, a tinge of sadness on his ruddy and usually jolly face: the cheers could not keep down the tears: bronzed old veterans of the corps wept like children: few eyes were dry—as if they were losing a part of themselves: and the Thirty-Third, as he turned to them and said "God bless you," and shook the hand of the Lieut.-Colonel, knew they were losing, not only a favorite commander, but a personal friend. The Thirty-Third had many reasons to believe it was a favorite of his. "Farewell, Joe Hooker," never again is the Thirty-Third to be under your command, or to see your face, till the happy days of peace

come again; your name will always be dear in their hearts and be associated with the most precious memories of the war; gallant comrades died willingly, fighting under your leadership.

The new commander appointed for the Twentieth Corps was Slocum, the favorite commander of the old Twelfth Corps.

After the battle of the twenty-second, Hood retired to his fortifications in Atlanta. Sherman's Armies closed in around them, erected counter defences and a siege began in earnest. Heavy guns were mounted, and by Sherman's orders they dropped their huge shells into the city every ten minutes, night and day; so that gentle slumber was courted under difficulties within the besieged city.

Sherman had no idea of making a direct attack on the strong defences of Atlanta. Before his Armies had any time for rest here, he began the flank movement. On the day Gen. Howard assumed command of the Army of the Tennessee, that Army was moved from the left, where it had torn up twenty miles of the Georgia railroad and bent the rails into S's, to the extreme right of the line and was thrown forward so as to cut off, if possible, at least to threaten, the Macon line of railroad, running in from the rear of Atlanta. The Army of the Tennessee was successful in dangerously threatening Hood's communications, and in bringing on a battle, in which it was attacked, near the road euphoniously called "Lick Skillet," as fiercely by the enemy, as it had been on the other flank: but Hood was fought back, and the ground was held. Part of the Twentieth Corps, including Ward's division, was sent to Howard's assistance. Sherman received intelligence that Hood had sent eight to ten thousand of his cavalry to cut his communication in the rear. Now was Sherman's chance. While they were away, and Hood had no cavalry in his rear, Sherman determined to strike it with his cavalry. Two cavalry expeditions were sent out by Sherman to make

the raid in the rear; unfortunately they proved failures. Both bodies were surrounded. McCook gallantly cut his way out. Stoneman, and part of his men surrendered as prisoners. It is said that apple jack and peach brandy were the sirens that lulled his out-posts to sleep and helped to vanquish his troopers. The flanking process was continued next by Schofield's Army which was transferred from the left to the right of Howard; a corps commander, Palmer, was ordered to assist Schofield, with the blunt order from Sherman, "The Sandtown road and the railroad, if possible, must be gained to-morrow if it costs half your command." It was not gained through the corps commander's fault, Sherman thought, and his resignation was accepted. The condition of things about Atlanta meanwhile was neatly described by Sherman in his despatches to Halleck: "We keep hammering away and there is no peace inside or outside of Atlanta * * it will be a used up community when we are done with it." To Gen. Grant, "I will make a circle of desolation around Atlanta." That turned out true. Sherman was made Major-General U. S. A. at this point in the campaign, and was disappointed because the President did not wait till he had captured Atlanta. Meanwhile the Thirty-Third was peacefully having dress-parades, and living on green corn and cucumbers and such luxuries as were to be found in the rear. The band was travelling about serenading generals, and finding out which lived best. One bill of fare is given as a specimen, "Roast pig, roast beef, chicken pie, oysters, stewed tomatoes, raspberry and peach sauce, etc." Who would not be a soldier guarding supply trains.

These jolly days of rest and feasting in the Thirty-Third were abruptly cut short by an order to move with the whole Corps back to guard the river and the Armies' communications, where the regiment was soon relieved from duty with the train, and ordered upon familiar duty, picket. In its tour

of soft duty with the wagon train it had missed only one battle in which its brigade took part, Peach-Tree Creek, and some skirmishing, but quantities of shelling in front of Atlanta. The order to go into the intrenchments at the Chattahoochie, meant business. The Corps held the key to the communications of the three Armies, with the order to hold it at all hazards. While the remaining Corps of those Armies proceeded to execute the last masterly move of Sherman in the game for Atlanta. They withdrew from their trenches, disappeared, one day, from the view of the rejoicing city: and after the whole rebel press had duly exulted over the retreat of the Yankees, car-loads of secesh women had gone up to join in the jubilee at Atlanta, and the population had illuminated with tar-barrels: they appeared one fine morning, twenty miles in Hood's rear on the Macon railroad, the line of vital importance to him, in irresistible force, made a wreck of the track, cut off and defeated a Corps of his in a battle at Jonesboro'. Hood believed the game was lost, burnt a thousand bales of cotton and other supplies, blew up eighty odd car-loads of ammunition, engines * * all which made a night of earthquakes in Atlanta, and sullenly left the doomed city to its fate. The next morning, Sept. 2d, Col. Coburn with a detachment of eight hundred men from Ward's division, in which were two companies of the Seventy-Third Ohio and with which was Cap. Tebbets of the Thirty-Third, A. D. C. to the division general, marched toward the city, and the mayor appeared on the road, meekly uncovered, and informed Col. Coburn that the fortune of war had placed the city of Atlanta in his hands. Thus the objective point of Sherman's masterly campaign, perhaps, his most skilful one, was successfully reached and the Gate city, which the rebel south held of so much importance to them, the centre of a net work of railroads radiating to all points, fell into our hands with its foundries, rolling-mills, machine-shops, government works, arsenal, pork-packing establishments and clothing factories.

It can be imagined what was the rejoicing among the troops, when it really turned out that Atlanta was taken; loud shouting and cheering ran along the lines, every one had a hurrah for "Uncle Billy," even staid and phlegmatic Thomas "snapped his fingers, whistled and almost danced," say the Memoirs. President Lincoln promptly rendered the thanks of the Nation to Gen. Sherman and his Armies for the success of a campaign that would be "famous in the annals of war." Grant said to Sherman that he had "accomplished the most gigantic undertaking given to any general in this war, and with a skill and ability that will be acknoweledged in history as unsurpassed if not unequaled. It gives me as much pleasure to record this in your favor, as it would in favor of any living man, myself included." Spoken like Grant. Halleck wrote him, "I do not hesitate to say, that your campaign has been the most brilliant of the war." The Twentieth Corps was selected to occupy the city. The Thirty-Third marched into it through the principal streets, the band playing "Hail Columbia" and "The Red White and Blue," reported to Gen. Slocum and was assigned to comfortable quarters in deserted buildings, and the duty of guarding rebel prisoners. The Second Mass. and One Hundred and Eleventh Penn. were detailed as provost-guard, all under Col. Cogswell, of the Second, post-commander. The negroes, black, yellow and white hailed our men as their deliverers sent of God. "Bress de Lord," they shouted as they showed their ivory, "de Yanks am come, "yah! yah! yah!" The Armies that had followed on the track of Hood, were ordered back to, and around Atlanta. Sherman's own entry was quiet and unpretending. He says pleasantly, in his Memoirs, he found encamped in the city "The Mass. Second and Thirty-Third regiments which had two of the finest bands in the Army; their music was to all of us a source of infinite pleasure during our sojourn in that city." Atlanta was to become the residence of the regiment for the autumn.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MARCH TO THE SEA.

The Involuntary Exodus, of the Inhabitants of Atlanta. Hood on the Road to Nashville. Corse "Holds the Fort." Twentieth Corps, "Gay and Festive," in the City. Theatre Season Run by the Thirty-Third Band. Railroad to the Rear, Wrecked. The Burning of Atlanta. The March Begins. The Pay of "Jubilo" Comes to the Negroes. Foraging on the Country Systematically. Campaign of the Bummers Opens. Valiant Governor Brown and His Legislature Skedaddle. The Left Wing Eats a Thanksgiving Breakfast in Milledgeville, organizes a Yankee Legislature, and Dines *en route*. Scientific Plundering by the Bummers. The Prison Pen of Millen Empty. Augusta of No Account. The Lost Armies of Sherman Turn Up at the Sea. Fort McAllister Captured. Savannah in Possession of the Ruthless Invaders. A Christmas Present to President Lincoln. January, 1865, the Thirty-Third, with its Division, Crosses into South Carolina and Squats Among the Palmettoes and Oranges. In the Swamps.

The Thirty-Third, soon after entering Atlanta, was relieved of the duty of guarding rebel prisoners in the outskirts of the city, and ordered to report for special duty to Col. Wm. Cogswell of the Second Mass., the post-commander. From this time, during its stay in Atlanta, it performed together with that regiment and the One Hundred and Eleventh Penn., the very pleasant duty of provost-guard of the city, which was to preserve order, arrest prisoners, keep the regiment's boots blacked, clothing brushed, guns and brasses shining, and the members themselves generally comfortable. To this end, snug huts and quarters were constructed in the city. The rest of the brigade and Corps, meanwhile, was encamped without the city, in the line of fortifications on which it was kept constantly employed, making the works well nigh impregnable. The remainder of the Army of the Cumberland was encamped near the city, the Army of the Tennessee

at East Point, Army of Ohio at Decatur. Here, at Atlanta, Lieut.-Col. Ryder resigned, was honorably discharged the service and Maj. Doane was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel and commander of the regiment; Capt. Tebbetts was made major.

Sherman decided for strategical reasons to "wipe out Atlanta" as a city of residence, and reduce it to a fortified garrison, and ordered all the inhabitants to leave, either for the North or the South, as they pleased. For this order, the press and people of the South heaped epithets upon him mountains high. He was politely styled, "chief among savages," "leader of highwaymen," "the foremost villain in the world," but it did no good to call "Uncle Billy" names. He moved right along, the non-combatants must leave; there was no help for it. There were sad and funny scenes as the people moved away from their homes. One writer describes a train of wagons "crowded with a medley of poodle-dogs, tabby-cats, asthmatic pianos, household furniture, cross old maids, squalling, wondering children, all huddled together."

After this eventful episode was over, all was quiet in Atlanta for some days, till it was reported one day, about Oct. 1st, that Hood had mysteriously changed his position from the Macon to the West Point railroad, and next that he was across the Chattahoochie River. Sherman instantly divined that his object was to break up his communications. So he gathered up all his troops, except the Twentieth Corps, which was left to hold Atlanta, and swiftly followed him. Hood did not wait to risk a battle with Sherman, but attacked a few Posts, most of which baffled him, notably Allatoona, where gallant Gen. Corse pluckily "held the fort," for Sherman was coming, he knew, and sent the characteristic reply to his signal message from the top of Kenesaw, "I am short a cheek-bone and an ear, but am able to whip all h— yet." His bravery has passed into song; he has gone into the Hymn

book, in fact, the last place he would ever have thought of his going. Hood burnt a dozen or two miles of railroad, and endeavored to blow up the railroad tunnel at Dalton, but that did not matter, thought some of the rebelsol diers. One of them said, "Don't you know that old Sherman carries a duplicate tunnel along?" He burnt some bridges, but that did not matter either, every one on the railroad was numbered, and for every one, Sherman's enterprising chief of the construction corps had a spare one always ready, and if bridge number ten was burnt, a telegram went back "Send number ten by the next train," and it was soon on the spot and completed. And then Hood marched out of the way into the northwest of Alabama, to begin his march for Nashville, where Gen. Thomas, the noble old war-horse, "slow but sure," as Halleck called him, had already been sent with the Fourth Corps and the Army of the Ohio to anticipate him, and with them, the garrison troops left behind, and the new levies, together nearly eighty thousand men, he made a defence which has become historical.

While all this was transpiring back along the old line of march and fighting ground, peace and quietness reigned in Atlanta. Not a hostile gun was heard there for two months, till a brigade or two of Georgia Militia appeared on the scene one day, and they were quietly made to skedaddle. Everything went "merry as a marriage bell" with the soldiers, and the few inhabitants that still lingered there. Hooker's old Corps that had been so hard marched and hard fought, relaxed itself, and the bronzed and staid old veterans became gay and festive. Games, parties, dances, serenades, suppers, concerts and an actual Theatre, divided the time with drills, picket and parades in the gay garrison town. One night while the Thirty-Third band was serenading Gen. Sherman, he proposed that it should give a concert in the theatre for the benefit of Mrs. Welch, the widow of the late Masonic

Grand Master of the State, whose house he was occupying as headquarters, and who was very poor. The experiment was promptly undertaken. Friends of the beneficiary were to do the star singing. The band rode to the theatre a few times *in hacks* to rehearse, and on the night set, gave the following programme which was duly printed: —

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

Athæneum, Atlanta, Ga., September 24, 1864,

BY THE CELEBRATED

BRASS BAND OF THE THIRTY-THIRD MASS. VOLUNTEERS AND AMATEUR VOCALISTS.

PART FIRST.

1. Faust March. *Soldiers' Chorus*.....BAND
2. O! Mio Fernando. *From La Favorita*.....BAND
3. Then You'll Remember Me.....Mrs. WELCH
4. Ever of Thee. *Duet*.....Mrs. WELCH and Mr. F. ODENA
5. Drum Solo.....Mr. I. SMITH
6. Mary of Argyle.....Mr. F. ODENA
7. Pot Pourri. *From Ernani*.....BAND

PART SECOND.

1. Anvil Chorus.....BAND
2. Castles in the Air. *Piano Solo*.....Mrs. WELCH
3. Violin Solo.....Mr. I. SMITH
4. Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming. *Quartette*.
   Mrs. WELCH, Miss WELCH and Messrs. ODENA and NASH
5. Labyrinth Waltzes.....BAND
6. Maiden, Wake From Thy Slumbers.....Mr. F. ODENA
7. National Airs.....BAND

Tickets One Dollar, admitting a gentlemen or a gentlemen and lady. Doors open at 7 o'clock. Concert to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets may be purchased and seats reserved by application at the ticket office at the Athæneum, second door north of the Trout House. Ticket office open from 9 a. m. to 8 p. m. Keep this programme.

The concert was a success artistically and financially, and netted $200 for the beneficiary. Several similar concerts were given with varied programmes, "Thirty-Third Mass.

regiment Quick-step (I. Smith) band:" Clarionette solo, J. Calnum:" "Lecture, Woman's Rights, A. P. Hazard:" "Lord Lovell," by the same; "Quartette by the Glee Club of Knapp's Battery," being some of the additions. Then the season began to wane: prices were rather high for enlisted men, getting only $13 a month, and it was rather necessary to get up something striking. A bright idea struck Hazard, and he got up a play. So the following addition appeared on the programmes for October 29th, printed on old blank discharge papers:—

To conclude with the laughable pantomime entitled

THE COBBLER'S FROLIC.

Peter Crimps, the Cobbler.....Mr. G. W. Homan
Tom Wax, his apprentice.....A. P. Hazard
Jack Bobstay.....A. H. Holmes
Charles Alphonso Augustus.....W. M. Holmes
Lilly White Charcoal.....S. Keith
Sally Crimps.....Miss S. Welch
Polly Crimps.....Mrs. Welch
Dolly—Maid of all work.....Miss Hattie

Afterwards the farce, "The Lover's Serenade" was given. Hazard was musician, author, actor, stage manager, printer, bill poster and property man. The theatre had a great run till the very last night before the march, when it took $667. The season lasted four weeks, seventeen nights, and the band took $8000 in all. It gave $2000 to Mrs. Welch and out of the balance kept enough to pay its numbers the amount due from the officers according to their enlistment agreement to the end of their three years.

The last night before the city was evacuated, the last train that left it was kept waiting till midnight to take away one of the stock actors. The yield of this bonanza suddenly stopped.

Early in November, Sherman marched back with all of his Corps that he did not leave behind under Thomas, and all

this bliss of metropolitan residence vanished, and the theatre business was wound up and work had to be resumed.

"Be ready to march again," were the orders: where, was a mystery as usual. Something leaked out, however, so that the object was soon guessed to be Savannah or Mobile. It was apparent a new campaign was a-foot. It was the beginning of the famous "March to the Sea." As soon as Sherman had captured Atlanta, he began to consider what next? and he seems to have cast his longing eyes towards the coast. The last move of Hood decided him, and with the approval of Grant and Halleck, he determined to cut loose from his base and march for a new one by the sea. His blunt and characteristic despatches about this time to Grant and others, as they appear in his "Memoirs" and in history, may be taken as his texts for his new movement, which has now become famous. "It will be a physical impossibility to protect the roads, now that Hood, Forrest, Wheeler and the whole batch of devils are turned loose, without home or habitation." "I can make this march, and make Georgia howl." "I will make the interior of Georgia feel the weight of war. The utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people, will cripple their military resources." "Move through Georgia smashing things to the sea." "It will be a demonstration to the world, foreign and domestic, that we have a power which Davis cannot resist. This may not be war, but rather statesmanship." "If you can whip Lee," he said to Grant, "And I can march to the Atlantic, I think Uncle Abe will give us a twenty days' leave of absence to see the young folks." His first preliminary was to send back to Chattanooga all the sick, wounded and non-combatants now left in Atlanta, all surplus baggage and stores, and then to "make a wreck of the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta," as he said, which was really burning his ships behind him like Cortes. His Army knew from a good deal of experience in that way, how

to destroy railroads as well as how to repair them. For miles back of Atlanta after the business began, the track of destruction was marked by day by a line of curling smoke, and by night by a broad streak of light that seemed like the Aurora Borealis. The next preliminary was to finish Atlanta. In a day and a night it was made a Carthage. All there was left of the battered and honey-combed city was scientifically demolished under the direction of Capt. Poe, chief of engineers, Gen. Cogswell furnishing the details of men to do the business from his provost guard. Powder and fire reduced the great depots, store-houses and public buildings to piles of tottering walls, and gaunt chimneys. The foundries and machine shops that had been kept running night and day, casting cannon shot and shell, went down, and with them hotels, theatres and negro markets, the latter never to be set up again. That night was one to be remembered. No darkness in place of it, a great glare of light from acres of burning buildings. This strange light, and the roaring of the flames that licked up everything habitable, the intermittent explosions of powder, stored ammunition and projectiles streams of fire that shot up here and there from heaps of cotton bales and oil factories, the crash of falling buildings, and the change, as by a turn of the kaleidoscope, of strong walls and proud structures into heaps of desolation; all this made a dreadful picture of the havoc of war, and of its unrelenting horrors. As the band was playing in the theatre that night, the flaming red light from the approaching fire, which flooded the building, the roar of the flames and the noises of the intermittent explosions, added scenic effects which were not down in the bills, and will never be forgotten. And when later in the night it serenaded Sherman and played in the light of the flames "John Brown's soul goes marching on," the members must have appeared to the crest fallen chivalry like so many Neroes, fiddling with delight at the

burning of Rome. It seemed like a demoniacal triumph over the fate of the city that had so long defied Sherman's Armies, and over the approaching doom of the Confederacy. It was war's necessity. The next morning, the sixteenth of November, 1864, the Armies stripped for a swift campaign, began their long march. The last to leave were the regiments of the provost guard, the One Hundred and Eleventh Penn., the Second and Thirty-Third Mass., the last of all the Thirty-Third. As they marched up over an eminence and turned to bid good bye to Atlanta, they saw a scene of desolation that may well haunt their memory. Miles of ruins, and black clouds of smoke settling down over all, like a pall. That was all that was left of the boastful gate city. In a turn of the road, it was left to its desolation, and became a thing of the past. With that turn in the road, the tried old regiments, inured to changes, left their past campaigns to the past, and from that moment looked forward, with assured confidence in their leader, to the victories of the future, and marched hopefully ahead. Some band in one of the divisions struck up again "John Brown," and the men, regiment by regiment, joined in the chorus, "Glory, Glory hallelujah," and they marched on as a triumphant Army of deliverers, as they were indeed to the sable bondmen of the South, wherever in their long march they were to reach them. The Corps which set out on this march were organized into two wings. The Sixteenth Corps had been broken up and its divisions distributed between the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps. These two Corps, the Army of the Tennessee under Gen. Howard, were to be the right wing, the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps of the Army of the Cumberland were to be the left wing, called informally the Army of Georgia, under Gen. Slocum, about sixty thousand men less now than Thomas' Army. The cavalry Corps was made an independent command, under Gen. Kilpatrick, about fifty-five hundred effectives. Brig-

Gen. A. S. Williams was assigned to the command of the Twentieth Corps. Thirty days half rations were in the wagons. That was a hint of the length of march, the other half rations, and all the forage were to come from the country.

It was a serious circumstance in war, that the two hostile Armies which had fought inch by inch to get at each other, were now both marching as fast as they could, away from each other, Hood for Nashville, Sherman for Savannah.

The two wings in Sherman's Army separated at the start, to march habitually over different roads, through different series of towns and settlements, though in the same general direction, and within supporting distance of each other. Each Corps in fact generally, on this march, took a separate road, to keep out of each other's way, and to find fresh neighborhoods for foraging, so that from any commanding hill could have been seen where the Armies were on the march, four long lines of glistening muskets, slowly moving along, broken up by the white tops of the supply wagons, (each Corps had five miles of them) and far off around all in front, flank and rear, Kilpatrick's sleepless cavalry, the eyes and ears of the Army.

The route of the Thirty-Third Mass. and of the two other regiments of the provost guard of Atlanta, now in a provisional brigade under General Cogswell, was that taken by the Fourteenth Corps in the left wing and lay directly eastward from Atlanta, along by the wreck of the Georgia railroad, through Decatur, and for a long distance kept in sight the tall, sugar-loaf top of Stone Mt. standing alone in a level region, apparently challenging everybody to ask what it was doing there. Then it took them across Snow Finger Creek, on through Lithonia and Conyers, still along the Georgia railroad, which looked like a stream of fire; and the second day, across the Yellow river to Covington. Every roadside on the march

down into Georgia was sprinkled and sometimes black with exulting negroes, who swarmed in from every cabin and plantation for miles around; seemed even, sometimes, to spring up out of the ground, and who came as if they had long heard about it, and yearned for it, and were warned by some under-ground telegraph that the day of the Lord had come. They were frantic with joy, leaped and capered about with shining eye-balls and glistening ivory, the old and young, black and yellow, some of them men and girls, embraced both the flags and the soldiers; many of them stared as if they believed the world was about to come to an end. "I'm bressed if I thought there were so many of God's critters in de world at all," said an old "Aunty." Wherever Sherman rode, they crowded about him shouting and praying with a touching eloquence. They evidently regarded him as the great deliverer. A grey haired old saint was fully satisfied he had found, at last, the "Angel of the Lord," whom he had waited for since he was knee high. They all thought the jubilee had come and the only thing to be done was to join the army of the Lord and march on to freedom, which most of them did at once. They joined, shouting "Glory be to de Lord!" "Bress de Lord, de day ob jubilo hab come!" "God bress de yank's; Massa Linkum done 'member us." "Dis nigger is off to glory." "We'es gwine along, we'es free." They joined from every cross-road and plantation, in motley crowds: grinning, slouching field hands; shouting, dancing, yellow and ebony girls and boys, negro women with bundles of babies and old clothes, toothless old "Aunties" and grey headed darkies, bringing all their own old traps and such goods of their masters' as they could lug, or tried to lug with the help of mules and old horses, and rickety old carts. These motley reenforcements, as the troops marched on into the country, swelled into an army almost of itself, and with so many more mouths to feed, became a distressing problem.

Most of them had to be turned back, with kindness and pity; and their jubilee had to be postponed for military reasons, till a more convenient season. Sherman would only permit the able-bodied to come along, for they, only, would be useful.

How to feed his army successfully, without a base, was the critical question of the campaign. The campaign opened well in this respect. The second day out, the Thirty-Third had for supper: beef-steak, pork-steak, broiled chicken, sweet potatoes, radishes and honey. Almost the first day out Sherman met a soldier who had been out foraging on his own hook, and had a ham on his musket, a jug of sorghum molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honey in his hand from which he was eating. "Forage liberally on the country," the soldier dryly said for Sherman's benefit; quoting from his general order issued just before the start. The General tried to be stern, but laughed inwardly. This partizan foraging was not the thing contemplated. The order prescribed regular details of a company or more each day, from each brigade, under its proper commissioned officers. It came the Thirty-Third's time often, to send a company out on this pleasant duty. For miles on either side of the road they scoured the country, ransacking plantations; and brought in, in old wagons and carts, on broken down horses, on anything they could find, corn, meal, bacon, ham, sweet potatoes, molasses and other sweets; arms full of hens and turkeys, and drove in cows, hogs and sheep. These they brought to the road on which the column marched, and loaded them into the commissary wagons, from which they were regularly issued; all that was not smuggled in on individual enterprise, as in the case of Sherman's chance acquaintance, for the stragglers, cooks and servants, and hangers on hovered around the foragers; often got the start of them and ate up the country clean. One day the regiment's pork seemed to drop at its feet like the Israelites' manna. As it was marching through a wooded

country, a dozen or two porkers, lank, long legged, slab-sided, swift as deer, but still hogs, actually charged upon it to, break through the lines. The men prompty fixed bayonets, charged bayonets, then all they had to do was a movement not in the "Manual," "Shoulder pork," and several days rations were all issued. The independent foragers had as little respect generally, notwithstanding the orders, for other property as for commissary stores; they fully appreciated one of the objects of the campaign, viz. to make Georgia feel the weight of the war, and insured the complete success of the campaign in this regard. The negroes were always ready to turn up "Old Massa's" things, (old massa being in the rebel Army generally,) furniture, pianos, valuables, etc., in their hiding places which were burned, or handled so they would never be recognized again as furniture or pianos, so that wherever the bummers went, they left a track like that of the locusts. The orders were also to destroy the railroads along the march, burn the ties, heat and twist the rails and burn the bridges, as the two wings and their foraging parties stretched across forty miles of country, at least, in their march. As they marched along into Georgia they swept a belt forty miles wide, as clean as though the Huns had swarmed over it. It was such a suggestion on the subject of war, that probably, at this distance of time, the mere mention of war would make a Georgia planter's teeth chatter. Sherman told the band one night, that his Armies were destroying a million and a half dollars worth a day. This campaign showed Sherman's statesmanship as well as his generalship. From Covington the march of the Thirty-Third was across the Ulcafauhachee River, destroying the bridge, after passing through Sandtown, then suddenly turning to the right, down through Newbern and Shady Dale in the rain, over muddy, slippery roads, the wind blowing a hurricane through Eatonton Factory, across Little River, then leading the Fourteenth Corps through Eatonton

and across Little River again, on pontoons, over frozen roads, the water frozen, even in the canteens, a little snow storm on the way, to remind them of honest New England, through Meriwether on to Milledgeville, the capital of the state, where they arrived, the band playing national airs through the streets, and rejoined the Twentieth Corps and their own brigade, going into camp in the square near the State House. Their brigade was now under command of Col. Ross of the Twentieth Conn., Col. Wood being absent on leave. Here the Thirty-Third men ate a jolly breakfast of turkeys, chickens and hoe cake on what was Thanksgiving day at home, the twenty-fourth of November. The Fourteenth Corps came up here the same day. Gen. Sherman quartered in the pretentious executive mansion, which the valiant Gov. Brown had fled from, as well as from his Capitol, after having exhorted the august legislators to seize their muskets and "meet the ruthless invaders, etc.," resolved himself "to defend his home to the last." The arrival of a captain and ten scouts cleaned the town; the Governor, patriotic legislators, able-bodied men, generally fled, and the mayor went into hysterics. An old negro told, with all his ivory glistening, how "Gov. Brown done runned away widout any hat." The governor had previously sent away all his furniture, but Sherman did not mind, he unrolled his blankets in the bare executive mansion as he did in every camp. Some of the officers and soldiers organized a Legislature in the senate chamber; a committee on Federal relations was appointed consisting of Col. Carman, Cogswell and others, who having discussed the situation, it is said over brandy smashes and "Bourbon," reported an act to repeal the ordinance of secession, which was passed *nem. con.* After a good deal of eloquence inspired by victory, the smashes and "Bourbon," the house broke up in a row at the cry "the yanks are coming." Relic hunters ransacked everything and carried away, before the

provost guard arrived, books, archives, minerals, fossils and millions of State bonds and unsigned Georgia State money; some of it was used to cook coffee with. Some of the darkies when they got hold of it said they were richer than "Old massa" now. Public property only was burned, the arsenal, penitentiary and depot. There was no present necessity for the penitentiary as all the convicts in it had been freed to join the rebel Army. A large part of the old truck in the arsenal, would probably never be needed again; it consisted of cutlasses and the pikes of the middle ages stored there to be used in putting down insurrection of slaves. At Milledgeville were found in the rebel newspapers flaming appeals from the rebel leaders, "Arise for the defence of your native soil." "Destroy all the roads in Sherman's front, flank and rear," "and his Army will soon starve in your midst," said Beauregard, who had been put in command of that rebel Department. "Every citizen with his gun and every negro with his spade and axe." "Georgians, be firm," said Senator Hill, "Assail the invader in front, flank and rear, by night and by day." "Let him have no rest," said the M. C's, a college classmate of the writer, Julian Hartridge, at the head. But they all kept wonderfully out of the way so far. At the first approach of Sherman's advance guard, these whites who were spoiling to spill their blood for their country, were, in the expressive language of the negroes, "heap frightened," "dey dusted out yer sudden." The only fighting on the way to Milledgeville was a little between the cavalry, and a fight between a brigade of infantry in the right wing, and a small force of the enemy near Macon.

The left wing started Thanksgiving day from Milledgeville, the Army of the Tennessee from a point farther to the South for the next stage in the journey, leaving Macon behind untouched, crossed the Oconee, and made for Ogeechee River. The Thirty-Third now marched with the rest of

its Corps. That Thanksgiving day in Georgia was so cold the troops set fire to the fences by the roadside, not merely for mischief, but to keep warm. The fences were made of pitch pine, and as Ross' brigade marched all night behind the trains, it was a grand scene: they saw two walls of fire between which they marched, extending as far as the eye could reach, with here and there burning cotton gins and out buildings, and the heavens above, and all before, around and behind them, light as day with the flames of the burning pitch. Then in a day or two, the weather became beautiful and was even fearfully hot, and it was the Sunny South once more.

The Twentieth Corps moving on through Hebron found the bridges burning across the Buffalo Creek: it was all a swamp, and there were nine bridges over it, but it did not matter, for as one of the natives said, "You uns build a bridge in two hours." "We uns" simply brought up the pontoons the day the Corps was crossing the creek and moving on Sandersville. Wheeler's cavalry finding they were on the false scent at Macon hurried ahead, tried to do what mischief they could, to harrass the advance, and gave Ruger's brigade, which the Second Mass. was in, a brisk skirmish at Sandersville, but it handsomely pushed the rebels, fighting in line of battle through the streets of the town and cleared the way of them. The Army of the Tennessee, in its march made the Georgia Central railroad a heap of burning sleepers, and rails twisted into corkscrews and anacondas. Corse's division of the Army of the Tennessee was heard from at Tennville; an old darkey said they "had sot fire to de well."

From Sandersville the march of the Twentieth Corps was for two or three days through swamps and mud, through the town of Davisboro', and then through a region where rivers ran all over the country. After passing three miles of Ogeechee

swamp, corduroying the roads, and across the Ogeechee River, over pontoons again, the bridge being destroyed, the march brought it, after crossing Rocky Comfort Creek, to a heap of ruins called Louisville.

To this point the route had been through a rich country —barring the swamps— a garden all the way, immense plantations loaded with abundance, planters' houses filled with luxuries, farm-yards stocked full of hogs and poultry, stacks of fodder, corn-houses brimful of corn waiting to be appropriated, and which did not have to wait long after Sherman's foragers appeared. These foragers came in loaded down with hams and quarters of pigs and sheep, bags and teams full of vegetables, with mules girdled with turkeys and chickens, trundling in wheelbarrows barrels of sorghum syrup and wash-tubs full of honey, convoying teams full of corn, flour and meal, and driving in scores of cattle.

The lawless and independent bummers had rare chances to plunder. They found richly furnished mansions to ransack, cellars filled with rare old wine, for a carouse, and after going through the place, capering about in a rough waltz in the best parlor while some brother rascals were pounding music out of the five hundred dollar piano with musket butts, and dancing on the mahogany, smashed the piano and everything they could not lug off, loaded up mules with strips of the Brussels carpet and ancestral bedquilts for blankets and horse trappings, decked out the negro wenches with laces, silks and satins and family rings, they set fire to the house, and hove in sight of an admiring camp, with their plunder and their retinue of mules, old horses and young wenches, and the pockets of the men full, the backs of the entire party, human and animal, covered with all conceivable traps. The bummers were very awkward at first in stealing honey. They tipped over the hives, went for the honey, and the bees went for them; result, various gymnastics that made the beholder

wonder if the gentleman in blue had escaped from some lunatic asylum. They then tried smoking out the bees. They soon attained perfection in the art of robbing bee-hives. After they knew how to do it, they grabbed the bee-hive itself, shouldered it with the mouth backwards, and then started on the dead run. The infuriated bees started by instinct for their old haunts, and the locality of their home in the opposite direction, and woe to the foragers, the horse and mule teams which they met in their flight. Such antics and such swearing, such kicking and prancing, such spilling of mounted bummers, collections of fowls and provender; such a stampede sometimes of a whole train of foragers and mule teams! The bummer meanwhile unmolested marched into camp carrying his bee-hive with its treasures in triumph.

Every proprietor who was at home, (few of them were, however,) whether one of the old planters, or answering to the description of "white trash," when he mournfully saw his poultry-yard and cellar cleaned out, and his corn-bin emptied, most vigorously protested he was an original Union man, and voted against the ordinance of secession, and doubtless many of them did, but the merciless bummer had one invariable answer, "Too thin." The corn went into the wagon, and the chickens went away cackling good-bye, just the same. Barn-yard game was so plentiful that every company, almost, had its pet rooster, dog, cat or donkey. Game-cocks were so common that they might be seen on the breech of every cannon, the pack-saddle of every mule, nearly, and for a while, a cock-fight in camp at night was as regular a thing as tattoo.

Beyond Sandersville, all this plenty seemed to gradually disappear, and in a few marches more came a poorer country, sandy and barren, with great rice fields and level pine forests, apparently miscalled there, "The savannas." It was picturesque travelling by day among these silent and aged giants, with their heads, bright green tufts, up one hundred feet

without an intervening branch; and a night march presented a wonderful scene. The long flickering column of blazing pine torches lighting up the dark bodies of troops, the groups of horsemen, the long rows of wagons here moving slowly along, there plunging into a gully or swamp. The regiments marching along in one place compactly, then stringing out into irregular files of torches crossing a stream, and to add to the effect, the mingling of all sorts of noises, in the echoes of the forest, the shouts of teamsters, the neighing of mules, the roll of the drums, the blasts of bugles, the cries and songs of the soldiers, and now and then, the sweet strains of some band. The camps at night were even a more wonderful sight, square miles of burning pitch and pine. The march through Georgia was a thing to be remembered. While the infantry were trudging along at this point of the march, Kilpatrick's cavalry galloped ahead on an errand of mercy, to liberate the unfortunate six thousand Federal prisoners in Millen. When the cavalry reached there, they found these prisoners had been removed by the rebel government two days before. The cavalry pushed on toward Augusta, where they did what Sherman called, some "spirited fighting" with Wheeler's cavalry.

When the Twentieth Corps had passed Birdsville, crossed Buckhead Creek, and were within six miles of Millen, they had an opportunity to see the abandoned prison pen at "Camp Lawton." The Thirty-Third ate its dinner within a mile or two of it and went to see it. There it lay, in the centre of an unbroken forest; fifteen acres of desolation, where all the misery of the suffering men seemed to linger behind, ghost-like, in the air. The high stockade, sixteen feet high; the interior rail fence; the dead line; the stocks for punishing prisoners, as in the good old times; beyond the dead line, in the open area of forty acres, open to the sky, the sun and dews and frost; the villages of huts and kennels, the "Gopher

holes," dug out of the earth. And there, also, was the village of graves, nine hundred of them, for the one month's occupation by the brave Federal soldiers, under the tender mercies of the sons of the Huguenots. The pen told its silent story of horrors to the marchers by; a mere epitome, though, of Andersonville. That marching army was now fearfully avenging both.

The Twentieth Corps crossed the Augusta and Savannah railroad. Fence rails had been piled on it, set fire to and for miles it was a track of blazing flames. The Corps passed in sight of Millen, its depot was blazing and its fairy outline an exquisite skeleton of light. That was a sample of the army's revenge. The four columns of Sherman pivoted on Millen, turned aside from Augusta, where Bragg had an army in waiting, for its defence, and went to the right, down the peninsula between the Ogeechee and Savannah Rivers. It was no matter if chickens and turkeys were left behind. The troops fairly tired of them and longed now for the promised oysters at the sea-board. Their mouths fairly watered, day by day, as they thought of oysters cooked in all styles of the art—stewed, fried and roasted on the half-shell. They counted the days for these luxuries and for a smell of the salt sea. On they marched, through the tall forests, the "Piney woods" stretching for nearly sixty miles, the sandy plains and the swamps, on corduroy roads, bridged across or waded across the creeks and bayous, passed on through immense corn fields, a thousand acres in extent, changed from cotton fields by order of the rebel government, through rice fields; the weather so warm, sometimes, that the troops sought the shade by day and could not sleep by night for the heat and mosquitoes, so cold again, that water froze in the canteens.

One of these warm nights, the band, as a little compensation in the way of music, serenaded some secesh young ladies, who were crying because, as they said, "The d—d Yankees have taken away all our eatables."

The Thirty-Third passed near Sylvania, then through Springfield, over Jack's Branch, by Mount Zion church, and on the tenth of December reached dry land again, and the Savannah and Charlestown railroad at Monteith Station, near the enemy again. From here, the same day, it turned south, moving towards the city, the first brigade skirmishing in line of battle, while the third brigade and the rest of the division were tearing up the track of the railroad. Cannonading and musketry were heard on all sides, as in the fighting days of the Atlanta campaign. The enemy, after a while, retired within their formidable works, and the division halted about four and a half miles from the city. On that day and the next, the four Corps were all up within four or five miles of the city and it was completely invested. The two wings extending from the Savannah to the Ogeechee River, and before them the enemy had a formidable series of works and impassible swamps. A siege looked probable.

Admiral Dahlgren's fleet lay in Ossabaw sound, patiently waiting for Sherman's long lost army to make its appearance. Kilpatrick communicated with it, but Fort McAllister, on the Ogeechee, barred the passage of the fleet. The next object of attention was that fort. General Sherman ordered, out of the Fifteenth Corps, his old division at Shiloh and Vicksburg, now under General Hazen, to storm it. It was afternoon on the thirteenth of December, when the division reached the neighborhood of the fort. Their lines were formed at once. Sherman watched them anxiously, across the river, with his glass. He saw the handsome line come out of the timbers as if on parade, move perfectly steady across the open space, under a terrible fire of the heavy guns, close in around the fort, disappear, appear again on the ramparts and then he saw the old flag wave there, in the crimson of the setting sun—in victory! all in a little over fifteen minutes. The way was

open to the sea. Hard-tack was sure, full supplies probable, oysters possible. It was glorious news that spread through the army. Best of all, the mails came, twenty tons of them for Sherman's army, and home was heard from again. Lincoln was re-elected. The march to the sea was an accomplished fact.

Sherman borrowed some heavy guns of General Foster, at Hilton Head, to bombard the city, and Dec. 17th, sent in a demand upon Hardee for its surrender, which was refused. Preparations were made by Sherman to carry it by assault, Dec. 21st. On the morning of that day, when the troops were in line for what promised to be an awful duty, it was found to be evacuated. Geary's division, of the Twentieth Corps, marched in. Savannah was at last in possession of the ruthless invaders and the campaign was ended.

Sherman telegraphed to President Lincoln, next day, his famous dispatch: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah." Before Christmas day, came the news to Sherman's armies here, that the other part of his Army of the Cumberland under Thomas, had defeated Hood at Nashville. The troops were nearly wild with joy, as was the whole country. Savannah and Nashville were the two victories that made the campaign complete.

Thanksgiving day, the Thirty-Third was in the capitol of Georgia. Christmas, now in its great commercial city, Savannah; at least its band was there, that day. Sherman had promised the band of the regiment that it should be the first band to play in the city after its capture, and Christmas day, according to promise, it was playing "John Brown," "Yankee Doodle," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Dixie," in Pulaski square, to an over-joyed crowd of darkies of all ages, sizes and colors, swarming to hear the "Linkum band;" singing, shouting, crying and dancing for joy, that "De day ob de Lord hab come." They swarmed in to the number of

thousands, and there was such a mass that Sherman, reluctantly, had to order the square cleared, finally. Some of the members of the regiment went into the city Christmas day to celebrate the victory on their own account, were rather misunderstood and not appreciated by the provost-guard, and were ignominiously quartered in the guard-house. A few days after this, the band went into Savannah and serenaded Secretary Stanton and all the principal generals of the army and admirals of the navy, who were assembled in council, at the head-quarters of General Sherman, which were in the elegant mansion of Mr. Green, a British merchant prince, made wealthy by cotton. His house was rich with mahogany, walnut and gold: with costly furniture and rare works of art; filled with tropical fruit trees and exotics. Mr. A. P. Hazard, of the band, in some "Reminiscences of the Rebellion," published in the Brockton "Enterprise," gives an account of the band's evening entertainment at Mr. Green's, after they had finished playing, and also adds an incident illustrating a Yankee's enterprise in Savannah, at this time, as follows:—

"Later in the evening we were seated at a table spread with Irish damask, Sevres china, Bohemian glass, roast pig, chicken, English roast beef, and all the side dishes, while some of Mr. Green's own particular port wine of 1800, and Maderia of 1802, waltzed gracefully from plate to plate, apparently, as thoroughly appreciated by us hard-worked musicians, as by our Generals' more pampered palates in the adjoining room. After supper, we played a few more selections, bade the Secretary and Major Generals and the rest of the big guns good night, and retired to our camp in the outskirts of the city, there to lie down on our army beds (*i. e.* a hollow between two rows of old corn hills) to sleep, or reflect upon the vicissitudes and hardships of a soldier's life.

A LIVE YANKEE.

One incident which occurred at this time in Savannah may be worthy of notice. A live Yankee hearing that Sherman had started for the sea, and severed all communications behind him, loaded a small schooner at one of our northern ports with three hundred barrels of greening apples, at five dollars per barrel. He then sailed south, having an idea of his own about where Sherman would strike the sea. He laid off and on at the mouth of the Savannah River, and came up to the city the first craft after the gun-boats. He sold his apples to sutlers at forty dollars per barrel, and they again sold them at retail to the rank and file at the modest price of three for a dollar. I invested five dollars in the delicious fruit, disposed of them in about twenty minutes, and, like Oliver Twist, wished for more.

What Georgia's whole contribution had been, in this campaign, towards supplying Sherman's Armies, can be judged by taking one regiment's showing of the amount of supplies, officially gathered in authorized foraging, and making a proper multiplication for the entire strength of the armies and making, also, an allowance for the enterprise of the bummers.

Lieut.-Col. Doane, in his report dated Dec. 24th, 1864, states the amount of supplies so obtained by the Thirty-Third, in the campaign, in less than a month, as follows:

"Three hundred and thirty (330) bushels potatoes; two thousand eight hundred (2800) pounds fresh pork; ten (10) bushels corn-meal; five (5) barrels sorghum; three (3) barrels beans; three hundred and seventy-five (375) chickens and other poultry; eight thousand two hundred and fifty (8250) pounds corn; also three thousand two hundred (3200) pounds fresh beef, received from brigade Commissary."

On the last day but one of the year 1864, the Corps was reviewed in the city of Savannah by General Sherman. It

was a lovely day, and a gala spectacle. There was a great turn-out of the darkeys, and curiosity was too much for the secesh, who flocked to the windows and sidewalks, to get a sight at the Yankee monsters who had penetrated the sacred precincts, murdered women and children for pastime, and burnt their country for fun, as they went along, as the secesh asserted. There was some foundation in the last belief. The terrible Yankees marched along with the same old swing, and as an army of victors, through the lazy old streets where the pervading colors on either side seemed to be the green of the beautiful shade trees that adorn the city, the bay, magnolia, orange, live-oak and the evergreen, and the black of the acres of the admiring and exultant African, described as resembling an eclipse. The veteran regiments carried their old colors that had been victorious from the mountains to Atlanta and from Atlanta to the sea, as if they were good for another victory soon with dear "Uncle Billy," under whose approving eye they straightened up to their best marching. When the third brigade, the last of the column, marched by, Sherman said with his laconic praise, "The marching could not be better"; it was like winning a battle.

The next day the division marched to cross the river, got as far as Hutchinson's island, but pontoons could not be laid beyond, and they had to return in the cold and rain. The only advantage gained by the march seemed to be by the first division, which, in the absence of the third, moved into the comfortable winter quarters which the third had built, in the hope of a long stay, and it was only let in on condition of doubling up. Two days after, on the second of January, 1865, the regiment marched with its division again to Hutchinson's island, but the pontoon bridge was not completed, and again it had to come back to the city; then it embarked on the steamer "Planter"; which had been pluckily taken from the rebels in Charleston harbor by a colored man

named Small, who now rejoices, or formerly did, as Brigadier General of South Carolina Militia; landed on South Carolina shore, marched across a few miles of rice swamp and went into camp on the plantation of one of the high-toned chivalry, Senator Langdon Cheves, a signer of the secession act. The negro shanties furnished the necessary boards and brick, and at short notice, a camp of huts four feet high apppeared among the orange, palmetto and live-oak trees of the deserted plantation. The officers and band made their quarters in a frame house, with actual papered walls, where they had, on occasions, tolerably festive times. It was a beautiful camp, and life was easy. Rations were at first scarce, and half-rations were issued of flour and rice, with the occasional luxury of sweet potatoes, nigger beans and doughnuts. While here, the band gave one of their Atlanta concerts in the Theatre at Savannah, and serenaded Secretaries Stanton and Welles, who were on a visit there to Sherman.

Colonel Cogswell, of the Second Mass., was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallant conduct in many a campaign; was assigned to duty on his brevet rank by the President, an unusual honor, and Jan. 16 was assigned to the command of the third brigade, third division. It was soon perceived he was right on his military.

Two weeks seemed to be as long as the luxury of this balmy camp among the orange trees could be permitted, either by military authority, or the clerk of the weather, for Jan. 17th, it had to move from here, leaving its camp to the bugs, the Senator's and his son's mansions to ashes, and march through pine swamps up to Hardeeville, where it was stranded in a solid week's rain, which astonished the oldest inhabitants and put the whole country around, afloat. It was a general freshet. The roads were deep under mud and water; mules and wagons traveling along, sank out of sight. Supplies had to be brought in boats. At Purrysburg, a few miles above, the other

division was reported as doing picket duty in boats and scows. The swamps of Savannah became lakes of shiny mud. At Sisters' ferry, the Savannah was three miles wide, and the remaining division of the Twentieth Corps and the Fourteenth Corps, which were on the other side of the river, were delayed a week or two in crossing. The Thirty-Third, as usual, philosophically made itself comfortable. The deserted houses of Hardeeville came down in a hurry and a camp went up ditto. It was reasonably water-proof. Profitable use was made of the spare time by some of the Corps, to tear up the Charleston and Savannah railroad, which ran near Hardeeville.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS. "TO RICHMOND" AT LAST AND HOME.

The March and South Carolina's Punishment Begin. Columbia in Possession of the "Abolishionists"—Likewise on Fire. News of the Evacuation of Charleston and Wilmington. Wagon-Loads of Madeira for Rations. Ludicrous Trains of Refugees. Kilpatrick Barefoot Running for Dear Life. "Fift 3 Mils to Fatville." The Battles of Averysboro' and Bentonville, the Last. Junction with Terry and Schofield, at Goldsboro'. Style Again in Camp. The Malden "School Marm." News of the Fall of Richmond and Lee's Surrender. Antics of the Troops. Johnston Parleys. Painful News of the Assassination of President Lincoln. Johnston's Surrender Sure. The War Over! Series of Fourth of July Hilarities. The Homeward March. In Richmond at Last. On the Old Battlefield of Chancellorsville. The Great Reviews at Washington. Mustered Out. Ovations on the Road to Boston. In Faneuil Hall Again. Paid Off. Home Finally.

Meanwhile Sherman had planned his next campaign, which was to be the last required; it had received the approval of Grant and of the President, and he was chafing at the rains which delayed his start. He did not much enjoy the luxuries of the rebel city. There were too many rebel women to trouble him, and he wanted to be in the pine woods once more.

His plan was to start again with his Army of sixty thousand men, that he had brought from Atlanta, as he had from the beginning contemplated, and make what he and Halleck pleasantly termed, "Another wide swath through the Confederacy."

His texts for the campaign are found in his correspondence that winter, now published in his "Memoirs." "We can punish South Carolina as she deserves, and I believe that the whole United States, North and South, would rejoice to have

this Army turned loose in South Carolina to devastate that State in the manner we have Georgia." They were certainly gratified before winter was over. "The whole Army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina." "I would make a bee line for Raleigh or Weldon, when Lee would be forced to come out of Richmond, or acknowledge himself beaten." The campaign fulfilled these dire prophetic threats.

While the Twentieth Corps was getting into its present position, the two Corps of the right wing were carried around by water to Beaufort. They were western men, most of them never saw salt water before, were dreadfully sea-sick on the voyage, and said they would rather march a thousand miles than spend one night at sea. They thence marched to Pocotaligo. Sherman and his staff left Savannah and joined them. As soon as the rains were over, the last of January, the preparatory marches were made by different divisions; Ward's division in two marches, starting on the twenty-ninth, over horrible roads, half frozen, half muddy, to Robertville, and on Feb. 1st the campaign began in earnest.

The enemy threatened dire things. The Palmetto State was to whip the Yankees if no other could. One of her valiant chieftans, Gen. Wade Hampton, now senator from South Carolina, promised to stay the progress of the invaders. The renowned Beauregard had been appointed to the chief command of all the forces to oppose the progress of Sherman, and was expected to do great things.

The right wing had a fight at Rivers Bridge on the Salkehatchie, called in that country Saltketcher, where the enemy tried to stop its march, but a division swam the river and dislodged the rebels. The leading brigade of the Twentieth Corps marching Feb. 2d, had a skirmish the first day out, but without much farther trouble marched on through Lawtonville, then on over the Salkehatchie, Feb. 6th, at Beaufort's

Bridge. The next day while the right wing was marching toward Medway, a station on the railroad between Charleston and Augusta, there were indications of the enemy's proximity, and two divisions deployed to meet them; just then a bummer hove in sight on a white horse, with rope halter and rope stirrups, with a swallow tail coat on, and a silk hat, tearing along the road and shouting as he approached Gen. Howard, "Hurry up General, we've got the railroad." The advance of the bummer's brigade had captured it and no fight was necessary. After crossing Beaufort's Bridge, the Twentieth Corps passed on a narrow road through a half mile of swamp and dense jungle, where a handful of the enemy could have stopped a whole division, to Graham's, a station on the same railroad, joining on the way the right wing.

The swamps and the poor country, inhabited by poor whites, were gradually left behind, and foraging on the Georgia principles became remunerating. Turkeys, geese, ducks, hams, chickens, pigs, sweet potatoes, honey, corn, fodder and peanuts also appeared amid rejoicings. There were fine mansions filled with costly furniture. After the Army passed, columns of black smoke were about all there was left of the mansions, and indicated that South Carolina's punishment had begun. The valiant last-ditch natives, hung out white flags all along, but they did not work, they were a trifle late.

Two or three days were devoted by the Corps to paying its respects to the South Carolina railroad between Grahams and Blackville, treating in all about thirty miles of it on the Sherman patent principle, making "Lincoln gimlets," as the men called them, out of the rails, so that nobody but a junk dealer would have any farther use for them. Along the railroad referred to were great piles of cotton. It was a new sensation to bivouac on two hundred dollars worth of cotton for a bed. Before the next night all of it was in ashes. During this while, Kilpatrick was pounding away up near

Aiken, to encourage the belief that Augusta was the intended point, and to keep there the rebel force under Dick Taylor. On the tenth the march was resumed across the South Edisto Swamp and River, where nine streams ran through a swamp half a mile wide each side of the channel. The water in the swamp was three feet deep, covered with a crust of ice one-quarter of an inch thick. The regiment had to wade it, except the channel where the bridge was. It seemed at every step as if a knife was cutting the flesh; everybody screamed with the pain, and the chorus of shouts was so funny that everybody had to laugh in turn. Many men were used up by that swamp. Then the march was by White Pond, with no rebels to molest them, though some of the right wing had to swim the river and drive the rebels away so they could lay their pontoons. That wing after crossing the north fork of the Edisto, paid a visit to Orangeburg on the Columbia Branch of the South Carolina Railroad, and ripped up for miles, as far as the Santee River, the railroad that led to Charleston, getting that chance to send their compliments to the city that fired on Sumter.

The left wing, meanwhile, was delayed by rains and water, occasionally getting a touch of cold; one morning's wash in a brook left icicles in the hair, for instance; it got on after a while, crossing the North Edisto where Gen. Ward, the commander of the third division, led a skirmish line on his kicking stallion, on through lowlands, and a country here and there covered with black-jack oaks and lofty pines. Quantities of these monarchs of the southern forests were dead and dry from girdling, and were standing skeletons with dry cones and pine needles ready for fires, which the all pervading and all destroying bummers always started among them, and they made an exciting spectacle as the flames darted along swifter than a greyhound could run. For miles around there was a sea of pitch black smoke high above, which blazed

acres and acres of burning tree tops, the flames of their fat resin lighting up the country at night far around. At one place twenty-five thousand barrels of resin were piled up where it was made. The pile was soon afire, the blaze rose three hundred feet, and the jet black smoke, miles high, spreading out then for miles, and making a very respectable thunder cloud. The heat from the burning mass was so great that no one could get within sixty rods of it. Resin was worth thirty dollars a barrel at home, and the soldiers had the satisfaction of thinking they burnt up in that fire three quarters of a million's worth of property belonging to South Carolina secesh. What with burning piles of resin, burning resin factories and dwelling houses the whole region seemed to be one vast bonfire. The South Carolina chivalry had probably already reached the conclusion that Sherman is said to have predicted in Savannah they would, as he pointed across the river, "I'll go over there, and what I can't eat I'll burn, and I'll make them think h—l is coming anyhow." Every day that the bummers operated in South Carolina must have added some new proof that they certainly came from the infernal regions. Hazard gives a description of one of the little characteristic practical jokes sometimes played on fugitive F. F. S. Ca.'s on this march.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS."

"One day as we were marching by a fine house, —— —— and myself wandered into the parlor. There was a beautiful grand piano there, and over the small fire-place a fine oil painting, used to cover the opening during warm weather. —— pulled out his jack-knife and cut out the picture, rolled it up and stowed it away in his immense haversack, the grave of many a relic and the magizine from which he often produced unheard-of luxuries,—French mustard and Dutch

cheese in the centre of South Carolina, eighteen months since we had seen a sutler. A couple of Germans from the Twenty-Sixth Wis. regiment loafed into the room. Upon spying the piano one seated himself before it and began to play opera, ballads, marches and, at last, jigs and "hoe-downs," upon which Dutchy number two mounted the instrument and began "shaking her down" on the top. At the final wind-up, where the dance ends up with a bang, he brought his foot down, and with it the butt of his rifle, driving it clear through the piano. We then dragged it into the road, where we took the large bass wires for bails to our coffee kettles, using the rosewood case to cook the coffee with. In the sheds belonging to this house we found a thousand bushels of peanuts, or "goobers," as the natives call them. We camped near, and we lugged off the peanuts, not by the pint or quart, but every man with a blanket full, as big as a feather bed. We roasted them in our camp fires, and had peanuts enough.

The left wing, after marching to near Lexington, turned short to the right, and reached the Congaree, opposite Columbia. On the same day, the sixteenth of February, the right wing arrived there. The bridge was burned, and a few shells were tossed across to stir up the rebel cavalry on the other bank, and give the rebel capital a little notice of what was coming. Gen. Howard's Army pontooned the Saluda River and then the Broad, the next day sent a brigade ahead and the Mayor of Columbia surrendered the city.

The Thirty-Third was not privileged to witness the entrance of Gen. Sherman and his leading generals into the pioneer secession capital, which was said to have had all the incidents of a triumph. They were received with waving handkerchiefs and bits of old flags; for beside the entire negro population, which, as usual, shouted and danced and blessed the Lord and "Massa Sherman for the arrival of the

jubilo" : there were many really original Union men and women among the throngs, and a few hundred escaped Union prisoners who were overjoyed to get to the old Army, and under the old flag again. Officers, many of them who had been sent the rounds of rebel prisons, Libby, Danville, Macon, Charleston, under the fire of our guns, and were in the prison near Columbia, escaped in various ways, almost always by the help of negroes. No one could realize their delight as they saw the head of column nearing the city with the old Corps banners and the dear old flag, and heard the bands playing "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle," sights and sounds they had not seen or heard for weary months and years. Those who saw Sherman that day, say he enjoyed more the hand shaking with those rescued and gallant old soldiers, than his capture of the city.

Regiments raced to see which would be the first to plant the stars and stripes on the capitol, in which the first ordinance of secession was hatched. They were soon floating there, and the troops across the river saw them, as tangible evidence that the unapproachable, invincible Capitol of South Carolina, the "Holy of Holies" of secession, was in the possession of an army of abolishionists. Wade Hampton, it seemed, who swore with such round oaths to fight from house to house, had stepped out on the first train. The Thirty-Third saw that night the blaze of the great fire which nearly destroyed Columbia. When the right wing entered the city, piles of cotton were burning in the streets, set on fire by the retreating enemy. At night the whole city caught fire from this burning cotton, very likely, though it was contrary to Sherman's wishes, with some aid from the Army of the Tennessee's men, in the city, who shared in the prevalent thirst for vengeance, on everything that helped originate secession, and it has been said, slaked their carnal thirst on strong waters and choice old wines from deserted cellars.

The wind blew a hurricane, some thought, appropriate to the occasion. The fire took the old Capitol, with its secession memories, public buildings, churches, colleges, business blocks; swept away splendid residences, with their beautiful gardens and fine shade trees, and, though Sherman and his Generals did all in their power to have the fire stopped, next morning eighty blocks, one-half the city, were a pile of ashes, bricks and rubbish. The next day, the government shops and founderies were set fire to, deliberately, the powder mill blown up and the confederate money factory finished. The soldiers found "millions in it," which they spent or gambled away with great gusto. Three days after, this home of traitors was left behind, to its humiliation. It had one comfort. The wreck was not so bad as that of Atlanta.

None of the left wing was permitted to enjoy a visit to Columbia. It had other business in hand. It marched up the Saluda, by Saluda factory, which was in flames and its two hundred operatives were suddenly thrown out of work; queer specimens they were, of southern factory women; tobacco chewing, smoking and dipping, "Unkempt, frowzy and ragged," as they were described. They were wringing their hands and bemoaning their fate; poor, pitiable things, if they were dirty and unattractive, they were innocent of causing any trouble, but they had to suffer its consequences, just the same. Such is war. Near by were the wretched huts, without chimneys, of "Sorghum camp," where twelve hundred of our prisoners had been kept, in about the standard way, until they were hurried off on the approach of Sherman. It was called "Sorghum," because that was the principal article of diet there. Across the Saluda river, the march of Slocum's column was to Allston ferry, on the Broad River, crossing which, it proceeded to make a wreck of the Greenville and Columbia railroad, up the river, while the right wing was doing up Columbia and this same railroad, down the Wateree.

The march was resumed, both wings arriving at Winnsboro', on the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad, the twenty-first of February. The Twentieth Corps found that, with the Fourteenth Corps ahead of them, on the march, foraging did not pay; the country was thoroughly eaten up. The same discovery would have been made, doubtless, with the order of march reversed. The Charleston and South Carolina Railroad, running through Winnsboro', was doomed, of course, and its primitive, strap iron rails, for miles and miles, were twisted by fire into all sorts of kinks and corkscrews.

The advance guard of enterprising and mischief making foragers tried to experiment on the town, on the Columbia plan, to produce results similar to those that happened to Columbia and set it on fire. Only the timely arrival of the troops and the personal efforts of the Generals, saved the place. It was said that Slocum, Williams, Geary and Barnum burned their whiskers and scorched their clothes, trying to put out the fire. The place was full of refugees from Vicksburg, Nashville, Atlanta, Savannah and Charleston, as they were, in succession, taken by our armies. Winnsboro' was a sort of last ditch where they never expected a Yankee army could come. Major Nichols, A. D. C. to General Sherman, who, like his chief, had grown to be very fond of the Thirty-Third band, and always called it "Our Band," made an entry at this place, in his diary, now published as part of his "Story of the Great March," paying a great compliment to the band. "As I am writing, I hear the exquisite music of the band of the Thirty-Third Mass. regiment, who are serenading one of the general officers. This is the best band in the army and the favorite of all of us. It is playing operatic and national airs. * * * Those soul-stirring anthems of 'John Brown' and 'Rally 'Round the Flag,' are now the familiar airs here."

From here, the Corps pushed on through more sterile country; but there was fun to relieve the monotony. Besides

cock fighting, which furnished, occasionally, an evening's amusement and was reckoned a legitimate part of Sunday's services, at some of the headquarters, there was another sport now in vogue. The forests and fields were filled with rabbits, which, as they were started up by the troops, were running about in every direction, the soldiers after them, in a merry chase, forgetting their long march and their knapsacks. The woods and hillsides re-echoed the shouts, "Catch him, catch him!" "Stop that rabbit!" If he was captured, he made a supper for some mess, or became its pet, just according to the plenty or scarcity of good foraging in the neighborhood.

The whole army, which had marched almost directly north, and at Winnsboro' threatened Charlotte, now made a great right wheel to the eastward, which was dreadfully distracting to the rebels. A long march, over horrible hills, brought the Thirty-Third to Rocky Mount P. O., going into bivouac, then having reveille at midnight, crossed, by pontoons, over the Catawba river, one thousand feet wide. Rocky Mount was one of Cornwallis's line of outposts, in the Revolution, and the scene of a skirmish. Along east of the Catawba, were battle-fields of Gates and Cornwallis. At Camden, a dozen miles below, through which the right wing marched, one of the noted battles of the Revolution was fought in 1780, between General Gates and Lord Cornwallis and where Baron DeKalb was killed. Soon after crossing the Catawba, the division received the glorious news that Charleston was evacuated. Sherman's strategy, as he anticipated, had done the work without striking a blow. His flanking process had done the business, as usual. Some of his army mourned because they were not there to sow down with salt the hot-bed of secession. News also came that Terry had taken Wilmington.

It was pretty fair foraging along here. Plenty of pork and molasses, and some of the foragers brought in tubs full of honey. The natives, in their flight, hid away things so that it

sometimes required Yankee 'cuteness to unearth them. The timely exercise of this faculty often produced surprising results. One day a forager noticed an ornamental shrub growing in red clay in a yard with marks of black loam on it. It struck him it was not in its native soil and he went for that bush. It easily came out of the ground, and out of the hole under it, of which it was the tell-tale, came also, a whole stock of provisions and family clothing, and a bran new trunk, brought in by the last blockade runner, containing a rebel general officer's uniform and horse equipments. One of our men, relates Hazard, while crossing a ploughed field, was attracted by suspicious signs and ran his ramrod into the ground. A foot down it struck something solid. The ubiquitous and kind hearted Amasa Glover told the result, as he ran down to the band, with two tin cups running over, one with syrup, the other with peach butter; canteens full, rivulets of the delicious sweets running down his person and clothing. "Plenty more right up here; forty-two hogsheads full." Sure enough, they had dug out, below where the cute Yankee had thrust his ramrod, forty two hogsheads of syrup, sorghum and peach butter. Sometimes a mistake was made. The natives here keep their lard in calabashes, or gourds. One of the band, in passing a log house one day, levied on it for a calabash of lard. The usual batch of doughnuts was fried that night, with the contents of the calabash. A peculiar flavor, supposed to be an excess of soda, was perceived; but hard-marched men, with sharkish appetites, did not stop for trifles. Daylight revealed the fact that the doughnuts had been fried in soft soap.

Not long after passing Rock Mount, the rains set in and the regiment trudged along on two or three marches in the red clay mud in which mule teams and artillery floundered, about the way things used to move near Stafford Court House, Va., one of the old homes of the regiment. All

hands had to corduroy roads and dig out stranded teams. Passing by Russell's plantation, the Corps arrived at Hanging Rock, on Little Lynch Creek. Here the brigade camped on one of the old battle fields of Gates and Cornwallis, and here a long halt became necessary, for after it had crossed the Catawba, the rains swelled the river, the pontoons were carried away, and the Fourteenth Corps was for a time cut off. Affairs came to be very serious. Gen. Sherman ordered Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, its commander, to abandon a few hundred of his wagons, kill the animals, if he could not get them across the Catawba, and push on; but the sturdy and humane old General got the animals all across, after a fashion, and pushed on through the mud and rain, and caught up with the column after a week's delay, which gave the troops of the Twentieth Corps, that were waiting for them, a comfortable rest. The district of Lancaster, through which the march now led, is very beautiful, gently undulating and sprinkled with low pines; the land is fertile, and wheat, corn, oats, cotton and fruits are abundant. In the last of February now, the trees were beginning to bud, and the daffodils were ready to bloom. There were some drawbacks hereabouts to a soldier's life. The rebels began now to cut the throats of foragers, and to leave them as hints by the wayside. Kilpatrick was ordered to improve on the system, and retaliation in the cavalry style soon stopped the business. Hazard narrates a thrilling story of the narrow escape of one of the Thirty-Third men, who staid behind foraging a little too long, as follows:—

"About this time the Rebs began to hang our foragers when they captured them. We found ten of our men hung to trees at one time, with placards on their breasts: 'Death to Foragers.' Gen. Sherman sent word to Wade Hampton (the author of these hangings) that for every one he should hang he would hang three. This explains the following: A pioneer

of our regiment, a withy, left-handed, tough and gimpy fellow, named Peck, got permission to go with the regimental foragers for one trip. So he mounted his mule and sallied forth. After reaching the foraging grounds on the extreme left flank of the army, the foragers divided into squads of four or six and went for the different houses thinly scattered through the country. The squad Peck was in, took a house furthest from the line of march, and had good luck. Turkeys and chickens were plenty. They were about loaded when Peck spied a particularly fine turkey which he at once began to run down. He ran under the house (set up on blocks fifteen or twenty inches) and Peck followed, seized his game, and was backing out when, as he emerged, he felt the smart jab of a bayonet, and was saluted with "Come out o' that, you —— Yankee," and found that he was a prisoner in the hands of a dozen as villainous looking guerrillas as ever existed, and his squad he saw were going across the open country to the main road for dear life.

The Rebs immediately run him off two or three miles further, and came to a halt in a swamp. They then took a vote as to whether they should hang Peck then and there, or wait till they had captured enough for a mess. That vote was a trying thing for Peck. The result was declared five for immediate dispatch and six in favor of catching some more Yanks and hanging them all together. They left one Reb to guard him and the rest started out to get some more. After they had disappeared the Reb says to Peck:—

"Now, look yer, if you'ns tries ter get I'll shute, 'n 'yer'd better not try none o' yer dog goned Yankee tricks onter me."

"Of course not," says Peck; "but you must allow I onghter have a drink o' water after running as far as I have."

The Reb's horse and Peck's mule were hitched to a tree beside a brook, about three rods from them. The Reb gave Peck permission to go down to the brook and drink, with

"none of yer monkey shines, now," and the assurance of being shot dead if he walked in any other than the straight and narrow path. Peck started for the brook, determined to do or die. He went round the tree by the horse, stooping down apparently to drink, but reached up, pulled out the halter, gave the stallion a fearful kick, and as he sprang, swung into the saddle, with the Reb's bullets whistling around him. The Reb emptied the seven cartridges of his Sharp's carbine after him, then mounted the mule and put after him. Peck kept to the swamp, fearing to strike into the road on account of the other Rebs; but he knew where the road lay, and after a while he made a venture and came out into it, and there, not ten rods behind him, was the gang of Rebs cantering leisurely along the road.

He put his horse up to his best, and the Rebs didn't let any grass grow under their horses' feet, but on they came, firing and yelling. Peck lay first on one side of the horse's neck, and then on the other, just as the bullets came the most or least; but, as luck would have it, no bullet touched Peck or his horse, and now it was a race, as the Rebs had emptied their carbines and would lose no time to re-load. As Peck was dashing along, it occurred to him that when they came out upon that road in the morning he noticed about twenty of Kilpatrick's cavalry hidden behind the bushes in a place where a belt of timber crossed the road. His only chance lay in the cavalry not having moved and his ability to distance his pursuers. He scanned the outlook ahead, and could see no belt of timber near or far like the one seen in the morning, and he could see that the Rebs were gaining on him, when, as his hopes were fast sinking, a turn in the road disclosed the welcome sight of the belt of timber. But should the cavalry have moved his chances would be gone again. On, on he went, the Rebs yelling and certain of their prize, upon whom no second vote would be wasted, until as

Peck dashed through the opening his glad eyes took in the forms of the more than welcome cavalry. No sign did he make to them, for he was in full view of the Rebs who would take alarm at the slightest motion from him of the presence of friends; but he loudly whispered, "Let me through — take them as they come in." On he sped down the road, and on came the triumphant, unsuspecting Rebs, till, as they rushed by the timber, every one of them was covered by a good cavalry carbine, with the command "Halt! dismount!" Then Peck returned, relieved one Reb of his cap, another of his shoes, and gradually re-clothed himself, administering a rousing kick to each as he regained his wardrobe, of which they had robbed him. With the help of some of Kilpatrick's cavalry he escorted the ten captured Rebs to the provost-marshal, was given high praise for the masterly manner with which he had conducted, and returned to the regiment the third day, satiated with foraging, and looking ten years older than he did three days before."

Crossing the next stream, Hanging Rock Creek, near a great natural curiosity, where the stream is reached between dreadfully steep banks, the Thirty-Third struck into a wretchedly muddy, slippery road. "The men," says a diary, "slipping, stumbling, swearing, singing and yelling," making a few rods at a time and then stopping, reminding them of the horrible night march at Falmouth, after Fredericksburg. The morasses and mire about the Lynch Creeks, Little and Great, on March 1st, furnished opportunity for skilful pontooning and extensive corduroying, and for gentle patience on the part of the troops and mule drivers. They were not all angels in this respect. The engineering on roads and bridges being mostly done by the men standing up to their waists in water, and generally at night with the light of blazing torches, which looked in the distance, through the forests, like myriads of flickering fire-flies.

In the absence of any fighting, the exciting event hereabouts, was the discovery of the safes of some of the Charleston Banks hid in the woods, some silver quarters and half dollars in them, very little gold, and millions of Confederate scrip, which at this stage of the war would hardly buy its weight in merchandise. March 2d, the Thirty-Third crossed the Big and Little Black Creeks, the rations only "meal and sow belly." The next day it entered Chesterfield, and in another march crossing Thompson's Creek, the regiments in the first and second divisions having some skirmishing, reached with the left wing, Sneedsboro' on the Great Pee-Dee, while the right wing entered Cheraw, right on the heels of Hardee. A darkey told Gen. Sherman the guerillas hurried out of Chesterfield "In sich a hurry you could have played cards on der coat tails."

At Sneedsboro' the foragers of the third brigade brought in as per diary inventory, of Hart, "Four open buggies, one top do., one sulky, one hack with mules appropriate, all full of hams, shoulders, lard, meal, flour, sweet potatoes, dried apples, etc." Hazard adds a touch to this item of his fellow member, descriptive of foraging plunder at this or some other time. "A cow and mule hitched to a family carriage, the carriage loaded down with hams, bacon, flour, meal and incidentals; a jackass in a trotting gig with a dozen hams swinging from the axletree and shafts; a cow and a buggy; mule and phaeton were frequent; and one day a regular old stage coach came in, drawn by four animals of as many different races, all loaded with food and goodies, turkeys and chickens. 'Our shop-lifter,' a discarded, supposed to be good-for-nothing drummer boy, detailed to the band, "came in dressed in a complete rebel naval officer's uniform, and mounted on a coal black stallion with hams and chickens, pails of honey and peach butter, bags of flour and eggs, hung around on all prominent points and bearings of the sad-

dle and equipments. Each of the band that night invited in one or two of the intimate friends we had among the privates and gave them a supper to be remembered." He was a "boss bummer," whatever he was as a drummer. There was some brilliant foraging in Cheraw, too. Gen. Frank P. Blair, Jr., commanding the Seventeenth Corps, captured eight wagon loads of venerable Madeira in bottles covered with the dust and cobwebs of age, which had been sent there for safety by some of the aristocracy of Charleston. His troops got a ration or two of it. Piles of Charleston carpets furnished excellent saddle cloths and blankets for various headquarters.

Among other prizes of war captured there, were thirty-six hundred barrels of gunpowder, twenty tons or so of it, and twenty-five guns, mostly twenty-pound Parrotts, which came from Charleston, and had sent acres of shells at our fleets; one of the guns was a thirty pound Blakely with this now rather stale inscription on it, "To the sovereign State of South Carolina, By a citizen abroad, March 4th, 1861." With a propriety that was quite poetic, this gun and the others of the twenty-five were used to fire a National salute by the troops of the right wing, March 4th, 1865, just four years after, in honor of the second inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President. As if the old gun said, in honest hands now: "A fig for the sovereignty of a rebellious State."

The gunpowder prematurely exploded and Cheraw had a genuine earthquake, houses were shaken to pieces and hillsides torn out. It was here the old darkey explained to Gen. Sherman the movements of the rebels. "Dey frightened at de berry name of Sherman; dey jumped into de river and some of dem lost dere hosses. It's de name of Sherman shu, and you keep a comin' and a comin' and dey allers git out;" and he displayed the remains of his ivory. After a day's rest at Sneedsboro' the Twentieth Corps marched down to Cheraw, the Thirty-Third in the night's bivouac, burning up at their

fires all the out buildings and garden fence in reach, and the next day passed through the broad elm-lined streets of Cheraw where half of the inhabitants had a "Mc" to their names from their Scotch ancestors; marched by smoking cinders and still burning public buildings, over the pontoons across the great Pee-Dee River into North Carolina. The common bridge had been burnt as usual, but there was no attempt to oppose the passage of the wide stream.

The defence of South Carolina by the "haughty Gascon," Beauregard, had been a farce, and Sherman despised his adversary accordingly. But it became a different matter now that Joe Johnston was restored to command, though reluctantly by Davis at the demand of southern leaders. Sherman just now received news of the change and prepared to keep his Armies well in hand, ready for any stealthy blow that he expected his now formidable adversary to aim at any time at one of his columns. The rebel chief, however, had not the numbers he could once control, to hurl against Sherman. His old Army would never come to roll call again, its graves lined the road to Nashville, and recruiting in the Confederacy was about "played out," as the bummer expressed it. There was a noticeable difference between the "Old North State" and South Carolina. Every thing seemed more thrifty and tidy, the farms better managed, fences in good order and were more respected by the soldiers; barns were well built and not so promptly torn down for fire wood. The corn and cotton fields had not so shiftless and forlorn a look as in the State last marched through. There was more Union sentiment among the inhabitants that were left, and that seemed to the troops to account for a more respectable look of things, and did account for more respect by them for property, though a good deal of forest and a good many buildings got afire here somehow. One old church the Thirty-Third made quick time with; it was all down in ten minutes, but it did not seem to matter, for the natives here had little use for a church.

The tall pines in the forests burnt easily, for they had all been tapped to make tar, turpentine and resin, furnishing the traditional employment of North Carolina people as per the geographies. The men found these pines made a beautiful flame, and in every direction the fatty pitch was blazing up, filling the air with black clouds of smoke and the smell of burning pitch. The burning of turpentine works was something to remember, and was frequently seen, the flames sometimes covering an acre, roaring like thunder and surging like the waves of the sea, dashing up a hundred or two feet high into fantastic shapes. There was so much black smoke and soot floating about that soldiers sometimes looked like negro regiments. The roads and weather for the few days' march after getting into North Carolina were variable; sometimes rainy, the roads muddy, slimy, full of holes, the men slipping, sliding, stumbling over logs and pine stumps, the forests gloomy, then all was bright and sunny and pleasant, the roads sandy and good for marching, the trees when not afire filling the air with the perfume of the pine and cedar. Then rain again, in a perfect deluge, the country floating in water forming lakes, the roads a bog and beside them deep ditches. Roads had to be corduroyed by the men up to their knees in water.

Some of the columns were enlivened with the presence of regularly organized trains of refugees, loaded in all sorts of vehicles and outlandish crafts; family coaches full of ladies of polite society, rheumatic old carriages and army wagons, containing poor whites, men, women and children; country carts, farm wagons and nondescript riggings black with old aunties, gray negroes and little pickaninnies, and stacks of household goods and apparel that they were lugging away were crammed in, and were sticking out in every place. These motley trains were mostly under the charge of escaped Union soldiers.

The cavalry had a fight hereabouts, March 9th, and the infantry had an excitement in the news that Hampton suddenly surprised one of Kilpatrick's brigades, captured their camp and his headquarters, that the redoubtable general escaped by running for dear life bare foot into the swamp; but that he rallied his men, made a plucky charge back on the rebels who stopped to plunder, recaptured his camp and headquarters and came off with glory. The flag and uniform of the general were saved by a refugee woman.

After a while a guide board was reached with this laconic inscription on it, "fift 3 mils to Fatville," showing that phonetic reform in spelling had broken out early here. Six days' march, the last dozen miles on a plank road, brought the army on the eleventh of March to the place contemplated by the guide board, Fayetteville, according to the old fogy method of spelling, on the Cape Fear River, and onto the heels again of Hardee, who had just got across, burning his bridge behind him of course. Dinner was served in the suburbs to the Thirty-Third, on corn meal, doughnuts and flapjacks, ham and other luxuries. The staid, church-going descendants of the old Covenanters, who had been the carpet-baggers of that section generations before, were suddenly startled that Sunday on which they were visited by our army, by the ungodly whistle of a steamer. It was a tug boat sent up the river from Wilmington by Gen. Terry who knew Sherman would be on time, and would come on the day fixed in his message. News was brought from Washington again, and the mails were once more at hand. Sherman could not afford to spend much time over Fayetteville. Every day, he wrote Terry, was worth one hundred thousand dollars, and he proposed to be in Goldsboro', April 10th. He stopped long enough to demolish to pretty fine pieces, the magnificent Arsenal here, stolen bodily from the government

by the enemy, with its millions of dollars' worth of machinery and material, and which Hardee would have lugged away with him, but it was too bulky. Of course, wrote Sherman, the government will never trust North Carolina with an Arsenal again. The Thirty-Third saw rising from its sightly eminence among the trees the smoke of its ruins, and the smoke of the public buildings as usual. The regiment marched with the left wing through the town in review before Sherman, Slocum and a Commodore; over the pontoons onto the plank road and then on—the cherry trees in blossom, elms and maples in leaf—after Hardee. He was soon met, and for two or three days' marches, there was a running skirmish with his rear guard in which the third brigade took part.

THE BATTLES OF AVERYSBORO' AND BENTONSVILLE.

Kilpatrick found Hardee on the evening of the fifteenth at Taylor's Hole Creek, obstructing the road to Averysboro' and Raleigh, towards which latter place Sherman intended to make a feigned movement. Kilpatrick pushed on his men and had quite a tussle, finding Hardee's infantry in force, in the narrow neck of land full of swamps, between the Cape Fear and Black Rivers, in front of the junction of the Goldsboro' and Raleigh roads. He was endeavoring to retard Sherman's advance to give Johnston time to concentrate his Army farther in the rear to make a more determined resistance. Ruger's brigade, now under Col. Hawley, in which was the Second Mass., was sent ahead in the darkness and rain five miles, over a horrible road to support Kilpatrick, arrived and went into bivouac in position for the next day. Early that morning, the sixteenth, this brigade, supported by the cavalry on the flanks, moved forward with skirmishers, drove the rebel skirmishers and had a severe fight, maintain-

ing their ground unsupported by any infantry for a long while against superior numbers. The enemy attacking vigorously with artillery and infantry, but in vain.

When the Thirty-Third came up about nine o'clock, it found the Second Mass. fighting with its accustomed gallantry, and the rest of the brigade fighting well, as it always did. It got out of ammunition and Cogswell's brigade relieved it, threw out a skirmish line almost as heavy as a line of battle, which was put under command, of Capt. Graves: two companies of the Thirty-Third were in it, and advanced, supported by the rest of the line on the South Carolina chivalry, which it drove out of their rifle pits for a mile or two through dense woods, over ridges and down through swamps, wading through water knee deep to within a hundred and fifty paces of heavy works held in great force. The fighting here, up to this point, had been done altogether by the skirmish line, and they had been hard at it all day under a galling fire. While Cogswell's brigade had been pushing ahead on this part of the line, the first brigade of Ward's division advanced on the left and captured a section of artillery, and Hawley's brigade had been thrown in again farther to the right, took the rebel line there, Rhetts' dismounted brigade of artillery in flank, drove them to their works; both brigades contributing to the general success. The whole of Ward's division was engaged before the attack ended. The defences were too strong to be carried without too much sacrifice, and a halt was made for the night, and breast-works thrown up, and the rain set in. Not an inch was lost so far. The loss in the regiment was one man killed, Private Holbrook of Company H, one officer and nine men wounded. Gen. Cogswell in his official report of the operations of his brigade in the Goldsboro' campaign, spoke of Capt. Graves in complimentary terms as follows: "I desire also to mention Capt. C. E. Graves, Thirty-Third Mass. Vol.

Infantry, for bravery, coolness and good judgemnt while commanding the skirmish line, March 16th." Capt. Graves afterwards received the brevet of major for his gallant service this day. The brigade lost one hundred and eighteen men, more than the loss in any other brigade in the Corps. The losses in the Second Mass., as on many another field, were of lives much lamented. Capt. Grafton, an accomplished gentleman, killed in command of eight men, the remnant of Gen. Underwood's old Company I: Lieut. Storrow serving on Cogswell's staff, and seven brave men in the ranks.

The next morning the enemy had gone. The whole division pushed on through the village of Averysboro', not a dozen houses in it, but all filled with the enemy's wounded, deserted and starving. The next day, back, and struck off over to the road to Goldsboro', Sherman's real objective, the left wing making a right wheel. The regiment forded Black River, the men mostly stripped to the buff, below the waist. The day after, Sunday, the nineteenth of March, as the regiment was jogging along enjoying the balmy air of spring, snuffing in the delicious fragrance of the apple and peach blossoms, about noon a mounted officer rode up and reported that the Fourteenth Corps was fighting heavily ahead and the orders were to hurry up to the sound of the cannonading, where a battle was in progress in front of Bentonville.

The attack on the left wing was from Johnston himself, his first appearance on the scene since he was relieved from command before Atlanta. A Federal soldier who deserted from the enemy had just informed Gen. Slocum that Johnston's whole Army was there, Bragg, Hardee, S. D. Lee and Cheatham. Sherman after the repulse of Hardee at Averysboro' thought the road was safe to Goldsboro' and sent off his right wing, going with it himself. Johnston skilfully seized his opportunity, when he thought

that wing was at a safe distance, and hurled all his forces upon the other, as it was marching in flank, hoping to crush each division as it came up, in detail. The advance of the Fourteenth Corps, Carlin's division, was attacked almost as soon as it started upon the Goldsboro' road, at first by cavalry; its three brigades were deployed one after the other, then Morgan's division was put in as soon as it came up, and the whole line ordered to press on; the left brigade met a superior force of the enemy's infantry advancing, and was crushed in, and so was brigade after brigade. Johnston was making a great left wheel to sweep in Slocum's wing; the right brigades of Morgan's division changed front and were faced about to fight an attack in the rear, and Davis put in his escort and train guard, but they were being overwhelmed and twisted by attacks on so many sides into a line like a corkscrew, when Williams' and Ward's divisions of the Twentieth Corps formed a second line to check the enemy's advance and try and save the day. The Fourteenth Corps had been fighting against overwhelming odds, and some of it with the greatest pluck, but Carlin's division was badly used, and a good deal of it so badly demoralized, that "Acorn run" became a by-word with the Twentieth Corps. (An acorn was their Corps badge). No troops could have fought better than Morgan's.

Williams' old division, now under Gen. Jackson, was first put in on Davis' left. There was an interval between the two where one of Davis' brigades had been driven out, and late in the afternoon Cogswell's brigade was put into this interval, deployed in two lines, three regiments in the first, and two in the second, the Thirty-Third on the right flank of the second line. The brigade advanced, the right in a wood thick with underbrush, and suddenly came upon a rebel brigade moving to occupy the same interval for mischief. The two lines were so amazed at each

other's sudden appearance that neither fired a shot, and the leading rebel regiment, the Twenty-Sixth Tenn., being practically cut off, surrendered as prisoners, Capt. Blasland of the Thirty-Third taking their colors; the rest of their brigade retreated so that nearly all the lost ground here was recovered. Cogswell's brigade was then moved to the right to connect with Morgan's division of the Fourteenth Corps, and advanced into a most terrific fire of the enemy's main line, taking it unflinchingly, though, under as much cover as it could find, and firmly maintaining its ground into the night. The fighting had been fierce along the rest of the Twentieth Corps line, but the enemy could not drive it or Morgan, and so Johnston's attempt to destroy the left wing in detail was baffled by hard fighting and good luck. The Thirty-Third was not much engaged, except its skirmishers on the right flank. It had five wounded.

This battle, says Van Horn, "Takes rank among the great decisive battles of the war." Eight brigades of infantry resisted the whole army of the enemy, behind substantial defences. Johnston's force was estimated at thirty thousand. He says in his "Narrative" that he only had about fifteen thousand besides his cavalry. It was the last battle of the Thirty-Third and of Sherman's Armies. The regiment threw up works that night but the pickets were all quiet. The next day the brigade was relieved by the brigade of the Fourteenth Corps which had been driven out and joined its own division. The whole left wing remained under arms on the defensive. Sherman's object was delay, until his whole Army was up. The second day after the battle, the right wing was back and Sherman with it, presenting a long and sufficiently formidable front. Gen. Mower had a sharp fight with his division, made an opening in the enemy's line, and a skirmish was ordered along the whole front, but nothing decisive came of it, as Sherman had directed there should be no general battle.

Johnston's opportunity had passed, the right wing was after Cox's Bridge in his rear, over the Neuse River, and he slipped away. Before he left, the Thirty-Third Mass. and Twenty-Sixth Wis. made a reconnoisance, in which shots were exchanged, and one man was mortally wounded in the regiment.

The road to Goldsboro' was now clear, and the march was resumed for that city. It was a fearful road for a part of the distance, if it was open. The wind was a hurricane, and sand and smoke flew promiscuously, though everything else was summer; if it was March, peach and cherry trees were in full blossom and already leaved out. Near Cox's Bridge troops were passed belonging to a Corps never met before, the Tenth, and in it, one full division of full blooded Africans, as good looking troops as any, if they were sable. They were the troops of Terry from Wilmington, and his junction with Sherman was thus successfully made. The Thirty-Third with the rest of its column passed over the river on pontoons, and on the twenty-fourth of March into Goldsboro'. In passing through Goldsboro' that day, the army marched in review before Sherman and Slocum and other generals. The veterans of so many successful campaigns who had marched from the mountains to Atlanta, from there to the sea, and from there through the Carolinas to the sea again, marched proudly before their wonderful leader, proud of their battle flags inscribed with their victories, and not only the veteran troops in regular marching order, but the veteran bummers too, marched in review with their ludicrous mounts and go-carts, barouches, down to wheelbarrows loaded with all sorts of plunder, trophies of their victories as well, and all Goldsboro' noted that significant part of the procession. It found here the troops of Gen. Schofield, of the Army of the Ohio, last from Newbern, comrades in the hard campaign from Chattanooga through the mountains, and not

seen since Atlanta, the victors with the rest of Thomas' Army in the battle of Nashville: cheer on cheer went up to greet them. Sherman's plans had been successfully worked out. After four hundred and twenty-five miles had been tramped, from Savannah to Goldsboro', in winter, large rivers crossed, the two last battles of Sherman's Armies fought, the sea was reached again. That campaign was ended, and the congratulatory order was read. The troops were promised rest and repairs; they needed both badly. They had been marching steadily fifty days, part of the march known as "the forty days in the wilderness"; had worn their clothing pretty much to tatters and had not had time to wash even what they had left. They were dirty and ragged, as well as saucy, and were something else which was descriptive of tenants that had lodgings inside their flannels. Brooks with plenty of water in them were in demand. Soap was issued, the first for a long while. Quartermasters were busy in getting clothing and issuing it. The commisaries likewise as to rations. There was a plenty of both at hand. Pickles were among the luxuries, and to get pickles at that stage of the Army's proceedings was an event in the soldiers' lives. Sherman was as good a general in looking ahead for the material wants of his Armies, as he was in anticipating where the enemy would strike. The Wilmington Railroad was run to its utmost capacity day and night; whistles were heard screaming on the Neuse River, as well as from locomotives. The men were ordered to lay out substantial camps a mile or two outside the city on hills, in fragrant pine forests. Tents were stockaded up with small pines and other accessible timber. Bunks were built up, tables and shelves and other luxuries were added; at any other period of the war these would have been certain signs that orders to march would come pretty soon. Company and battalion drills took place. There was style again, guard-mountings, dress-parades and inspections. It

was Lynnfield and Stafford Court House. A ton or two of mails came. Foraging was good. A party sent out by the Thirty-Third, after making a little excursion of ten days, returned with six buggy-loads of stuff, including a "school marm," a poor forlorn Massachusetts girl from Malden, Cutter by name, who had not seen home for six years; had been shut up in the rebel lines, since the war broke out, and who regarded every member of the Thirty-Third Mass. as her blood relation; the claim was in no instance repudiated. She was respectfully and tenderly forwarded to the dear old Bay State.

Col. James Wood, jr., of the One Hundred and Thirty-Sixth N. Y., who had formerly commanded the brigade down to Atlanta, came back here to his regiment from his long leave of absence, was heartily welcomed by the Thirty-Third, and was duly serenaded by the band. He was much respected by the regiment, and recalled pleasant memories of past campaigns.

While the Armies of Sherman were resting here, in delicious camp-life again, their ever restless leader was busy. He took a run down to the coast in a locomotive, then steamed up to City Point to meet Gen. Grant, talked over plans with the lieutenant-general and President Lincoln, whose good soul rebelled against another battle, and hurried back to put his part into execution. The principal objective of both Grant and himself was, as he wrote Grant before starting, with the help of the commander-in-chief, to "check-mate Lee, forcing him to unite Johnston with him, in the defence of Richmond, or abandon the cause." "If he leaves Richmond, Virginia leaves the Confederacy." He promised Grant to start April 10th, and hurried back as rapidly as he went to complete preparations. While on his visit he arranged with Gen. Grant and the President for a reorganization of his Armies, which was now ordered. Gen. Terry's

Tenth Corps was added to Gen. Schofield's command, the Army of the Ohio, making it now of two Corps, Terry's Tenth and Cox's Twenty-Third. The two Corps under Slocum, the Fourteenth and Twentieth, were now constituted a distinct army, called the "Army of Georgia," as they had been hitherto informally. No longer to be of Gen. Thomas' Army of the Cumberland. But their fighting was all done, and their battles were all battles of the glorious old Army of the Cumberland. As only an army commander could by the regulations grant discharges, order court-martials, etc., Sherman deemed it necessary that the army commander of these two Corps should be with them in the field, as he could not be, while they remained a part of the Army of Thomas who was still in Tennessee. Brig.-Gen. Williams who had commanded the Twentieth Corps since Atlanta and had fought it well, had commanded the old Twelfth Corps a long while, and who was loved as old "pap Williams," and believed in thoroughly, a general of the Mexican war, was sent back to his division, and Maj.-Gen. Mower was assigned to the command of the Corps. Gen. Mower was such a fighter, no better than Williams though the Corps believed, and exposed himself and officers during the campaign so, that it was said that "Three successive sets of his staff-officers were in Heaven." Sherman says in his "Memoirs," "I had especially asked for Gen. Mower to command the Twentieth Corps because I regarded him as one of the boldest and best fighters in the whole army * * Gen. A. S. Williams * * had commanded the Corps well from Atlanta to Goldsboro', and it may have seemed unjust to replace him at that precise moment. But I was resolved to be prepared for a most desperate, and as then expected, final battle, should it fall on me."

Sherman had scarcely left Grant when the latter moved on the rebel capital, and things were drawing to a

crisis. On the sixth day of April, news reached Goldsboro' that Richmond and Petersburg had fallen, and that the rebel government had taken their carpet-bags and left. All was excitement at once. The camps were wild with rejoicings, and kept them up into the night; cheers and band playing and singing and extreme conviviality lasted till the small hours. With the despatch from Gen. Grant announcing the capture of the rebel strongholds came the injunction from him, "Push on from where you are, and let us see if we cannot finish the job with Lee's and Johnston's Armies." The telegram was read at evening parade and kindled the enthusiasm of the men. Sherman had already promised to start on the tenth. Rations were issued for three days' bread and ten days' sugar, salt and coffee in haversacks, and for twenty days rations in wagons. That meant a campaign of thirty days. On the morning of the tenth of April, reveille in the Thirty-Third was half-past three o'clock, and the regiment marched with its Corps through Golbsboro' out on the Smithfield road. The three Armies marched at the same time in the same direction, straight for Johnston's Army and as rapidly as possible. Sherman believed that Johnston and Lee would make a junction if possible, but, if they did, he did not fear both of them together, with the veteran Armies he had in hand. The head of the left wing was delayed by Wade Hampton's cavalry. The day after, the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps entered Smithfield, the advance guard fighting the enemy in the streets. On the twelfth, next day, when the Thirty-Third which had hitched along after the wagon train, entered the town, the glorious news came that Lee's Army had surrendered on the ninth, to the Army of the Potomac, at Appomattox. The message from Grant was announced by Sherman in an order to the troops. It reached the Thirty-Third in the main street of Smithfield. In the order was a brief "Te Deum"; "Glory to God and our

country, and all honor to our comrades in arms towards whom we are marching!" "Amen" said the troops, "Let us march right along," and broke out into the noisiest demonstrations. They saw the end approaching fast. They cheered and shouted and yelled themselves hoarse; the bands played their wind out. The Twentieth Corps exulted that it had fallen to the lot of their old comrades of the Army of the Potomac to capture the Army of Northern Virginia at last. The Thirty-Third was so light of foot that day, that it overtook Kilpatrick's cavalry after crossing the Neuse. Kilpatrick had had a fight with Hampton and captured a load of ex-Governors. Johnston was steadily falling back. On the 13th the advance of the Armies reached Raleigh, the City of Oaks. The Thirty-Third got near enough to see the tops of the oaks and tops of the houses and were then marched to one side. The city had surrendered, and Gen. Sherman's headquarters were in Gov. Vance's "palace," a musty old pile of brick, skinned of its furniture by the fugitive Governor, and the old flag was flying from the capitol where the rebel rag had floated four years. There was a rest of three days for some reason, at and about Raleigh. On the evening of the third day, the sixteenth of April, after taps, cheers were suddenly heard in a distant division; then they were taken up by division after division, and came nearer and nearer; then a band struck up "The star spangled banner," then another and another. The news soon came into camp that Johnston had surrendered. There was no more sleep that night. It had come at last, the end longed for, for weary years; no more battles; peace had come, home and the dear ones were a matter of a few days. The sensations that night of the war-weary veterans, who had been three long years from home, and who looked back to the battles and campaigns of three years—then to what was before them—will be remembered with a thrill for a life-time. It was a wild night and cannot be described, any words of

the writer would seem tame to the old soldiers who were there that night. There was the greatest thirst for news; every officer and man in the different commands seemed to be circulating all night long about the different headquarters where there was supposed to be any information; and there was an all pervading thirst too for the "critter that cheers" without any regard to its other potency. Men who rarely took it, took it that night, and men who were in the habit of taking it, took a good deal. Even that powerful siren could hardly lull the army to sleep that eventful night.

The next day, joy was turned into mourning. The terrible news came that President Lincoln was assassinated. There was no such gloom in the army since the war broke out. Everything else was forgotten, even peace and home. President Lincoln was endeared to the country, but in a special sense to the army. The Twentieth Corps remembered the great and good President with fondness, as they had last seen him, reviewing the Army of the Potomac at Falmouth. The guard about Raleigh, was strengthened for fear the army would take dreadful vengeance on that city. Johnston and his generals in the interview with Sherman, now become historic, expressed as much horror of the crime as our own men. For the next day or two, particulars of the surrender of Johnston were awaited, but none came. It became a dreadful suspense. Then it was announced in orders that a staff-officer had gone to Washington to get the approval of the government of the terms of the surrender. The only thing to do was to wait patiently. Preparations were made to stay awhile, and a regular camp was laid out. The Corps was ordered into the city for a review before Gen. Sherman. The days of reviews now were numbered, and their great chieftain would proudly survey his bronzed veterans; and they could fondly catch his eye, but a few times more at best. How thin the hard campaigns had made the ranks! The

Thirty-Third made only six small companies; the Second Mass., a year longer in service, only two, and it was in command of a captain. That day the Thirty-Third was selected as headquarters guard of their division commander, and ordered to encamp upon the green turf in the grounds of the Lunatic Asylum, a pretentious pile of buildings of which the city of Raleigh boasts. The detail ended picketing, now, if not forever, and afforded leisure for making an acquaintance with the capital of North Carolina, the city of an educated and refined people, the best families, the F. F. N. C.'s, the pure bloods from the stock of the followers of the noble earl whose name their city bears. A neat and clean city, with spacious houses, fine public buildings, and wide streets. Nature was more beautiful than architecture in the streets that season, in April; magnificent oaks and elms were in the perfection of foliage, velvety lawns closely shaven, violets, roses, lilies, lilacs and apple trees in full bloom, and the air was filled with their fragrance; beautiful and delightful, but it was not home, not half so delightful as the spring east winds of Massachusetts that were blowing around the firesides of those who were waiting for them. Nor half so interesting as the boxes from home that had arrived here, though they had been three months on the way. The Lowell city box was full of sensible things as usual, and everything in good condition; other boxes had eatables, condition of contents disappointing. There were frequent serenades here. The band reported enjoying on its rounds such luxuries as "mint juleps" and "milk punch."

Gen. Grant arrived in Raleigh after ten days stop of the troops, in and about the city, reviewed them, and then orders came to march towards the enemy. It was an unaccountable proceeding, but there was nothing to do but obey. A days march was made out on the Fayetteville Pike to Holly Springs. Then there was a halt of two days. Then came

the news, on the twenty-eighth of April, that it was really all over at last. Johnston had surrendered for good, and then the mystery was all explained. Sherman's terms with Johnston were not approved by the new President, Johnson, and Secretary Stanton; Grant's terms with Lee were then substituted and accepted by Johnston, and his Army would now at last lay down its arms, and surrender its standard to Sherman's victorious and exultant veterans. There was not the exciting freshness in the rejoicings there was when the thrilling news came the week before, but they were genuine, there was no chance for doubt now, and they made up for any omissions before. When the regiment arrived back again at its old camp in the asylum grounds in Raleigh, fire works blazed in the streets and in the air; torch light processions were going on, bands were playing, singing and cheering and other vents for rejoicing were in order till very late hours, repeating some of the particulars on the former occasion. Sherman left his Armies that night to attend to matters farther South. The next day at parade it was announced in the orders that hostilities had ceased, the war was over, and the march to Washington would commence next day. The next day, Sunday, April 30th, the regiment made a farewell march through Raleigh and started for Richmond, for the Potomac; and, better than all, for home. The orders prescribed a march of fifteen miles a day. But the daily marches generally proved to be longer, and when some division was to be headed off, or the division generals raced to see who could be at a point first, the marches were strung out twenty or thirty odd miles, as if a battle were impending somewhere. The line of march of the Thirty-Third Mass., and generally of the Twentieth Corps, "from Raleigh" was north-easterly, across the Neuse River and the Tar, along the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad across the Roanoke Valley Railroad, then the State line into

"Old Virginny," for the first time since September, 1863. The brigade had a sort of informal jubilee at crossing the Virginia State line, which was marked by an army cracker-box cover, so that it might have been called an official guide-board. Gen. Cogswell sent word to the Thirty-Third band, and it played as the second line was crossed again, "Oh carry me back to Old Virginny." Then across the Roanoke River, striking the Boydton Plank road, the other end of which had seen hard fighting; crossing it, and then the Meherrin River, the season of the year, May, being in that country, our full summer in forwardness, the oak woods in full leaf, tobacco growing thriftily, wheat fields waving in the wind, flowers by the wayside, and strawberries ripe. After crossing the Meherrin River, the march led to the Lewiston Plank road, and on it a dozen miles, making very easy marching, then across the Nottaway and Little Nottaway Rivers, the Petersburg and Lynchburg or Southside Railroad, at Blacks and Whites Station ("no distinction on account of color") meeting here for the first time troops of the Army of the Potomac last seen at Gettysburg, the Sixth Corps, in it the Thirty-Seventh Mass.; then on through by-lanes and cow-paths, woods and swamps, across the Appomattox River, passing some of Sheridan's men, by Clover Hill coal mines, across Swift Creek and Falling Creek, through Manchester, where the right wing joined the left, passing the Twenty-Fourth Corps drawn up in line as a salute; the Fourtieth Mass. with spruce clothes and shiny boots, not looking much like the bummers, but cheering the Thirty-Third lustily, and after three days' halt for rest, on the eleventh day of May, the regiment crossed the James, and marched into Richmond at last, nearly three long years in getting there; marching and fighting, in such long and weary and memorable campaigns. How the ranks of the Thirty-Third had been thinned since it started out from Lynnfield, so full to the maximum, so grandly fitted

out, so full of hope and expectation in August, 1862; to march "on to Richmond!" Out of the twelve hundred men, only a hundred or two left now. How many graves had it left on the long march, of the faithful and the brave! How many dropped out for wounds or disease! The Second Mass. had been four years to a day in reaching Richmond since their Camp Andrew was established at Brook Farm, and their official existence began. Of their original officers, only four remained of the thousand men, less than one hundred.

Remembering the past, and what Richmond had been to the Federal soldiers of the war, the march through Richmond was a memorable one. Gen. Halleck, who had come to Richmond, ordered the army to pass in review before him. Sherman arrived from the South just before the march began. When he heard of the order, he is reported as saying, "Not by a d—d sight, my Army will go through Richmond at right shoulder shift, and go where they d—n please." Sherman says in his "Memoirs," "This I forbade; all the army knew of the insult that had been made me by the Secretary of War and Gen. Halleck, and watched me closely to see if I would tamely submit." The army did march at right shoulder shift through the crowded streets of the many hilled, rebel city, the crowds remarkable apparently for the quantities of yellow darkeys; passing memorable places and objects, Belle Isle, Libby Prison, now the residence of Commissioner Ould and other rebels, Castle Thunder, the noble capitol, and the Washington equestrian statue, coming to shoulder arms here for the first time, out of respect to the "Father of his country," then at right shoulder shift again, by the brick White House of the rebel President, and after but a few hours' enjoyment of a pleasure that had been looked forward to for long years, out into a night's camp beyond the city. From Richmond, the march was most of the way nearly due north, across Brook Creek, through Chickahominy and the Chickahominy

Swamp. How the men recalled the gallant fighting, the pluck and the deplorable losses of the Army of the Potomac in the McClellan campaign! Then through Ashland, leaving Hanover Court House to the right, across the Richmond and Potomac Railroad, the South Anna, New Found River, Little River, the Virginia Central Railroad the North Anna River, the Mat, Ta, Po, and Ny, branches of the Mattapony River, through Spottsylvania C. H., and over the battle field, marks everywhere here of the fearful fighting, houses riddled with balls and shells, so that one diary says they are "well ventilated." In the forests around the town, not one tree in twenty standing, thousands of mounds, that told their dreadful story, and the loose skull and bone, what they omitted. Then along the bloody line of march in Grant's and Meade's campaign, through the Wilderness into a night's camp, May 15th, on the battle-field of Chancellorsville. The regiment knew the ground well, went over it thoughtfully. It was there in May, two years before. The members strolled along the Plank Road, to where they were in reserve that afternoon, hunted for their knapsacks, left there by order for a little while, to wit, two years, and found some of the mouldy relics, went out onto the hill where they laid that night with Birney's division. The other troops, as they visited the field, now saw how it all was. Saw where the Eleventh Corps was swung out with flank and rear unprotected, where it was suddenly surprised, and how it was driven in and fell back. The Thirty-Third looked it all over without a blush for its Corps. In the two years, as part of the Twentieth Corps, it had made a record that was proof it could fight as well as any troops in the two armies, and that the misfortune of Chancellorsville was not its fault. From here it was a familiar road down to United States Ford, the same way as before, in May, 1863, across the Rappahannock, dinner at Hartwood Church, as before, then over the road marched in going to Gettysburg,

across Elk and Cedar Runs, through Weaverville, in sight of Catlet's Station. Turning off then to the eastward, from the route of Gettysburg through Brentsville, the regiment permanent (one night's) summer camp, the day as hot as when the place was last visited; over Broad Run and Bull Run, by Fairfax Station, the woods cut off too much along to look natural, on the Alexandria turnpike into camp on the 19th, for three or four days' rest near Fairfax Seminary, one of the first camps of the regiment.

On the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of May, took place the great reviews; on the first day, that of the Army of the Potomac, on the next day, that of the Armies of Sherman, the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of Georgia. The twenty-fourth of May was a proud and glorious day for the men of Sherman's Armies. A memorable march. Over the Long bridge again, around the capitol, up Pennsylvania Avenue, through the countless throngs that crowded the streets, the doorways and windows and balconies, their great commander at their head, the observed of all eyes; after him the great generals who had made their records, then, in turn, the war-scarred and toughened veterans who had made their immortal record, had fought the great battles of the west, and were fresh from their victorious march, two thousand miles from the mountains to the sea. As they moved on in firm ranks, with steady bayonets, brigade after brigade, division after division, corps after corps, for six and a half hours, seventy thousand of them, the great throngs that watched them all day seemed wild with their welcome; cheered and cheered, heaped flowers and garlands upon them, even on the horses of the officers, and in every extravagant way expressed their gratitude. More observed even than the ranks, were their torn and dingy colors, their shreds of flags and broken flag-staffs, covered with battle names, though they could not be read, which told the work they had done. Proudly the

old regiments that day carried along these precious symbols of their victories and their valor. Proudly as the rest, the Thirty-Third Mass. carried along its torn flags, the national color and the white flag of the State, inscribed with the battle names as honorable as the rest; Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Beverley's Ford, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie, or Lookout Valley, Missionary Ridge, Knoxville, Buzzard's Roost, Resaca, Cassville, New Hope Church, Kulp's Farm, Kenesaw Mountain, Atlanta, Savannah, Averysboro', Bentonville; along the avenue with its comrades of many a campaign, it marched in their last march together, sharing with the rest this magnificent welcome of the nation, past Willard's, around by the Treasury, up to the reviewing stand, their disabled old colonel, Underwood, looking on them there with longing, moistened eyes, past the reviewing officer, the President of the United States and his cabinet, looking on their beloved commanders, Sherman, Slocum and the others for the last time, and so on till the last crowds and the streets were passed, and then out of the city, three miles beyond into a beautiful wooded camp on the banks of the eastern branch of the Potomac. Here to wait two weary weeks, that seemed an age, till every necessary preliminary required by the regulations was attended to, and the necessary muster-out rolls were carefully completed by the best writers in the regiment, the last camp-kettle and tent-pin accounted for, before they could start home. On the first Sunday in camp here, they were visited by their old colonel. An extract from a diary is given on this subject, as one of mixed interest to the visiting gentleman in shoulder straps. "Gen. Underwood came out to see the regiment, he was very much pleased to see us, and we were to see him. He was too tired to make us a speech. He has to walk with a crutch and a cane; looks natural, but a good deal older than he used to. The regiment fell in, and stood in line to receive him, and we greeted him with nine cheers, and the band struck up

'Hail to the chief.' He stayed most all the afternoon, and we had dress parade for his benefit. There were one hundred men detailed this morning to clean up camp because he was coming. Sundays aren't no account compared with shoulder straps." The old colonel's Sunday inspections were doubtless not forgotten by the officer of the day or the men either.

On the tenth day of June, two months only short of their full three years' term of service, the Thirty-Third Mass. was mustered out of the United States service, to the great joy of its surviving members. The next day they took the train from Washington, were in the streets of Baltimore again at midnight, breakfasted at the Union Association Rooms next morning in Philadelphia, halted at the Soldiers' Rest, New York, in the afternoon, being received all day with cheers and waving of handkerchiefs; slept on the "Plymouth Rock," down the Sound, marched next morning through the streets of dear old Boston, had a public reception in Faneuil Hall, with speeches from the old adj't.-gen. of the state, Schouler, and their first colonel, Maggi; took the train to Readville; were furloughed home till they were finally paid off, and then the Thirty-Third Mass. Infantry Regiment passed into history.

RECORD

OF THE

THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT INFANTRY

MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

1861-1865.

COPIED FROM VOLUME II OF THE RECORDS OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS, 1861-1865, AS PUBLISHED BY THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL, UNDER A RESOLVE OF THE GENERAL COURT.

CORRECTED BY THE AUTHOR.

THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.—(Three Years.)

Abbreviations.—U. S. C. T.—United States Colored Troops. V. R. C.—Veteran Reserve Corps.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
Albert C. Maggi, Col.	38	New Bedford	June 26, '62	April 1, 1863, resigned.
Adin B. Underwood, Col.	35	Newton	April 3, '63	Brig.-Gen. Nov. 6, 1863. Bvt. Maj.-Gen.
Elisha Doane, Col.	39	New Bedford	January 23, '64	June 11, 1865, ex. of service as Lieut.-Col. Bvt. Col.
Adin B. Underwood, Lieut.-Col.	34	Newton	July 24, '62	Colonel, April 3, 1863.
Godfrey Ryder, Jr., Lieutt.-Col.	38	Provincetown	April 3, '63	Sept. 17, 1864, resigned.
Elisha Doane, Lieut.-Col.	38	New Bedford	September 18, '64	Colonel, Jan. 23, 1864.
Albion W. Tebbetts, Lieut.-Col.	28	Boston	November 3, '61	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as Major.
Adin B. Underwood, Maj.	34	Newton	July 11, '62	Lieut.-Col., July 24, 1862.
James L. Bates, Maj.	42	Weymouth	August 5, '62	Colonel, 12th Infantry, Sept. 9, 1862.
James Brown, Maj.	33	Taunton	November 29, '62	May 11, 1863, resigned.
William H. Lamson, Maj.	33	Lowell	May 12, '63	March 8, 1864, disability.
Elisha Doane, Maj.	38	New Bedford	March 9, '64	Lieut.-Col., Sept. 18, 1864.
Albion W. Tebbetts, Maj.	27	Boston	September 18, '64	Lieut.-Col., Nov. 3, 1864.
Edward B. Blasland, Maj.	24	Boston	November 3, '64	June 11, 1865, ex. of ser. as Capt. Bvt. Lieut.-Col.
Orin Warren, Surg.	—	West Newbury	June 9, '62	April 1, 1863, resigned.
Joseph W. Hastings, Surg.	28	Warren	May 15, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
William S. Brown, Asst. Surg.	—	Boston	June 27, '62	Surgeon, 55th Infantry, May 15, 1864.
Daniel P. Gage, Asst. Surg.	—	Lowell	August 7, '62	Feb. 22, 1863, resigned.
Murdock McGregor, Asst. Surg.	—	Boston	March 19, '63	Surgeon, 20th Infantry, May 16, 1865.
Melville E. Webb, Asst. Surg.	21	Saco, Me.	August 7, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Daniel Foster, Chap.	—	Boston	13, '62	Nov. 16, 1863, Captain 37th U. S. C. T. Killed.
Isaac S. Cushman, Chap.	—	Newburyport	January 12, '64	Asst. Surg., 5th Cavalry, Sept. 6, 1864.
Thomas B. Rand, Capt.	23	Boston	July 24, '62	June 29, 1865, expiration of service.
Charles E. Jones, Capt.	33	Lowell	24, '62	March 28, 1863, resigned.
John C. Wyman, Capt.	39	Boston	24, '62	Transferred Nov. 27, 1862, to 41st Inf'try (3d Cavalry.)
William H. Lamson, Capt.	32	Lowell	31, '62	Major, May 12, 1863.
Godfrey Ryder, Jr., Capt.	37	Provincetown	31, '62	Lieut.-Col., April 3, 1863.
James Brown, Capt.	33	Taunton	31, '62	Major, Nov. 29, 1862.
David T. Bunker, Capt.	27	Boston	31, '62	Transferred Nov. 27, 1862, to 41st Inf'try (3d Cavalry.)
William H. H. Hinds, Capt.	41	Groton	31, '62	May 17, 1863, resigned.
Edward B. Blasland, Capt.	23	Boston	August 6, '62	Major, Nov. 3, 1864.
Elisha Doane, Capt.	36	New Bedford	7, '62	Aug. 8, 1863, resigned.
James Farson, Capt.	—	Lowell	8, '62	Sept. 26, 1864, resigned.
B. Frank Rogers, Capt.	22	Boston	12, '62	Dec. 1, 1862, resigned.
Albion W. Tebbetts, Capt.	26	Boston	November 29, '62	Major, Sept. 18, 1864.
Cyrus E. Graves, Capt.	25	Boston	December 4, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service. Bvt. Maj.
James W. George, Capt.	33	Brighton	March 29, '63	2, 1863, resigned.
James F. Chipman, Capt.	37	New Bedford	April 3, '63	11, 1865, expiration of service. Bvt. Maj.
D. Moody Prescott, Capt.	25	Lowell	May 12, '63	11, 1865, do. do. do.
Caleb Philbrick, Capt.	27	Lowell	18, '63	11, 1865, do. do. do.

George M. Walker, Capt.	35	Newton	June	3, '63	Jan. 11, 1864, resigned.
James F. Rowe, Capt.	27	Stoneham	August	9, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Elisha Doane, Capt.	38	New Bedford	February	9, '64	Major, March 9, 1864.
Naaman H. Turner, Capt.	37	Reading	March	9, '64	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hiram P. Marston, Capt.	24	Stoneham	September	18, '64	11, 1865, do. do.
Peter C. Sears, Capt.	22	New Bedford		27, '64	11, 1865, do. do.
Caleb Blood, Capt.	27	Boston	November	3, '64	11, 1865, expiration of service as First Lieut.
Albion W. Tebbetts, 1st Lieut.	26	Boston	June	19, '63	Captain, Nov. 29, 1863.
William E. Richardson, 1st Lieut.	—	Boston		20, '62	July 15, 1863, resigned.
Baldwin T. Peabody, 1st Lieut.	26	Lowell		26, '62	March 1, 1863, resigned.
Benjamin F. Talbot, 1st Lieut.	35	Boston		26, '62	Transferred Nov. 14, 1862, to 41st Inf'try (3d Cavalry.
William P. Mudge, 1st Lieut.	23	Boston	July	7, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Charles F. Richards, 1st Lieut.	25	Boston		24, '62	July 28, 1863, resigned.
Cyrus E. Graves, 1st Lieut.	24	Boston		24, '62	Captain, Dec. 4, 1862.
Edward J. Vose, 1st Lieut.	33	Taunton		24, '62	June 19, 1863, resigned.
D. Moody Prescott, 1st Lieut.	24	Lowell		31, '62	Captain, May 12, 1863.
James W. George, 1st Lieut.	32	Brighton		31, '62	Captain, March 29, 1863.
James F. Rowe, 1st Lieut.	26	Stoneham		31, '62	Captain, Aug. 9, 1863.
Bradley Dean, 1st Lieut.	22	Boston		31, '62	Transferred Nov. 27, 1862, to 41st Inf'try (3d Cavalry.
James F. Chipman, 1st Lieut.	36	New Bedford	August	7, '62	Captain, April 3, 1863.
Caleb Philbrick, 1st Lieut.	26	Lowell		8, '62	Captain, May 18, 1862.
George F. Adams, 1st Lieut.	26	Belmont	November	29, '62	March 28, 1863, resigned.
George M. Walker, 1st Lieut.	34	Newton	December	4, '62	Captain, June 3, 1863.
Naaman H. Turner, 1st Lieut.	36	Reading	March	3, '63	Captain, March 9, 1864.
Joseph P. Thompson, 1st Lieut.	33	Lowell		29, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service. Bvt. Capt.
Caleb Blood, 1st Lieut.	26	Boston		29, '63	Captain, Nov. 3, 1864.
J. Henry Williams, 1st Lieut.	24	Lynn	April	3, '63	Sept. 12, 1864, resigned.
Lebbeus H. Mitchell, 1st Lieut.	29	Cambridge	May	12, '63	March 23, 1864, resigned.
George A. Morse, 1st Lieut.	30	Boston		18, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Charles B. Walker, 1st Lieut.	26	New Bedford	June	3, '63	11, 1865, do. do.
Francis O. Prescott, 1st Lieut.	33	Lowell		20, '63	Jan. 5, 1865, resigned.
Henry J. Parker, 1st Lieut.	28	Townsend	July	16, '63	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Edward M. Cheney, 1st Lieut.	29	Boston		29, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Palemon C. Mills, 1st Lieut.	28	Watertown	August	9, '63	Oct. 9, 1863, resigned.
Allen G. Shepard, 1st Lieut.	24	Lynn	October	10, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service. Bvt. Lt.-Col.
Hiram P. Marston, 1st Lieut.	23	Stoneham	November	1, '63	Captain, Sept. 18, 1864.
Edgar L. Bumpus, 1st Lieut.	25	Braintree	March	9, '64	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga. Bvt. Capt.
Peter C. Sears, 1st Lieut.	22	New Bedford		21, '64	Captain, Sept. 27, 1864.
Archibald Waugh, 1st Lieut.	26	Lowell	May	16, '64	Nov. 10, 1864, resigned.
Nathaniel Frost, 1st Lieut.	28	Boston		16, '64	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Francis C. Lawton, 1st Lieut.	34	Fall River	September	13, '64	11, 1865, do. do.
George A. Pickering, 1st Lieut.	23	Lowell		18, '64	11, 1865, do. do.
Joseph L. Locke, 1st Lieut.	23	Bridgewater		27, '64	11, 1865, do. do.
Henry A. Dickson, 1st Lieut.	27	Groton	November	3, '64	11, 1865, expiration of service as First Sergt.
Herbert A. Needham, 1st Lieut.	20	Lowell		11, '64	11, 1865, expiration of service.
David C. Spencer, 1st Lieut.	25	Roxbury	January	6, '65	11, 1865, expiration of service as Sergt. Maj.
George F. Adams, 2d Lieut.	26	Belmont	July	17, '62	First Lieut., Nov. 29, 1862.

THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY.—(Three Years.)

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
Henry W. Gore, 2d Lieut	21	Boston	July 24, '62	Feb. 20, 1863, resigned.
Joseph P. Thompson, 2d Lieut	32	Lowell	24, '62	First Lieut., March 29, 1863.
Charles W. Lovett, Jr., 2d Lieut	25	Boston	31, '62	Nov. 1, 1862, resigned.
Frank E. Frothingham, 2d Lieut	24	Charlestown	31, '62	Transferred Nov. 27, 1862, to 41st Inf. (3d Cavalry).
Caleb Blood, 2d Lieut	25	Boston	31, '62	First Lieut., March 29, 1863.
George M. Walker, 2d Lieut	34	Newton	31, '62	First Lieut., Dec. 4, 1862.
Naaman H. Turner, 2d Lieut	35	Reading	31, '62	First Lieut., March 3, 1863.
J. Henry Williams, 2d Lieut	23	Lynn	August 6, '62	First Lieut., April 3, 1863.
Charles H. Nye, 2d Lieut	31	New Bedford	7, '62	March 1, 1863, dismissed.
George W. Rose, 2d Lieut	29	Lowell	8, '62	Nov. 1, 1862, disability.
Lebbeus H. Mitchell, 2d Lieut	28	Cambridge	12, '62	First Lieut., May 12, 1863.
Harry Meserve, 2d Lieut	28	Lowell	October 29, '62	June 6, 1863, resigned
Charles B. Walker, 2d Lieut	25	New Bedford	November 29, '62	First Lieut., June 3, 1863.
George A. Morse, 2d Lieut	29	Boston	December 4, '62	First Lieut., May 18, 1863.
Francis O. Prescott, 2d Lieut	33	Lowell	February 18, '63	First Lieut., June 20, 1863.
Palemon C. Mills, 2d Lieut	28	Watertown	March 2, '63	First Lieut., Aug. 9, 1863.
Arthur C. Parker, 2d Lieut	22	Boston	3, '63	Killed Aug. 15, 1863, by guerillas.
Henry J. Parker, 2d Lieut	27	Townsend	29, '63	First Lieut., July 16, 1863.
Michael Burns, 2d Lieut	36	Berkley	29, '63	July 28, 1863, resigned.
Edward M. Cheney, 2d Lieut	29	Boston	April 3, '63	First Lieut., July 29, 1863.
Allen G. Shepard, 2d Lieut	24	Lynn	May 12, '63	First Lieut., Oct. 10, 1863.
Joseph P. Burrage, 2d Lieut	22	Cambridge	18, '63	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Hiram P. Marston, 2d Lieut	22	Stoneham	June 3, '63	First Lieut., Nov. 1, 1863.
James Hill, 2d Lieut	23	Danvers	7, '63	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Oswego Jones, 2d Lieut	26	Fall River	16, '63	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Edgar L. Bumpus, 2d Lieut	24	Braintree	20, '63	First Lieut., March 9, 1864.
Archibald Waugh, 2d Lieut	35	Lowell	July 29, '63	First Lieut., May 16, 1864.
Peter C. Sears, 2d Lieut	21	New Bedford	29, '63	First Lieut., March 24, 1864.
Archelaus Welch, 2d Lieut	23	Stoneham	August 9, '63	March 24, 1864, disability.
Sidney L. Colley, 2d Lieut	28	Stoneham	November 3, '64	June 11, 1865, expiration of service as First Sergt.
Obed P. Johnson, 2d Lieut	34	Sharon	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.
Hugh Smith, 2d Lieut	24	Boston	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.
Thomas L. Howland, 2d Lieut	20	Dartmouth	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.
James E. Hill, 2d Lieut	24	Lowell	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.
William A. Burrage, 2d Lieut	20	Leominster	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.
John F. Parker, 2d Lieut	24	Roxbury	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.
Joseph C. Stucy, 2d Lieut	30	Groveland	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.
Charles H. Barry, 2d Lieut	23	Stoneham	3, '64	11, 1865, expiration of service as Sergeant.
Henry A. Sinclair, 2d Lieut	21	Lowell	3, '64	11, 1865, do. do. do.

Non-Commissioned Staff.

Frost, Nathaniel, Sergt. Maj	26	Boston	August	6, '62	First Lieut., May 16, 1864.
Marston, Hiram P., Sergt. Maj	21	Stoneham		5, '62	Second Lieut., June 3, 1863.
Meserve, Harry, Sergt. Maj	20	Lowell		8, '62	Second Lieut., Oct. 29, 1862.
Morse, George A., Sergt. Maj	28	Boston		1, '62	Second Lieut., Dec. 4, 1862.
Parker, Henry J., Sergt. Maj	26	Townsend		5, '62	Second Lieut., March 29, 1863.
Pickering, George A., Sergt. Maj	21	Lowell		5, '62	First Lieut., Sept. 18, 1864.
Prescott, Francis O., Sergt. Maj	32	Lowell		5, '62	Second Lieut., Feb. 18, 1863.
Shepard, Allen G., Sergt. Maj	23	Boston		8, '62	Second Lieut., May 12, 1863.
Spencer, David C., Sergt. Maj	22	Boston		8, '62	First Lieut., Jan. 6, 1865.
Cate, John M., Q. M. Sergt	23	Reading		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Houghton, J. E., Q. M. Sergt	26	Boston	July	18, '62	Reduced and assigned to Company I.
Cheney, Edward M., Com. Sergt	27	Boston	August	7, '62	Second Lieut., April 3, 1863.
Harnden, Edwin, Com. Sergt	39	Lowell		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Locke, Joseph L., Com. Sergt	21	Bridgewater		5, '62	First Lieut., Sept. 27, 1864.
Walker, Charles B., Com. Sergt	24	Boston	July	15, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 29, 1862.
Kittridge, E. F., Hosp. Stew	42	Lowell	August	5, '62	April 24, 1863, disability.
Shedd, Freeman B., Hosp. Stew	18	Lowell		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pickering, L. K., Prin. Mus'n	28	Sharon		8, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Smith, Israel, Prin. Mus'n	35	New Bedford		7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.

Company A.

Ellis, Henry E., 1st Sergt	21	Lowell	August	9, '62	Died April 13, 1865, Newbern, N. C. Mortally wnd. [Bentonville.
Kimball, Charles H., 1st Sergt	20	Lowell		9, '62	Sept. 29, 1864, disability. Wounded, Resaca, Ga.
Melvin, James, 1st Sergt	34	Lowell		9, '62	June 7, 1863, disability.
Reed, George W. L., 1st Sergt	32	Lowell		9, '62	Transferred Oct. 18, 1863, to V. R. C.
Stacy, Joseph C., 1st Sergt	29	Groveland		9, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Little, James H., Sergt	18	Lowell		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Royal, Peter H., Sergt	28	Lowell		9, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Waugh, Archibald, Sergt	34	Lowell		9, '62	Second Lieut., July 29, 1863.
Williams, James L., Sergt	33	Tewksbury		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Atwood, David F., Corp	25	Lowell		9, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Kelley, Sewell P., Corp	24	Lowell		9, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Kittridge, George S., Corp	28	Lowell		9, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Magoon, John R., Corp	35	Lowell		9, '62	Died July 14, 1864, Ky. Mortally wounded, Kulp's [Farm.
Mason, Andrew A., Corp	22	Lowell		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McCormick, John, Corp	18	Tewksbury		9, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Osgood, George A., Corp	19	Chelmsford		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pike, Daniel S., Corp	24	Groveland		9, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Randlett, John P., Corp	23	Groveland		9, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Smiley, Sylvanus, Corp	34	Boxborough		9, '62	July 8, 1865, do. do. Lost arm, Resaca.
Stacy, Albert C., Corp	18	Groveland		9, '62	June 11, 1865, do. do.
Varnum, John, Corp	39	Dracut		9, '62	March 13, 1863, for promotion.
Collins, John W., Mus'n	35	Acushnet		9, '62	April 13, 1864, disability.
Tarbox, Sumner R., Mus'n	18	Lowell		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ballard, Edward, Wag	37	Tewksbury		9, '62	11, 1865, do. do.

NAME AND RANK	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY A—*Continued.*				
Abbott, J. Varnam	26	Methuen	August 9, '62	Dec. 1, 1862, disability.
Anthony, George F	19	Lowell	9, '62	June 30, 1865, order War Department.
Austin, Seth J	22	Lowell	9, '62	Died July 10, 1861, Tenn. Mortally wnd. Dallas.
Banks, Joseph	20	Groveland	9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bartlett, Erastus A	20	Chelmsford	9, '62	May 16, 1865, order War Dept. Wnd. Gettysburg.
Brown, Jerome R.	29	Lowell	9, '62	June 5, 1863, disability.
Brown, Moses	23	Groveland	9, '62	April 1, 1863, disability.
Burrows, Horace A	23	Dracut	9, '62	Transferred Aug. 13, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Cavanaugh, Matthew	20	Provincetown	July 30, '64	May 25, 1865, expiration of service.
Chandler, Simeon C	23	Lowell	August 9, '62	March 8, 1863, disability.
Chase, Amos P	32	Groveland	9, '62	28, 1863, disability.
Chase, Wallace N	27	Groveland	9, '62	June 23, 1863, disability.
Churchill, Edgar L.	18	Lowell	January 11, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Cornall, James	18	Kingston	June 14, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Curtis, George C	20	Groveland	August 9, '62	Deserted May 5, 1863.
Dailey, Daniel	22	Wellfleet	July 8, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Davis, Oliver	28	Dracut	August 9, '62	Transferred Jan. 15, 1865, to V. R. C. Wnd. Resaca.
DeBlois, William	23	Boston	January 24, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Duckworth, Alexander S	32	Fall River	August 9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Duckworth, James	35	Fall River	9, '62	Died June 27, 1864. Mortally wnd. Kulp's Farm.
Eaton, William G	43	Groveland	9, '62	June 29, 1865, expiration of service.
Ewings, Luther H	18	Boxborough	9, '62	11, 1865. do. do.
Foster, Charles J	23	Groveland	9, '62	Transferred Sept. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Gale, Morton	22	Lowell	9, '62	June 1, 1864, disability. Wounded Gettysburg.
Gammon, Aaron	37	Lowell	9, '62	11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gillespie, Allen H	18	Kingston	June 1, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Gould, Alonzo F	18	Lowell	August 9, '62	Sept. 28, 1863, disability.
Gove, George W	18	Groveland	9, '62	June 5, 1865, order War Department.
Hale, John	26	Warren	June 20, '64	July 9, 1864, rejected recruit.
Hardy, Charles F	24	Groveland	August 9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hardy, Warren B	20	Groveland	9, '62	11, 1865. do. do.
Harris, Benjamin F	19	Lowell	January 11, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Harriman, Charles L	33	Lowell	August 9, '62	Died Dec. 23, 1862, Falmouth, Va.
Harmden, Edwin	40	Lowell	9, '62	Com. Sergt., Dec. 23, 1864.
Hobbs, Dwell F	44	Lowell	9, '62	Transferred March 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Hope, Henry	29	Lowell	9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Horton, Charles	27	Cambridge	March 26, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Howard, James R	21	Dracut	August 9, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Jenkins, Charles W	22	Boxborough	9, '62	Transferred July 1, 1863, to V. R. C.

Keene, George	31	Swampscott	June	29, '64	Transferred Jun 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Kendall, Daniel A	23	Tewksbury	August	9, '62	Transferred Dec. 16, 1863, to V. R. C.
Ladd, Nathaniel E	22	Groveland		9, '65	Aug. 26, 1863, order War Department.
Laughlin, Barnard	25	Lowell		9, '62	Transferred Aug. 13, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Lawrence, George M	24	Lowell		9, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Lawn, Hugh	21	Lowell		9, '62	March 27, 1863, disability.
Libby, Eben F	35	Lowell		9, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Logan, James, Jr	21	Lowell		9, '62	March 8, 1863, disability.
Lovejoy, Ira A	23	Lowell		9, '62	Wounded May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga. Discharged.
Lowell, John R	38	Lowell		9, '62	Transferred Nov. 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
Lunt, Francis F	43	Dracut		9, '62	June 20, 1865, expiration of service.
Mahoney, Jeremiah	20	Windsor	June	9, '64	– – –
McCarrack, John	19	Hubbardston	February	18, '65	Died June 9, 1865, Arlington, Va.
McGregor, Robert	37	Boston	July	7, '64	Deserted Sept. 16, 1864.
McGunnigle, George	21	Pelham	January	21, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McKay, William	24	Essex	June	24, '64	Deserted Aug. 26, 1864.
McQuesten, John	28	Lowell	August	9, '62	July 18, 1865, order War Dept. Wounded Resaca.
Miller, Charles B	21	Templeton	June	29, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Miller, James	28	Fall River	August	9, '62	Transferred May 21, 1864, to V. R. C.
Morse, Ezekiel R	23	Lowell		9, '62	July 27, 1863, disability.
Morris, John E	18	Lowell		9, '62	Transferred Jan. 15, 1865, to V. R. C.
Myers, Henry L	28	Lowell		9, '62	July 2, 1865, order War Department.
Nelson, Charles	27	Dracut		9, '62	Deserted Aug. 11, 1862.
O'Brien, John	30	Lowell		9, '62	Transferred Nov. 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
O'Connor, Lawrence	20	Templeton	June	29, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Paul, Cornelius	29	Lowell	August	9, '62	April 23, 1863, disability.
Perry, William S	19	Groveland		9, '62	Died Nov. 13, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Phelps, Enoch	38	Tewksbury		9, '62	Died Dec. 29, 1862, Philadelphia, Pa.
Powers, John L	36	Lowell		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Putnam, Alfred P	19	Lowell		9, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Ramsbottom, Thomas	32	Lowell		9, '62	June 30, 1863, disability.
Ray, Norman J	21	Lowell		9, '62	Died June 19, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Richardson, Austin A	18	Boxborough		9, '62	March 6, 1863, disability.
Richardson, George F	26	Dracut		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Richardson, Munroe	22	Dracut		9, '62	Transferred Sept. 6, 1863, to V. R. C.
Ricker, Edward C	25	Groveland		9, '62	Died Jan. 1, 1863, Falmouth, Va.
Russell, John W	23	Lowell		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sewall, Aminé R	24	Lowell		9, '62	Transferred Nov. 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
Shedd, Freeman B	18	Lowell		9, '62	Hospital Steward, April 24, 1863.
Sladen, Joseph A	21	Lowell		9, '62	Nov. 11, 1861, 2d Lieut., 14th U. S. C. T.
Smith, James B	34	Methuen		9, '62	Aug. 30, 1863, disability.
Smith, William F	28	Lowell		9, '62	Killed July 25, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.
Speller, John S	20	Lowell		9, '62	Aug. 30, 1863, disability.
Speller, Richard P	43	Lowell		9, '62	Feb. 16, 1863, disability.
Stacy, Timothy A	30	Groveland		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stevens, Edwin W	18	Acton		9, '62	6, 1863, disability.
Stickney, Moses H	20	Groveland		9, '62	Died Jan. 27, 1863, Philadelphia, Pa.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY A—*Continued.*				
Stone, Andrew C.	33	Methuen	August 9, '62	Transferred Nov. 20, 1863, to V. R. C.
Stone, John	33	Acushnet	9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sullivan, Patrick	35	Somerset	June 10, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Thompson, Rinaldo R.	42	Lowell	August 9, '62	Transferred Sept. 6, 1863, to V. R. C.
Tibbetts, John W.	29	Lowell	9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service—prisoner.
Tibbetts, Luther J. R.	39	Lowell	9, '62	29, 1863, disability.
Treat, James P.	21		9, '62	30, 1863, disability.
Tuesdale, Henry	18	Lowell	9, '62	Deserted Aug. 12, 1862.
Waterman, George R.	22	Lowell	9, '62	June 29, 1865, order War Department.
Whitehead, Darius, Jr.	21	Lowell	9, '62	11, 1865, expiration of service.
Whitcomb, Valentine	37	Lowell	9, '62	Dec. 9, 1862, disability.
White, William	26	Chatham	July 8, '64	Deserted Sept. 21, 1864.
Wilson, Lafayette	29	Dracut	August 9, '62	Died Nov. 24, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Wilson, Thomas	34	Lee	June 13, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Yourall, Thomas	18	Lowell	August 9, '62	Transferred Aug. 29, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Company B.				
Johnson, Obed P., 1st Sergt.	32	Sharon	August 5, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Lawton, Francis C., 1st Sergt.	32	Taunton	5, '62	First Lieut., Sept. 13, 1864.
Mills, Palemon C., 1st Sergt.	27	Watertown	5, '62	Second Lieut., March 2, 1863.
Burns, Michael, Sergt.	36	Berkley	5, '62	Second Lieut., March 29, 1863.
Eldridge, Henry F., Sergt.	18	Taunton	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Haradon, James T., Sergt.	33	Sharon	5, '62	Died of wounds, July 1, 1864, Marietta, Ga.
Maxim, Noah H., Sergt.	23	Taunton	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wilbur, Ebenezer L., Sergt.	21	Raynham	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Blandin, Edgar G., Corp.	18	Taunton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Dinsmore, John, Corp.	22	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Edes, Edward L., Corp.	18	Bolton	5, '62	Died July 3, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Hixson, Edward R., Corp.	23	Sharon	5, '62	Transferred March 15, 1861, to V. R. C.
Hood, Edward R., Corp.	23	Taunton	5, '62	July 20, 1865, order War Department.
Lincoln, Edward P., Corp.	—	Dighton	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Meiggs, Ansel, Corp.	21	Taunton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Nickerson, Silas, Corp.	18	Walpole	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Richards, George W., Corp.	31	Sharon	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
West, William M., Corp.	30	Watertown	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
White, Adoniram J. M., Corp.	18	Sharon	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Bishop, Albert E., Mus'n	18	Taunton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Holmes, Abner H., Mus'n	38	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.

Adams, John E	19	Berkley	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Adams, John Q	38	Berkley		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Anderson, Andrew	42	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Atwell, Henry E	33	Taunton		5, '62	11, 1863, disability.
Augustus, Charles	24	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	– – –
Bennett, Charles	18	Abington	February	26, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Blackington, James E	18	Walpole	August	5, '62	May 25, 1865, order War Department.
Blake, Joseph C	37	Sharon		5, '62	Transferred Sept. 30, 1863, to V. R. C.
Boyle, John	20	Cambridge	March	26, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Bramhall, George	21	Taunton	August	5, '62	Killed May 16, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Bullock, Moses A	18	Fall River		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Case, Daniel H	22	Swanzey		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Chase, Christopher M	42	Somerset		5, '62	May 7, 1863, disability.
Cole, John P	38	Raynham		5, '62	June 20, 1865, expiration of service.
Corlew, Rollen N	18	Taunton		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Crompton, John	32	Watertown		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Daggett, James H	28	Walpole		5, '62	Transferred Sept. 30, 1863, to V. R. C.
Daily, John	30	Walpole		5, '62	Deserted Sept. 15, 1863.
Dean, Calvin C	23	Taunton		5, '62	Transferred Sept. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Deering, Andrew	34	Taunton		5, '62	Dec. 6, 1862, disability.
Dewhurst, Thomas	30	Fall River		5, '62	2, 1864, disability.
Donnelly, John	21	Watertown		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Dowty, Abner S	18	Taunton		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Field, Daniel	19	Fall River		5, '62	July 14, 1865, order War Department.
Flannery, Thomas	21	Fall River		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Flynn, John D	24	Boston	January	25, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Foley, John	45	Fall River	August	5, '62	April 3, 1863, disability.
Foster, John	30	Taunton		5, '62	Deserted Dec. 10, 1862.
Gavan, James	23	Taunton		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gay, George H	18	Sharon		5, '62	May 26, 1864, died of wounds received at Resaca, Ga.
Gerrish, George M	18	Sharon		5, '62	Died July 12, 1863, Annapolis, Md.
Gillispie, James	29	Taunton		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gill, Owen	32	Taunton		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Glover, James H	25	Sharon		5, '62	March 15, 1864, disability.
Gustus, Charles A	24	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Gushee, Henry H	19	Taunton		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hackett, Michael	18	Groton		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Haggarty, James	33	Fall River		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Hall, Lewis A	37	Walpole		5, '62	21, 1865, order War Department.
Holbrook, Frederick L	18	Sharon		5, '62	April 25, 1861, disability.
Hudson, Stephen	27	Raynham		5, '62	Feb. 18, 1863, disability.
Jones, Patrick	31	Taunton		5, '62	June 11, 1864, expiration of service.
Kelley, James	21	Fall River		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
King, Freeman W	44	Taunton		5, '62	March 7, 1863, disability.
Latlin, Alonzo D	—	Taunton		5, '62	Deserted Oct. 10, 1862.
Lee, Robert	—	Fall River		5, '62	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Leonard, Jarvis D	—	Taunton		5, '62	Transferred Jan. 15, 1864, to V. R. C.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY B—*Continued.*				
Lockwood, James W	—	Taunton	August 5, '62	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Lynch, John	—	Taunton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
McCauley, John	24	Templeton	July 1, '61	Never joined Regiment.
McCuen, Parker	35	Watertown	August 5, '62	Oct. 27, 1864, disability.
McKinley, John	35	Watertown	5, '62	June 9, 1865, order War Department.
Mitchell, George	22	Swampscott	June 29, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Monroe, George A	27	Taunton	August 5, '62	Jan. 18, 1863, disability.
Morse, Albert F	21	Sharon	5, '62	May 4, 1864, disability.
Mullady, George	28	Fall River	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mullen, Michael H	19	Marlborough	5, '62	Transferred Dec. 15, 1863 to V. R. C.
Munsey, Jacob W	36	Taunton	5, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Naylon, Martin	25	Taunton	5, '62	Aug. 14, 1863, disability.
Nevins, Thomas W., Jr	25	Taunton	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Nickerson, Joshua C	19	Walpole	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Noonan, David	18	Taunton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Packard, Lorenzo, M. D	28	Raynham	5, '62	Dec. 24, 1863, disability.
Paine, Charles F	21	Fall River	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Perkins, Calvin M	24	Dighton	5, '62	Died July 22, 1864, Lookout Mount. Hospital, Tenn.
Pratt, John U	36	Raynham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Quiggle, William E	21	Sharon	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Reed, George F	18	Taunton	5, '62	11, 1865, dd. do.
Riley, Patrick	23	Templeton	June 29, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Robertson, Patrick	33	Taunton	August 5, '62	March 19, 1863, disability.
Rothwell, William, Jr	18	Taunton	5, '62	Deserted July 25, 1863.
Ryan, James	29	Fall River	5, '62	Died of wounds June 24, 1864, Marietta, Ga.
Sanford, John H. T	30	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, George	32	Taunton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Sullivan, Daniel	40	Fall River	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Swanston Charles F	29	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	Died Dec. 23, 1862, Philadelphia, Pa.
Taylor, Henry	43	Fall River	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Thayer, Francis H	23	Taunton	5, '62	March 30, 1864, disability.
Tiernay, Michael	19	Fall River	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Turner, Alexander	19	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
White, Alexander C	29	Taunton	5, '62	Died Sept. 29, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
White, Benjamin F	26	Raynham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wilson, Asa	21	Sharon	5, '62	May 4, 1865, disability.
Willman, John A	18	Fall River	5, '62	Died March 2, 1863, Stafford Court House, Va.
Young, George W	30	Walpole	5, '62	May 26, 1865, disability.

Company C.

Hill, James, 1st Sergt	22	Danvers	August	6, '62	Second Lieut., June 7, 1863.
Polley, George, 1st Sergt	23	Buffalo, N. Y		6, '62	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862.
Smith, Hugh, 1st Sergt	22	Framingham		6, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Bryant, James L., Sergt	21	Framingham		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Burrill, John C., Sergt	30	Boston		6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Clough, George W., Sergt	24	Framingham		6, '62	Dec. 1, 1864, disability.
Crowley, James J., Sergt	18	Lowell		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Eames, Evander R., Sergt	22	Boston		6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Frost, Nathaniel, Jr., Sergt	26	Rockland, Me		6, '62	Sergt. Major, July 18, 1863.
McIntire, Donald, Sergt	21	Boston		6, '62	Deserted July 16, 1863.
Morrison, Seth E., Sergt	32	Franklin		6, '62	Deserted March 20, 1863.
Carter, Gilbert J., Corp	22	Framingham		6, '62	April 15, 1864, disability.
Clough, Morton M., Corp	19	Framingham		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Evers, Emile, Corp	21	Boston		6, '62	Aug. 7, 1863, disability.
Harmon, Major T., Corp	23	Framingham		6, '62	Died of wounds, May 31, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Krantz, Fred. W., Corp	21	Melrose		6, '62	June 5, 1865, order War Department.
Miller, Hugh P., Corp	40	Framingham		6, '62	May 29, 1863, disability.
Murray, Patrick E., Corp	21	Boston		6, '62	June 1, 1865, expiration of service.
Prince, Charles E., Corp	18	Boston		6, '62	1862, writ of habeas corpus.
Robbins, John C., Corp	45	Malden		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Scott, James, Corp	29	Cambridge		6, '62	Transferred Nov. 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Smith, George O., Corp	40	Danvers		6, '62	March 17, 1863, disability.
Sullivan, John A., Corp	28	Dedham		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Buck, Charles F., Mus'n	16	Boston		6, '62	March 6, 1863, disability.
Mitchell, Benjamin F., Wag	30	Boston		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Allen, William S	34	Milton		6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Anderson, George	24	Methuen	June	23, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Archibald, Robert	30	Boston	August	6, '62	Oct. 22, 1861, disability.
Arnold, Robert	24	Framingham		6, '62	Transferred 1864, to V. R. C.
Barry, John, 1st	38	Boston		6, '62	Oct. 26, 1863, disability.
Barry, John, 2d	34	Lynn		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bell, William	44	Ashland		6, '62	Transferred Sept. 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Brine, Joseph	24	South Danvers	July	7, '61	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Brummitt, Joseph	22	Framingham	August	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Buck, Frank A	18	Boston		6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Burke, Thomas	20	Framingham		6, '62	May 18, 1865, order War Department.
Bussell, Henry	21	Lowell		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Canby, John	21	Methuen	June	23, '61	Deserted Aug. 27, 1861.
Chapin, Lorenzo B	37	Boston	August	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Chauncy, David	21	Boston		6, '62	Feb. 20, 1863, disability.
Clark, Patrick	32	Boston		6, '62	March 30, 1865, disability.
Colbath, Charles H	40	Lynn		6, '62	Aug. 5, 1865, order War Department.
Collins, John H	18	Marlborough		6, '62	Died Dec. 27, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Conly, Michael	23	Kingston	June	18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Daley, Patrick	42	Lowell	August	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY C — *Continued.*				
Daniels, James	22	Boston	August 6, '62	Deserted Aug. 15, 1862.
Darling, Benjamin F	39	Boston	6, '62	March 8, 1863, disability.
Davis, Loarni G	18	Melrose	6, '62	8, 1863, disability.
Dean, George H	18	Lowell	6, '62	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862.
Delaney, Thomas F	22	Beverly	July 19, '64	Deserted Nov. 10, 1864.
Dexter, William A	38	Boston	August 6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Doherty, James	32	Milford	6, '62	Supposed burned to death, Columbia, S. C.
DuBois, William	42	Boston	6, '62	Jan. 8, 1863, disability.
Duffy, George	21	Essex	June 21, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Duffy, Michael	18	Lynnfield	August 6, '62	1862, writ of habeas corpus.
Emmes, John B	44	N. Bridgewater	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Entwistle, Henry	27	Framingham	6, '62	20, 1865, order War Department.
Finnegan, Thomas	40	Boston	6, '62	July 27, 1863, disability.
Fish, Henry H	33	Dennis	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Glidden, Charles S	32	Boston	6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Googins, Joseph C	27	Boston	6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Grover, John N	21	Framingham	6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Hammond, Charles H	21	Wakefield, N. B	6, '62	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862.
Harrington, Jeremiah	18	Acton	November 6, '63	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Harrington, Patrick	43	Lowell	August 6, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Hargraves, William J	20	Framingham	6, '62	Transferred Aug. 14, 1863, to V. R. C.
Herrman, Charles	18	Boston	6, '62	Died Aug. 24, 1861, Nashville, Tenn.
Hinkley, Robert D	22	Boston	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hopkins, James	18	Danvers	6, '62	Transferred Aug. 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Hougheskey, Peter	40	Boston	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Johnson, William	21	Westford	June 21, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Jones, Robert	24	Tewksbury	July 1, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Keyes, Patrick	18	Boston	August 11, '62	Feb. 16, 1864, disability.
Kirby, John	21	Chelsea	June 14, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Krantz, William F	36	Malden	August 6, '62	Dec. 15, 1863, disability.
Lang, James	30	South Reading	6, '62	May 19, 1865, order War Department.
Lawrence, John	33	Boston	6, '62	Killed May 14, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Lee, Frank	20	Chelsea	June 14, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Lenard, James	40	Boston	August 6, '62	Aug. 29, 1863, disability.
Mahoney, Daniel	30	Boston	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mahoney, John	30	Boston	6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Martin, Patrick	21	Windsor	June 20, '64	Never joined Regiment.
McCarty, Callaghan	33	Boston	August 6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McKenna, Timothy	32	Boston	6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.

McLaughlin, Patrick	32	Boston	August	6, '62	Transferred Aug. 14, 1863, to V. R. C.
Morse, Alfred L	24	Foxborough		6, '62	May 27, 1865, order War Department.
Murphy, Daniel	26	Winchendon	July	7, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Murphy, John	21	Kingston	June	18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Murray, David	18	Boston	August	6, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Nolan, Charles	23	Amesbury	July	21, '64	Deserted Nov. 10, 1864.
Nolan, Walter	21	Kingston	June	18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Noyes, Gilman C	27	Lowell	August	6, '62	March 12, 1863, disability.
O'Connor, Timothy	37	Lowell		6, '62	Transferred July 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
O'Connell, William J	21	Boston		11, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
O'Kelley, Maurice	35	Charlestown		6, '62	11, 1865, do. do. absent wounded.
O'Leary, Daniel	35	Lynn		12, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Packard, William M	19	Rockland, Me		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Patterson, John	—	– –	–	–	Deserted Nov. 10, 1864.
Phillips, Caleb T	21	Wakefield, N. B.	August	6, '62	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862.
Quinlan, James	28	Abington		6, '62	Died of wounds, Nov. 17, 1863, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Reynolds, James	18	Danvers		6, '62	Feb. 27, 1865, di-ability.
Robinson, David	21	Beverly	July	19, '64	Deserted Nov. 10, 1864.
Robbins, Willard	40	Framingham	August	6, '62	Aug. 13, 1862, disability.
Ryan, John, 1st	24	Grafton		6, '62	Nov. 5, 1862, disability.
Ryan, John, 2d	21	Framingham		6, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Sayles, Ira C	42	Foxborough		6, '62	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862.
Schmidt, Alexander F	41	Boston		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Scott, George	43	Ashland		6, '52	11 1865, do. do.
Shelhammer, John	43	Chelsea		6, '62	Transferred Aug. 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Simmonds, John D	20	Milton		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Simpson, William	43	Boston		6, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Skinner, Charles P	18	Lynnfield		6, '62	Transferred Sept. 26, 1863, to V. R. C.
Small, Edwin	26	Needham		6, '62	Jan. 19, 1865, disability.
Smith, James	33	Essex	June	24, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Smith, John	29	Lawrence		16, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Splaine, Samuel B	39	Stoughton	August	6, '62	Transferred Sept. 24, 1863, to V. R. C.
Stevenson, John	22	Salisbury	July	21, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry
Sullivan, James	28	Shirley	June	22, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Sullivan, Patrick	28	– –	August	14, '62	– – –
Sweeney, Edwin	—	– –		—, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Thornton, George	27	Boston		6, '62	Transferred March 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Turner, Frank G	18	Lowell		6, '62	Jan. 1 1863, disability.
Twomey, James	33	Lynn		6, '62	Wounded at Resaca, May 25, 1864; died at Kingston,
Underwood, Andrew J	21	Stoughton		6, '62	Jan. 22, 1863, disability. [June 4, 1864.
Walker, David A	22	Salem		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wholey, Dennis	32	Boston		6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Williams, John	17	Roxbury		12, '62	– – –
Winter, Fitz H	28	Gloucester		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wood, Andrew P	27	Boston		6, '62	11, 1865, do. do.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
Company D.				
Colley, Sidney L., 1st Sergt	26	Stoneham	August 5, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Marston, Hiram P., 1st Sergt	21	Stoneham	5, '62	Sergt. Maj., July 1, 1863.
Welch, Archelaus, 1st Sergt	22	Stoneham	5, '62	Second Lieut., Aug. 9, 1863.
Barry, Charles H	21	Stoneham	5, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Carr, Arthur W., Sergt	26	North Reading	9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Griggs, James H., Sergt	24	Reading	5, '62	March 19, 1863, disability.
Marston, John F., Sergt	16	Stoneham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Meader, Albert J., Sergt	19	Stoneham	5, '62	Transferred May 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Willey, Albert F., Sergt	26	Stoneham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Woodman, Alvin, Sergt	22	Stoneham	5, '62	May 12, 1864, disability.
Allen, Jules R., Corp	21	Reading	5, '62	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Buxton, Philip O., Corp	19	Stoneham	5, '92	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Cobb, Andrew J., Corp	43	Wilmington	5, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Cogan, James, Corp	18	Stoneham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gorham, Jason M., Corp	33	Worcester	December 7, '63	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Harriman, Duncan, Corp	37	Stoneham	August 5, '62	Transferred May 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Lorendo, Arthur, Corp	18	Stoneham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Manning, Edwin, Corp	21	Billerica	5, '62	May 18, 1864, disability.
Mansfield, John F., Corp	18	Bedford	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McGowan, John, Corp	19	Stoneham	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Paine, Benjamin P., Corp	35	Georgetown	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Patten, Bowman W., Corp	21	Billerica	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Pinkham, Otis W., Corp	18	Stoneham	5, '62	Died May 16, 1863, Brook Station, Va.
Starbird, Nathan E., Corp	27	Stoneham	5, '62	Died Jan. 12, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Sanborn, Otis S., Corp	20	Reading	5, '62	Died Oct. 22, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Sullivan, David, Corp	26	Billerica	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Tibbetts, Charles H., Corp	27	Reading	5, '62	Deserted May 19, 1863.
Hazard, Arthur P., Mus'n	21	Stoneham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Andrews, Alonzo	28	Stoneham	5, '62	Feb. 7, 1863, disability.
Austin, Alpheus	38	Stoneham	5, '62	Transferred to 2d Cavalry.
Balink, Herman	29	Reading	5, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Berry, Walter B	24	Stoneham	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Blanchard, Sylvanus	41	Reading	5, '62	1, 1865, order War Department.
Brown, Albert	19	Wilmington	5, '62	Nov. 1, 1864, disability.
Brown, George	19	Billerica	5, '62	June 8, 1865, order War Department.
Buckley, Henry	23	Duxbury	June 27, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Burrows, George F	18	Billerica	August 5, '62	Feb. 13, 1863, disability.
Burris, James	19	Leicester	July 11, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Burke, John	24	Duxbury	June 27, '64	Never joined Regiment.

Bush, Henry	24	Charlestown	June	23, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Cate, John M	23	Reading	August	5, '62	Q. M. Sergt. Dec. 23, 1864.
Claffey, John	19	Worcester	February	18, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Cook, Henry	27	Reading	August	5, '62	Transferred July 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Coverny, William	19	Stoneham		5, '62	Dec. 24, 1863, disability.
Crossin, Edwin	37	Georgetown		5, '62	May 29, 1865, order War Department.
Cummings, Philip	—	Essex	June	24, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Damon, Amos	30	Reading	August	5, '62	Transferred Jan. 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Davis, Eleazer W	20	Burlington		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
DeRonde, John	22	Reading		9, '62	Transferred May 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Donnelly, Edward	21	Templeton	June	28, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Dorr, Henry	35	Boston	August	5, '62	May 18, 1865, order War Department.
Eames, George F	25	Wilmington		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Farmer, Fred. E	19	Billerica		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do. absent sick.
Fletcher, John I	20	Billerica		5, '62	March 12, 1863, disability.
Gambell, Matthias	42	Reading		5, '62	Died Oct. 7, 1862, Alexandria, Va., Company K.
George, John S	43	Stoneham		5, '62	March 3, 1863, disability.
Glines, Orison	37	Stoneham		5, '62	- - -
Gray, Walter B. G	18	Stoneham		5, '62	Died Aug. 23, 1864, Stoneham, Mass.
Green, Aaron A	21	Stoneham		5, '62	Died June 6, 1863, Beverly Ford, Va.
Hadley, Darius	34	Winchester		5, '62	March 19, 1863, disability.
Hartwell, Francis E	21	Stoneham		5, '62	Jan. 19, 1864, disability.
Haynes, Charles R	26	Billerica		5, '62	Feb. 16, 1864, disability.
Hook, Marcellus L	21	Stoneham		5, '62	Transferred July 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Houlton, Lawrence	20	Billerica		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Howard, Amos F	43	Burlington		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Hunt, George W	19	Stoneham		5, '62	Jan. 20, 1864, disability.
Johnson, Henry	22	Lowell		10, '62	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Johnson, Moses H	20	Stoneham		5, '62	March 25, 1863, disability.
Kederack, Celesta	19	Ipswich		5, '62	- - -
Kirwin, John	22	Salem		22, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Knowlton, Amasa M	20	Swanville, Me		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
LaClare, Joseph	22	Stoneham		5, '62	Died May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Larkins, John W	20	Chelsea	June	10, '64	Deserted Aug. 16, 1864.
Lewis, Frederick	23	Wilmington		23, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Libby, Edward	29	Scarborough, Me	August	5, '62	Died June 27, 1864, Nashville, Tenn.
Libby, George W	24	Scarborough, Me		5, '62	May 29, 1865, order War Department.
Loneroff, Nelson	20	Billerica		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mahan, William	22	Stoneham		5, '62	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Mansfield, George A	20	Bedford		5, '62	March 12, 1863, disability.
Marr, James	21	Stoneham		5, '62	Dec. 3, 1862, disability.
McCardill, Joseph	31	Great Barrington	January	10, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Miller, George N	25	Billerica	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Moore, Philip	20	Bedford		5, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Munroe, Henry T	25	Billerica		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Murphy, Frank	18	Stoneham		5, '62	Jan. 30, 1863, disability.
Murphy, William	21	Methuen	June	23, '64	Never joined Regiment.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY D—*Continued.*				
Nolan, John	39	Stoneham	August 5, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
O'Brien, Michael	19	Stoneham	5, '62	Deserted May 20, 1863.
Oskard, Olla	41	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Page, Governer A	20	Bedford	5, '62	Lost left arm. April 6, 1864, disability.
Pasho, George	40	Billerica	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Patten, Asa J	18	Billerica	5, '62	Died of wounds, Nov. 1, 1863, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Paullut, Julius	39	Lowell	January 9, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Peaterson, Leonard	22	Reading	August 5, '62	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Perry, Jonathan A	19	Bedford	5, '62	Transferred March 15, 1865, to V. R. C.
Pierce, David G	26	Wilmington	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Prentiss, Edwin C	20	Stoneham	5, '62	Transferred Nov. 11, 1863, to V. R. C.
Reed, Francis	23	Essex	June 24, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Reed, William B	25	Reading	August 5, '62	Oct. 26, 1863, disability.
Richardson, Adelbert	39	Billerica	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Riley, Edward	21	Lowell	January 20, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Robbins, John C	22	Royalston	June 24, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Rooney, James	18	Stoneham	August 5, '62	Transferred April 6, 1864, to V. R. C.
Rowe, Henry J	23	Charlestown	5, '62	Feb. 9, 1863, disability.
Scott, James	21	Templeton	June 28, '64	Transferred June 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Shaw, Frank B	22	Stoneham	August 5, '62	Transferred to V. R. C.
Shea, James	21	Templeton	June 28, '64	Deserted Nov. 5, 1864.
Shields, James	23	Billerica	August 5, '62	Died Oct. 10, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Smith, Frank H	20	Reading	5, '62	Nov. 18, 1862, disability.
Snowden, James	23	Quincy	June 23, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Stowell, Frank S	20	Reading	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stone, Jonas S	40	Billerica	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Swain, James H	27	Wilmington	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Taft, Thomas G	33	Stoneham	5, '62	Dec. 23, 1863, disability.
Tibbetts, Warren V. B	18	Stoneham	5, '62	Died March 15, 1863, Fairfax Court House, Va.
Upton, Timothy D	23	Wilmington	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Vance, Edwin	24	Georgetown	5, '62	Died Nov. 5, 1862, Fairfax Court House, Va.
Van Patten, John	26	Reading	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Vaughn, Charles E	21	Malden	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Wardwell, Henry F	19	Reading	5, '62	Died Feb. 16, 1863, Hospital, Washington, D. C.
Ward, John	25	Charlestown	June 23, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Wheeler, Oliver, Jr	37	Stoneham	August 5, '62	Died Nov. 10, 1862, Alexandria, Va.
Williams, John	30	Bedford	5, '62	July 24, 1865, order War Department.
Wilson, Joseph H	22	Billerica	5, '62	June 10, 1865, order War Department.
Wright, John W	19	Holyoke	June 27, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Young, Albert A	21	Stoneham	August 5, '62	Jan. 17, 1863, disability.

Company E.

Dickson, Henry A., 1st Sergt	25	Groton	August	5, '62	First Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Parker, Henry J., 1st Sergt	26	Townsend		5, '62	Sergt. Maj., Feb. 18, 1863.
Buckley, John F., Sergt	19	Chelmsford		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Jubb, William, Sergt	21	Westford		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
O'Brien, John J., Sergt	23	Boston		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do. in Company H.
Parker, Charles W., Sergt	28	Townsend		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Battles, Edward D., Corp	24	Littleton		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Clark, Abram, Corp	43	Townsend		5, '62	Jan. 1, 1863, disability.
Churchill, Eliab R., Corp	19	Ashby		5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Crockett, William, Jr., Corp	31	Groton		5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Dailey, William C., Corp	18	Brighton		5, '62	Died of wounds, June 22, 1864.
Harrington, Bradford B., Corp	21	Groton		5, '62	May 30, 1865, order War Department.
Mayo, John, Corp	18	Ashby		5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Turner, William C., Corp	33	Littleton		5, '62	Transferred Jan. 12, 1865, to V. R. C.
Whitcomb, George L., Corp	21	Littleton		5, '62	Died of wounds, Nov. 12, 1863.
Whitcomb, Jefferson, Corp	33	Townsend		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Allison, David, Mus'n	40	Groton		5, '62	Transferred April, 1864, to V. R. C.
Clark, George E., Mus'n	18	Townsend		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wetherbee, Charles H., Wag	22	Townsend		5, '62	Died Dec. 29, 1862.
Abbott, Horace W	28	Groton		5, '62	Deserted Oct. 6, 1862.
Ackroyd, George H	18	Chelmsford		12, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Allen, Charles	23	Lynn	July	25, '64	Deserted Sept. 9, 1864.
Atherton, Roswell	30	Groton	August	5, '62	Nov. 30, 1862, disability
Baxter, James	24	Townsend		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bennett, George W	41	Townsend		5, '62	Dec. 4, 1862, disability.
Billings, Benjamin F	18	Westfield		5, '62	March 14, 1865, disability.
Blood, Abijah W	19	Townsend		5, '62	Died Aug. 12, 1863, Baltimore, Md.
Boies, Andrew J	25	Chelmsford		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bowers, Luke W	39	Acton		5, '62	Died of wounds, May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Boyd, George S	35	Brighton		5, '62	May 13, 1865, disability.
Boynton, Orlando J	18	Pepperell		5, '62	March 29, 1863, disability.
Brown, Thomas	22	Swampscott	June	28, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Buckley, James	36	Townsend	August	5, '62	June 21, 1865, order War Department.
Bumpus, Ira C	18	Ashby		5, '62	Transferred Jan. 22, 1863, to 4th U. S. Artillery.
Burgess, Stephen	37	Groton		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Callahan, Thomas	29	Groton		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Chapman, Kilburn	44	Ashby		5, '62	Transferred April, 1864, to V. R. C.
Creamer, John	21	Charlestown	January	26, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Curleigh, William	24	Chelsea	December	20, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Cushman, John Q. A	36	Brighton	August	5, '62	Transferred April, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cutter, James R	21	Groton		5, '62	Sept. 30, 1862, disability.
Cutter, Frederick	18	Groton		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Decatur, Webster C	18	Chelsford		14, '62	Died March 14, 1863.
Dalrimple, Thomas	28	Townsend		5, '62	Died April 1, 1864.
Davis, Josiah S	18	Ashby		5, '62	April 18, 1865, disability.
Dudley, William B	43	Brighton		5, '62	May 25, 1865, order War Department.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY E.—*Continued.*				
Dunn, John	22	Swampscott	June 28, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Dupee, John	36	Hartford, Ct.	July 2, '61	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Fitzhenry, Henry	23	Bridgeport, Ct.	23, '61	Deserted Sept. 16, 1864.
Fitzgerald, James	31	Pepperell	August 5, '62	June 29, 1865, order War Department.
Frier, Henry A	22	Westford	5, '62	Died Feb. 1, 1864.
Furgerson, James	44	Ashby	5, '62	May 12, 1865, disability.
Gerry, Thomas	42	Groton	5, '62	July 2, 1863, disability.
Gill, Edward	21	Waltham	June 30, '61	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Gilson, Albert A	24	Carlisle	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gilson, James H	18	Groton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Gonyer, Lewis	25	Townsend	5, '62	Transferred Jan. 10, 1865, to V. R. C.
Gorman, Felix D. P	23	Chelsea	December 20, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Hart, Ferdinand B	31	Swanzey	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hart, Samuel B	23	Groton	5, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Hazelton, Andrew D	20	Townsend	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hersey, John R	24	Salisbury	July 13, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Horsley, James A	35	Westford	August 5, '62	Transferred May 11, 1864, to V. R. C.
Howard, James	22	Wellfleet	July 8, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Hunter, Winfield S	18	Tyngsborough	August 11, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hutchings, Thomas J	23	Westford	5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Jaques, Josiah S	29	Tyngsborough	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Jewett, Sherman H	22	Littleton	5, '62	Jan. 23, 1863, disability.
Kelley, John	22	Lynn	July 25, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
King, James	40	Townsend	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kittridge, Edmund F	42	Lowell	5, '62	Hospital Steward, Oct. 1, 1862.
Landers, Richard	22	Danvers	July 15, '61	June 8, 1865, order War Department.
Law, William, Jr	19	Groton	December 3, '64	Died July 11, 1861.
Marshall, Charles E	21	Townsend	August 5, '62	Died Dec. 4, 1862.
May, Dominick	33	Townsend	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McKean, Timothy K	22	Pepperell	5, '62	Deserted July 7, 1863.
McLenna, Alvin A	22	Groton	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McMahar, Stephen	31	Malden	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Merrill, Samuel K	40	Groton	5, '62	Jan. 30, 1863, disability.
Morgan, William A	18	Ashby	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Murtough, John	29	Buckland	January 7, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
O'Neil, Michael	18	Groton	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Osborne, Oliver B	18	Groton	5, '62	Died Nov. 5, 1862.
Owens, James	21	Westford	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Parker, Daniel	37	Groton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.

Parker, Jonah	45	Townsend	August	5, '62	Transferred to V. R. C.
Parker, Ralph W.	19	Littleton		5, '62	Killed June 22, 1864, Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Pender, Michael	20	Westford	June	21, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Pierce, Charles H	18	Groton	August	5, '62	Mortally w'nded at Gettysburg. Died July 18, 1863.
Quinlan, Edward	33	Wellfleet	July	8, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Randall, Charles P	30	Boston	August	5, '62	Deserted May, 1863.
Rand, William G	18	Groton		5, '62	Died November, 1863.
Richards, Simeon K	36	Townsend		5, '62	Died June 21, 1864.
Robbins, Frank S	19	Pepperell		5, '62	Died June 19, 1864.
Roth, John	40	Sudbury		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Russell, James W	18	Groton		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Savage, James	19	Westford		5, '62	Transferred Jan. 12, 1865, to V. R. C.
Scott, Alexander M	29	Brighton		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Shattuck, Albert	31	Ashby		5, '62	Died Dec. 16, 1864.
Siedlinger, Alvin	30	Lunenburg		5, '62	– – –
Smith, Henry E	27	Groton		5, '62	June 2, 1865.
Smith, John	28	Danvers	July	16, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Smith, Warner	20	New York		2, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Stephens, George	39	Pepperell	August	5, '62	July 2, 1865, order War Department.
Stone, Henry	22	Wales	July	1, '64	Deserted Aug. 17, 1864.
Sylvester, Clarence M	19	Townsend	August	5, '62	April 14, 1863, disability.
Thorn, Alfred	42	Brighton		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Tower, Waldo T	18	Townsend		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Trowbridge, Phineas P	39	Pepperell		5, '62	Transferred Sept. 30, 1863, to V. R. C.
Wares, David	19	Ashby		5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Wetherbee, Moses A	40	Pepperell		5, '62	May 31, 1865.
Williams, George H	26	Groton		5, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Williams, William	26	Pepperell		5, '62	Dec. 9, 1862, disability.
Woodward, Andrew L	19	Groton		5, '62	Died Nov. 8, 1864.
Woodley, Samuel	23	Pepperell		5, '62	Jan. 21, 1865, disability.
Worcester, Nathan W	35	Groton		5, '62	Aug. 23, 1863, disability.
Wright, Evander W	18	Townsend		5, '62	May 20, 1865, order War Department.
Wright, Franklin S	20	Townsend		5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Wright, Lewis T	24	Townsend		5, '62	Died Oct. 14, 1864, Charleston, S. C.
Wright, William H	31	Townsend		5, '62	July 3, 1865, order War Department.

Company F.

Hill, James E., 1st Sergt	22	Lowell	August	5, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Prescott, Francis O., 1st Sergt	32	Lowell		5, '62	Sergt. Maj., Dec. 4, 1862.
Adams, Charles A., Sergt	25	Lowell		5, '62	Killed Oct. 28, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Costella, Edward J. B., Sergt	22	Worcester		5, '62	Deserted Feb. 14, 1864.
Gale, Charles H., Sergt	20	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pickering, George A., Sergt	21	Lowell		5, '62	Sergt. Maj., July 1, 1864.
Smith, William, Sergt	28	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bohanon, George W., Corp	27	Lowell		5, '62	Died of wounds, Nov. 1, 1863.
Briggs, Ansel S., Corp	23	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY F—*Continued.*				
Buzzell, Oliver A., Corp.	27	Lowell	August 5, '62	May 26, 1865.
Canning, Samuel, Jr., Corp.	18	Boston	5, '62	18, 1865, order War Department.
Halpin, Frank, Corp.	19	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hutchinson, Everett, Corp.	20	Lowell	5, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Jordan, Charles P., Corp.	28	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred Dec. 3, 1863, to V. R. C.
Keyser, Frederick R. A., Corp.	32	Lowell	5, '62	Aug. 1, 1865, order War Department.
Knapp, Freeman, Corp.	23	Lowell	5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Locking, Leonard A., Corp.	20	Lowell	5, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
McKenzie, Angus, Corp.	30	Lowell	5, '62	Died March 7, 1864, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
McKewin, Wilson, Corp.	22	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Palmer, John F., Corp.	30	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Severance, William H., Corp.	19	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Bailey, Charles A., Mus'n	21	Lowell	5, '62	March 23, 1863, disability.
Ricker, George A., Mus'n	18	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred Aug. 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Howes, Benjamin F., Wag.	30	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Abbott, William O.	31	Holden	5, '62	20, 1865, do. do.
Andrews, Edwin L.	24	Lowell	5, '62	– – –
Badger, Willard F.	30	Lowell	5, '62	Died Aug. 16, 1864, Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
Bartlett, Joseph H. W.	24	West Brookfield	January 4, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Bartlett, Orin	23	Lowell	August 5, '62	– – –
Bartlett, Wellington	25	Lowell	5, '62	– – –
Blackstone, Harrison W.	31	Lowell	5, '62	Sept. 22, 1863, disability.
Bond, Andrew F.	29	Lowell	5, '62	Dec. 27, 1862, disability.
Borbon, John	22	Beverly	July 15, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Brennan, Richard	18	Lowell	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Brown, Charles H.	20	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Brogan, Michael	26	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Bryant, Cyrus P.	21	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred Aug. 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Butterfield, Stephen S.	28	Lowell	5, '62	March 9, 1863, disability.
Burke, Stephen	22	Harvard	June 23, '64	July 10, 1865, disability.
Cashman, John	25	Lowell	August 5, '62	– – –
Clark, Eleazer	18	Lowell	5, '62	June 8, 1863, disability.
Coates, Sylvanus M.	31	Saugus	5, '62	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Colley, Henry A.	31	Lowell	5, '62	March 15, 1864, disability.
Cook, Charles S.	19	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred June 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cook, William P.	41	Lowell	5, '62	Died of wounds, Nov. 2, 1863.
Crane, Theodore E.	18	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, Charles F.	21	Lowell	January 20, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Denton, Alfred H.	25	Lowell	August 5, '62	Transferred May 2, 1864, to V. R. C.

Doudles, Samuel	29	Lowell	August	5, '26	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ewing, Samuel	18	Lowell		5, '62	Died of wounds, June 1, 1864.
Fletcher, William	22	Holyoke	June	27, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Fox, Franklin M	27	Lowell	August	5, '62	Oct. 27, 1863, disability.
Garland, Charles H	18	Lowell		5, '62	May 12, 1865, order War Department.
Garvin, Edward	23	Lowell		5, '62	Deserted Sept. 28, 1863.
George, Daniel M	24	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Graves, Orville D	25	Lowell	January	17, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Holland, Michael	21	Concord	November	9, '63	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Howes, William	25	Lowell	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hunt, Dearborn J	45	Lowell		5, '62	Aug. 24, 1863, disability.
Jaques, William L	18	Tewksbury		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Jenkinson, Noah	36	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Judge, James	44	Lowell		5, '62	Died June 17, 1863, Baltimore, Md.
Kennedy, Edward R	21	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kershaw, James W	33	Lowell		5, '62	March 26, 1863, disability.
Lamson, Henry P	22	Lowell		5, '62	Feb. 1, 1865, order War Department.
Lannon, James	21	Amesbury	July	6, '64	Deserted Aug. 26, 1864.
Lathe, Milo S	23	Lowell	August	5, '63	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lord, Thomas W	38	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Malt, William	33	Dracut		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Mansur, George N	20	Lowell		5, '62	Sept. 24, 1862, disability.
Mars, George	23	Rochester, N. Y.	July	18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Masterson, Michael	24	Lowell	January	5, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McGlaughlin, John	19	Lowell	August	5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
McKenney, Joseph	23	Danvers	July	18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Mears, David D	28	Lowell	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Merrill, Benjamin	28	Lowell		5, '62	Died of wounds, Nov. 3, 1863.
Meserve, Harry	28	Lowell		5, '62	Sergt. Maj., Aug. 4, 1862.
Miller, James R	30	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred May 31, 1864, to V. R. C.
Moran, James	29	South Danvers	July	5, '64	Deserted Sept. 14, 1864.
Murray, Thomas	19	Lowell	August	5, '62	March 11, 1864, disability.
Nolan, Daniel	28	Lowell		5, '62	Jan. 13, 1865, dishonorably.
Norcross, Albert G	28	Jefferson, Me		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Page, Alonzo F	24	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred Dec. 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Page, Dudley L	17	Tewksbury		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Page, George W	34	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred Dec. 21, 1862, to V. R. C.
Page, Ira M	24	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Page, John M	20	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Peck, William F	18	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Perry, Harvey	40	Lowell		5, '62	Aug. 24, 1863, disability.
Pettegrew, John M	21	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pettegrew, Stephen G	28	Lowell		5, '62	April 25, 1864, disability.
Philbrook, John W	33	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred Aug. 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Polard, Sylvester	18	Lowell	January	4, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Price, Andrew	20	South Danvers	July	7, '64	Deserted Sept. 14, 1864.
Redmond, Philip C	22	Lowell	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY F—*Continued.*				
Reed, LaRoy C	21	Lowell	January 17, '65	July 20, 1865, order War Department.
Robinson, Warren L	22	Lowell	August 5, '62	Feb. 6, 1863, disability.
Rockwood, William B	45	Lowell	5, '62	May 21, 1863, disability.
Rodgers, George	22	South Danvers	July 12, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Rogers, William M	30	Lowell	August 5, '62	May 22, 1865, order War Department.
Rushworth, John B	21	Lowell	5, '62	Died Dec. 10, 1864, Lowell, Mass.
Russell, Horace	33	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sawyer, John, Jr	19	Boxford	5, '62	Died Aug. 7, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Scotchburn, Thomas	37	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sewall, Lyman B	22	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Shedd, Abner A	19	Tewksbury	5, '62	Died Nov. 10, 1862, Fairfax, Va.
Sherwell, Walter	27	Lowell	5, '62	Died Dec. 20, 1862, Washington, D. C.
Smith, Charles H.	19	Tewksbury	5, '62	May 30, 1865, order War Department.
Smith, John J	22	Danvers	July 18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Smith, Samuel	22	Lowell	August 5, '62	March 31, 1865, discharged for wounds.
Stearns, George W	32	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Sullivan, Francis	21	Springfield	July 15, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Sutherland, Neil	25	Lowell	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Taylor, William	21	Chatham	July 14, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Tetroe, Jeremiah	18	Lowell	August 5, '62	Died April 20, 1865, Hospital, New York Harbor.
Turley, John	36	Lowell	5, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Wentworth, John	32	Lowell	5, '62	Feb. 16, 1865, disability.
Wheat, Josiah C	30	Lowell	5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Whitten, John M	36	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Winton, James A	20	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred Dec. 28, 1864, to V. R. C.
Wilson, William W	38	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Yeaton, Elbridge L	32	Boston	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Company G.				
Dodge, Winslow H., 1st Sergt	22	Lowell	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service—absent wnd.
May, Alonzo B., 1st Sergt	21	Lowell	5, '62	April 6, 1863, disability.
Paine, William W., 1st Sergt	24	Chelsea	5, '62	Died of wounds May 23, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Sinclair, Henry A., 1st Sergt	19	Lowell	5, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1861.
Blackstone, Reuben H., Sergt	27	Lowell	5, '62	June 6, 1863, disability.
Brackett, Albert W., Sergt	25	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hovey, Augustus V., Sergt	21	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Kendrick, George B., Sergt	26	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred to V. R. C.
Stone, Gilmore, Sergt	22	Westford	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

Austin, Charles H., Corp	19	Lowell	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Brown, Henry S., Corp	21	Lowell		5, '62	March 8, 1863, disability.
Cochran, Henry F., Corp	25	Lowell		5, '62	8, 1863, disability.
Dineen, John, Corp	18	Lawrence		5, '62	May 31, 1865, order War Department.
Donohue, John, Corp	19	Lowell		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service—absent sick.
Dunn, Timothy, Corp	28	Dracut		5, '62	11, 1865, expiration of service.
Emerson, Rufus W., Corp	21	Lowell		5, '62	May 22, 1865, order War Department.
Hildreth, Benjamin M., Corp	36	Chelmsford		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Kendrick, Michael, Corp	18	Fall River		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Kidder, William H., Corp	23	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Mansur, James M., Corp	20	Lowell		5, '62	Died of wounds July 6, 1864.
Murphy, William, Corp	18	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Robertson, George, Corp	21	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Russell, George W., Corp	24	Lowell		5, '62	Wnd. July 2, 1863, Gettysburg. Transf. to V. R. C
Lane, Joseph H., Mus'n	17	Lowell		5, '62	Died Oct. 14, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Welch, Michael, Mus'n	17	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, Martin, Wag	24	Tyngsborough		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Anderson, William	22	Wellfleet	July	8, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Alty, Joseph S	21	Fall River	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Avery, Frank S	36	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Banks, Thomas	25	Lowell		5, '62	Deserted June 25, 1863.
Barnes George W	33	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Batchelder, Stephen	36	Nashua, N. H		5, '62	March 10, 1864, disability. Died March 26, 1864.
Bowden, Ernest	19	Lowell		5, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Boynton, Oliver H	27	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Bragdon, Albion K	27	Lowell		5, '62	Feb. 16, 1861, disability.
Calnan, Thomas	22	Lowell		12, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cassidy, John	19	South Danvers	July	7, '64	Deserted Aug. 14, 1864.
Carnes, James	19	Lowell	August	5, '62	Wounded May 15, 1864. Transferred to V. R. C.
Chandler, Charles H	22	Cambridge		5, '62	Sept. 16, 1862, disability.
Chase, George	21	Lowell		5, '62	Dec. 23, 1862, disability.
Coburn, Edmund	26	Dracut		5, '62	Transferred July 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Coggswell, Frederick E	23	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Connipkle, Peter	22	Beverly	July	19, '64	Deserted.
Covert, William H	38	Lowell	August	16, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Cumbers, George	44	Boston		5, '62	Transferred July 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Dally, Edward	29	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, Hosea Q	32	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Duffy, James	21	Beverly	July	19, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Dunahey, Daniel	32	Lowell	August	5, '62	Transferred Jan. 23, 1864, to V. R. C.
Emerson, William R	32	Lowell		5, '62	May 17, 1865, order War Department.
Farmer, Elijah	25	Lowell		5, '62	Deserted June 25, 1863.
Fennarn, Thomas	19	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Fitz, Charles	20	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
French, Asa B	23	Fall River		5, '62	Died April 3, 1864, Richmond, Va.
Garret, Henry L	27	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gibbs, Oscar F	28	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred March 15, 1863, to V. R. C.

NAME AND RANK	Age	Residence or Place credited to	Date of Muster	Termination of Service and cause thereof
Company G.—Continued.				
Goulding, Barney	41	Littleton	August 5, '62	Died Oct. 1, 1864, Charleston, S. C.
Hall, Charles	2	Burlington	10, '61	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hannon, Elias	1	Lawrence	5, '62	9, 1865, order War Department.
Hanscom, Francis	19	Lowell	5, '62	May 5, 1863, disability.
Hapgood, William E. F.	35	Lowell	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Harriman, George W.	22	Lowell	5, '62	March 19, 1861, disability.
Hathaway, George F.	21	Quincy	10, '61	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Hodge, Mortimer	23	Fall River	5, '62	Jan. 19, 1863, disability.
Hersey, Hiram	24	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hodgkins, Samuel S.	25	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Honeyburn, Thomas	30	Lowell	5, '62	March 8, 1863, disability.
Howard, Edward D.	24	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Huckins, Henry L.	24	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred Nov. 13, 1863, to V. R. C.
Kearns, Peter	38	Lowell	5, '62	Killed June 22, 1864, Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
Kendrick, John H.	22	Fall River	5, '62	Wd. June 9, '63, and May 25, '64. Disch. for wounds,
Ladlow, James	28	Lowell	5, '62	Transf. Nov. 10, 1863, to V. R. C. [April 12, 1865
Lane, John	41	Lowell	23, '61	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Lawton, Joseph	38	Fall River	12, '62	Transferred to V. R. C.
Leary, Thomas	22	Dorchester	July 10, '61	Never joined Regiment.
Leonard, Charles	35	Lowell	August 5, '62	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Massey, Samuel	22	Beverly	July 10, '61	Never joined Regiment.
Mayo, Shubael	18	Leicester	June 28, '61	Dec. 18, 1861, minority.
McCarty, Michael	25	Beverly	July 10, '61	Never joined Regiment.
McLaughlin, Patrick	19	Lowell	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McNaboe, George	6	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
McNulty, Thomas	19	Lowell	5, '62	Killed June 22, 1864, Kenesaw Mountain, Ga.
McQuaid, Marty	24	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mooney, Henry	27	Lowell	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Mooney, Thomas	24	Lowell	5, '62	Feb. 18, 1863, disability.
O'Gratton, Robert	34			Deserted Aug. 14, 1864.
O'Neil, William	22	Beverly	July 10, '61	Never joined Regiment.
Patterson, Harley W.	21	Fall River	August 5, '62	Died May 30, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Peckham, Jacob F.	10	Fall River	5, '62	Aug. 23, 1864, disability.
Pettes, Elbridge G.	0	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Pierce, Jonas V.	2	North Chelmsford	5, '62	Died June 21, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Priest, John C.	25	Lowell	5, '62	Transferred July 3, 1864, to V. R. C.
Putney, Samuel F.	24	Chelmsford	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ricker, Noah C.	32	Lawrence	5, '62	Died Feb. 6, 1863, Aquia Creek, Va.
Robinson, George W.	21	Lowell	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.

Sargent, John C.	33	Lowell	August	6, '62	July 8, 1863, disability.
Scott, Henry J.	18	Lowell		5, '62	– – –
Sexton, Daniel	26	Lowell		5, '62	Transferred to V. R. C.
Smith, Andrew	19	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, Peter	30	Beverly	July	19, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Smith, William W.	23	Fall River	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Spaulding, Fitz Henry	25	Chelmsford		5, '62	Wounded May 25, 1864. Transferred to V. R. C.
Stinson, Charles W.	29	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Stickney, Henry	34	Lowell		7, '62	20, 1865, order War Department.
Stott, George	21	Lowell		5, '62	Died Jan. 26, 1863, Falmouth, Va.
Taylor, Isaac	26	Fall River		12, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Thissell, Joseph W.	30	Lowell		5, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Thompson, Nathan	19	Fall River		8, '62	Aug. 26, 1862, disability.
Tillison, Theodore J.	18	Lowell		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Trefethen, Frederick A.	18	Boston		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Walsh, John	40	Malden		5, '62	Transferred March 15, 1864, to V. R. C.
Welch, Patrick H.	18	Lowell		5, '62	Oct. 27, 1864, disability.
Westerfield, Aaron	19	South Danvers	July	8, '64	Deserted Aug. 12, 1864.
Willis, William T.	21	Lowell	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wing, Benjamin F.	21	Lowell		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do. absent wounded.
Winn, George R.	21	Reading		5, '62	Died Jan. 4, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Winn, Patrick	30	Lowell		5, '62	Deserted Jan. 21, 1864.

Company H.

Burrage, Joseph D., 1st Sergt.	20	Cambridge	August	7, '62	Second Lieut., May 18, 1863.
Burrage, William A., 1st Sergt.	18	Leominster		7, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Morse, George A., 1st Sergt.	29	Boston		7, '62	Sergt. Maj., Oct. 28, 1862.
Needham, Herbert C., 1st Sergt.	18	Lowell		7, '62	First Lieut., Nov. 11, 1864.
Burbank, Nathan, Jr., Sergt.	39	Boston		7, '62	Transferred May 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cheney, Edward M., Sergt.	28	Boston		7, '62	Com. Sergt., Feb. 6, 1863.
Howland, Alexander A., Sergt.	21	New Bedford		7, '62	Transferred Sept. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Meserve, James H., Sergt.	20	Boston		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Rogers, Eben, Sergt.	32	Newbury		7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Rogers, Woodbridge A., Sergt.	25	Newbury		7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Spurr, Joseph M., Sergt.	24	Lowell		7, '62	Wounded Oct. 29, 1863. March 10, 1864, disability.
Berry, Moses C., Corp.	35	Boston		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cammett, Frank E., Corp.	24	Salisbury		7, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Coburn, Edward C., Corp.	25	Lowell		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Daie, James A., Corp.	23	Brookline		7, '62	Wounded at Resaca, May 15. Died July 1, 1864.
Daly, Robert, Corp.	24	Lowell		7, '62	Wounded at Resaca, May 15. Aug. 12, '63, disability.
Drohan, Thomas, Corp.	18	N. Bridgewater		9, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Green, John P., Corp.	19	Carlisle		7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Griffin, James, Corp.	38	Medfield		7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Griffin, Michael, Corp.	18	Walpole		7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Gurley, William O., Corp.	18	Roxford		7, '62	May 18, 1865, order War Department.
Ham, Oscar L., Corp.	25	Boston		7, '62	Died Jan. 13, 1863, Falmouth, Va.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof
COMPANY H.—*Continued.*				
Maney, David, Corp.	22	Medfield	August 7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Edwards, Charles G., Mus'n	19	Boston	7, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Robinson, Henry, Mus'n	25	Plymouth	July 26, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Leighton, William S., Wag.	35	Lowell	August 7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Abbott, Solomon	23	Lowell	7, '62	22, 1865, order War Department
Allen, Jubal E.	35	Fitzwilliam, N. H.	7, '62	11, 1865, expiration of service.
Armstrong, Robert	24	Boston	7, '62	Transferred Aug. 13, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Archer, George E.	22	Brookline	7, '62	Accidentally killed July 6, 1863, Camden, N. J.
Babcock, Eben G.	19	Medfield	7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Benson, Charles	21	Boston	July 21, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Bogue, William	42	Lowell	August 7, '62	Dec. 6, 1862 disability.
Bond, George S.	23	Lowell	7, '62	Deserted March 1, 1863.
Brennan, Thomas	27	Lowell	7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Brown, J. Henry	24	Charlestown	January 31, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Brown, William	25	Boston	August 7, '62	Deserted Aug. 13, 1862.
Brown, William H.	26	Boston	7, '62	Deserted June 17, 1863.
Burns, Michael	26	Boston	July 22, '61	Never joined Regiment.
Chenery, John B.	18	Medfield	August 7, '62	Killed July 3, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Clark, Timothy	40	Dracut	July 30, '62	Deserted Oct. 14, 1863.
Clark, William	21	Boston	20, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Colgrove, Alva M.	24	Lowell	August 7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Comstock, William J.	18	Rochester	7, '62	Jan. 20, 1863, disability.
Coyne, Martin	31	Georgetown	12, '62	May 20, 1865.
Daley, Jeremiah	23	Boston	June 10, '62	Sept. 7, 1864, dishonorably.
Dalton, Thomas H.	37	Lowell	August 9, '62	Deserted April 15, 1861.
Donahue, John	24	Lawrence	7, '62	Deserted before the Regiment left the State.
Donohue, Peter	24	N. Bridgewater	12, '62	" "
Durant, Thomas	28	Carlisle	11, '62	Died May 16, 1864, Madison, Ind.
Dutton, Myranda	44	Carlisle	7, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Esty, John M.	19	Carlisle	7, '62	Died Aug. 5, 1863, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Flanigan, Charles	21	Dorchester	July 24, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Flanagan, Charles	28	N. Bridgewater	August 11, '62	June 11, 1865 expiration of service.
Foley, Thomas	24	Plymouth	July 28, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Gallagher, James	41	Lowell	August 7, '62	Aug. 3, 1863, disability.
Gilmore, James	34	Lynn	7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Glover, Amasa S.	45	N. Bridgewater	7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Gould, Joseph	33	Newbury	7, '62	March 13, 1863, disability.
Green, William	40	Lowell	9, '62	25, 1863, disability.

Griffin, Frederick A.	19	Walpole	August	7, '62	June 3, 1865, order War Department.
Hale, Harrison	21	Boxford		7, '62	Died Feb. 6, 1863, Falmouth, Va.
Hale, Joseph W., Jr.	21	Newburyport		3, '64	Died Sept. 7, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Hale, John, Jr.	30	Boxford		7, '62	April 16, 1863, disability.
Hall, Mark	18	Lowell		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Harding, Dennis	36	Lawrence		7, '62	Deserted Aug. 17, 1863.
Harding, Michael	18	Lawrence		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Harriman, Moses H.	18	Boston		7, '62	Deserted June 26, 1863.
Henderson, James	23	Berkley		5, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Holden, Lucien	18	Boxborough		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Holbrook, Willard R.	24	Medfield		7, '62	Killed March 7, 1865, Averysboro', N. C.
Howe, Elijah	37	Marlborough		7, '62	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Jowell, Joseph	19	Marlborough		7, '62	Died July 28, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Johnson, James	23	Lawrence	July	25, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Kaderack, Celestu	18	Burlington	August	7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Keeler, John	21	Worcester	July	21, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Kelley, Edward	21	Lawrence	August	7, '62	May 30, 1865, order War Department.
Kershaw, Samuel	35	New Bedford		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Laughlin, James	22	Cambridge	January	9, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Laughlin, Michael	26	Lowell	August	11, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lynch, John	22	Athol	July	30, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Lynch, Stephen	27	Lynn	January	30, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McAvoy, Michael	37	Lynnfield	August	10, '62	Deserted Aug. 15, 1862.
McDermott, James	31	Lowell		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McDonald, Thomas	22	Beverly	July	20, '61	Never joined Regiment.
McIntee, Arthur	22	N. Bridgewater	August	11, '62	Transferred April 16, 1863, to V. R. C.
McIntee, Patrick	18	N. Bridgewater		12, '62	" " "
McMahon, Daniel	18	Medfield		7, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
McNamara, Patrick	36	Lowell		7, '62	May 18, 1865, order War Department.
McNaughton, Alexander	43	Lowell		7, '62	Transferred Sept. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
McPatchell, Robert	21	Boston		7, '62	May 18, 1865, disability.
Monroe, Lewis	24	Lowell		7, '62	Aug. 5, 1865, order War Department.
Murphy, John	40	Lowell		7, '62	Transferred Aug. 1, 1863, to V. R. C.
Murphy, Thomas	40	Waltham		7, '62	Transferred Sept. 30, 1863, to V. R. C.
Noonan, Michael J.	28	Lowell		7, '62	Transferred Sept. 29, 1864, to V. R. C.
Northam, William H.	19	Carlisle		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Oerhlein, George	31	New Bedford		7, '62	April 28, 1864, disability.
Powers, John	27	Boston		7, '62	Died Nov. 19, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Raftery, Patrick	37	Boston		7, '62	Died Nov. 3, 1863, Washington, D. C.
Rathburn, Abraham	29	Boston		7, '62	Deserted June 17, 1863.
Ricker, James A.	21	Acton	November	6, '63	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Rogers, Isaiah	45	Newbury	August	7, '62	Dec. 15, 1864, disability.
Ryan, John	23	Cambridge	January	9, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Suguski, Joseph	23	Medfield	August	7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Shaw, John	20	Berkley		5, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Sheridan, Frederick	18	Walpole		7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, Israel	36	New Bedford		7, '62	Principal Musician.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY H — *Continued.*				
Smithurst, Joseph W.	18	Lynn	August 7, '62	Deserted June 26, 1863.
Sullivan, David M.	18	Boxford	7, '62	Died March 2, 1861, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Sullivan, Michael	29	Westford	7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Taylor, John	19	Marlborough	7, '62	Dec. 11, 1863, disability.
Thompson, Jeremiah	22	Lowell	3, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Tibbetts, Joseph F.	20	Boston	June 4, '62	Transferred Jan. 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Touhey, Martin	21	Lowell	August 7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Tranor, Peter	44	Lowell	7, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Twisden, Samuel E.	18	Boxford	7, '62	11, 1865. do. do.
Vennoh, William	43	Medfield	7, '62	Died Dec. 8, 1864, Richmond, Va.
Welch, Patrick	24	Easthampton	December 22, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Wheeler, John M.	22	Marlborough	August 7, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wheeler, Lowell S.	20	Marlborough	7, '62	March 25, 1863, disability.
Wheeler, Sylvester P.	20	Townsend	7, '62	Wounded at Resaca, Ga., May 25. Died June 10, '64.
Whittaker, John	22	Boston	7, '62	June 3, 1865, order War Department.
Worcester, Job	40	Tyngsborough	7, '62	April 4, 1863, disability.
Wright, John	39	Boston	7, '62	Transferred to V. R. C.
Company I.				
Hill, Henry, 1st Sergt.	23	New Bedford	August 5, '62	Killed May 25, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Howland, Thomas S., 1st Sergt.	18	Dartmouth	5, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Parker, Arthur C., 1st Sergt.	21	Boston	5, '62	Second Lieut., March 3, 1863.
Bumpus, Edgar L., Sergt.	24	Braintree	5, '62	Second Lieut., June 16, 1863.
Cushman, Thomas A., Sergt.	18	New Bedford	5, '62	June 11, 1865. expiration of service.
Estes, James T., Sergt.	18	Littleton	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Houghton, James E., Sergt.	26	Boston	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Locke, Joseph L., Sergt.	21	Bridgewater	5, '62	Com. Sergt., April 3, 1863.
Ryder, Joseph F., Sergt.	27	Rochester	5, '62	Killed May 1, 1864, Dallas, Ga.
Sears, Peter C., Sergt.	20	New Bedford	5, '62	Second Lieut., July 29, 1863.
Smith, Octavius C., Sergt.	32	New Bedford	5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Wrightington, James H., Sergt.	24	New Bedford	5, '62	Sept. 24, 1862, disability.
Almy, Jacob, Corp.	19	New Bedford	5, '62	Feb. 5, 1863, order War Department.
Athearn, Caleb T., Corp.	30	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	June 8, 1865, order War Department.
Baker, Thaddeus C., Corp.	19	Orleans	5, '62	11, 1865, expiration of service.
Black, Robert, Corp.	40	New Bedford	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Braley, Alonzo H., Corp.	21	Freetown	5, '62	Jan. 21, 1864, disability.
Clark, George H., Corp.	23	Rochester	11, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Gifford, Henry W., Corp.	33	Marion	5, '62	Jan. 19, 1864, disability.

Harvey, George W., Corp	19	Berkley	August	5, '62	Died August, 1864, Andersonville, Ga.
Haskell, Andrew J., Corp	25	Marion		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ryder, John J., Corp	20	Brewster		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Sweeney, William A., Corp	30	New Bedford		5, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Wilson, William A. B., Corp	19	New Bedford		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Wood, John F., Corp	18	Seekonk		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Reeny, William T., Mus'n	23	New Bedford		5, '62	Deserted Oct. 11, 1862.
Swift, Benjamin H., Mus'n	17	Marion		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Anthsis, Philip	35	Dedham		5, '62	Transferred Aug. 15, 1863, to V. R. C.
Arfidson, Gust. A	36	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	Transferred Nov. 12, 1863, to V. R. C.
Ashley, George B	18	Rochester		5, '62	Aug. 3, 1863, disability.
Baker, Bangs S	18	Orleans		5, '62	March 21, 1863, disability.
Balton, Enos	41	Rochester		5, '62	Transferred to V. R. C.
Batchelder, John L	21	Athol	January	30, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Regiment.
Beard, Charles E	18	Groton	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Beal, Joseph	27	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	Died of wounds, July 30, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Bowman, Benjamin H	20	Marion		5, '62	Transferred April 16, 1864, to V. R. C.
Bruse, Louis	33	Spencer	December	14, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Burke, George	19	South Danvers	July	8, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Cade, John	22	Chelmsford	August	5, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Calnum, John	21	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Caswell, Benjamin F	35	New Bedford		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Chase, Albert H	35	Freetown		5, '62	May 31, 1865, order War Department.
Chase, William H	19	Rochester		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Clapp, Amos C	40	Boston	July	1, '62	17, 1863, disability.
Clark, George W	18	Groton	August	5, '62	Wounded March 26, 1865, Bentonville, S. C. June 17,
Clark, Thomas	22	Orleans	May	18, '64	Never joined Regiment. [1865, disability.
Clark, William R	39	New Bedford	August	5, '62	June 29, 1865, order War Department.
Cobb, Oliver	34	Marion		5, '62	Transferred June 5, 1864, to V. R. C.
Coons, William	33	Pittsfield		5, '62	Nov. 9, 1862, disability.
Cowing, Thomas B	18	New Bedford		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cox, James H	42	New Bedford		5, '62	Feb. 12, 1863, disability.
Demming, William H	35	Providence, R. I.		5, '62	3, 1863, disability.
Dolan, Thomas	21	Orleans	May	18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Donally, John	21	Lowell	August	5, '64	June 17, 1865, order War Department.
Dunbar, Allen B	24	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	Died of wounds, June 28, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Dunbar, William A	21	New Bedford		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Eldredge, Charles L	22	New Bedford		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Faunce, David	40	Marion		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Feely, Daniel	19	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Finnigan, John	18	N. Bridgewater		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Folger, George F	29	Nantucket		5, '62	March 31, 1865, disability.
Fowley, John	19	Littleton		5, '62	June 12, 1865, order War Department.
Fuller, John A	28	Rochester		11, '62	16, 1863, disability.
Geonet, Stephen	45	Boston	July	18, '62	March 8, 1863, disability.
Gibbs, George F	25	Acushnet	August	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Gifford, Isaac	27	New Bedford		5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY I—*Continued.*				
Gill, Nathan A.	18	Eastham	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Grady, Matthew	18	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Hamilton, John M.	21	Orleans	May 18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Handy, Charles C.	21	Seekonk	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hanlon, Daniel	19	Canton	July 12, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Hathaway, George B.	18	New Bedford	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Head, George	21	New Bedford	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Henrys, William	40	Raynham	5, '62	Transferred Nov. 5, 1863, to V. R. C.
Higgins, Harrison L.	25	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	Feb. 7, 1863, disability.
Higgins, Peter	24	Eastham	5, '62	June 1, 1865, order War Department.
Hinds, Henry S.	26	New Bedford	5, '62	March 25, 1863, disability.
Holmberg, Orloff M.	26	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	Transferred March 16, 1864, to V. R. C.
Hood, John P.	22	New Bedford	5, '62	Dec. 20, 1862, disability.
Horr, Calvin	35	Freetown	5, '62	Killed July 2, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Howland, Lothrop R.	27	New Bedford	5, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Jennings, Charles F.	18	New Bedford	5, '62	Transferred March 1, 1864, to V. R. C.
Kelley, Edward	28	New Bedford	December 24, '63	Never joined Regiment.
Kelley, William P.	36	Sandwich	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service—absent wnded.
Kiley, Patrick	37	New Bedford	5, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Lakeman, Edward	30	Walpole, N. H.	5, '62	Transferred May 4, 1864, to V. R. C.
Luscomb, Samuel R.	19	New Bedford	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Marshall, Edward	22	Brookfield	December 14, '64	Never joined Regiment.
McCarty, Patrick	22	Florence, N. Y.	August 5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McGowan, John	40	New Bedford	5, '62	July 31, 1863, disability.
McGuire, John	29	N. Bridgewater	5, '62	Killed June 22, 1864, Kenesaw Mountain, Tenn.
Miller, Jared	24	Chelsea	December 20, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Monticello, Thomas J.	21	Orleans	May 18, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Morrison, Henry T.	22	Eastham	August 5, '62	Died of wounds, May 19, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Murray, James	22	Worthington	December 16, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Murray, John	22	Weymouth	May 17, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Neas, Joseph	18	Dedham	January 5, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Oesting, William	41	New Bedford	August 5, '62	April 9, 1863, disability.
O'Neil, John	26	New Bedford	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service—absent wnded.
Penniman, Francis W.	19	Eastham	5, '62	Died of wounds, July 8, 1864, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Potter, Thomas S.	28	New Bedford	5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Reckords, Lemuel L.	30	Rochester	5, '62	Died Sept. 1, 1864, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Runyville, Henry J.	20	New Bedford	5, '62	June 7, 1865, order War Department.
Ryder Sumner,	43	Marion	5, '62	11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ryder, David	40	Rochester	5, '62	Feb. 10, 1863, disability.

Sanborn, John S	21	Chelmsford	August	5, '62	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Schultz, Christian M	36	New Bedford		5, '62	Deserted July 7, 1862.
Simmons, William A	19	Marion		5, '62	April 9, 1863, disability.
Smith, George	18	New Bedford		5, '62	Transferred July 16, 1863, to V. R. C.
Smith, George E	29	New Bedford		11, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Smith, Thomas	27	New Bedford		5, '62	Deserted Aug. 12, 1862.
Smith, Thomas	27	Wellfleet	July	8, '64	Deserted Nov. 16, 1864.
Stremmett, Charles	36	N. Bridgewater	August	5, '62	Died June 28, 1865, North Bridgewater, Mass.
Studley, James E	18	Orleans		5, '62	Died March 19, 1864, Alexandria, Va.
Sullivan, Daniel	21	Fall River		5, '62	Jan. 29, 1864, disability.
Sullivan Patrick	22	Chelsea		12, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Sun, Jacob Jr.,	19	Pawtucket		5, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Twiss, Alfred J	40	Brewster		5, '62	Transferred Nov. 7, 1863.
Vinal, John F	18	Freetown		6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Walker, Charles B	24	New Bedford		5, '62	Q. M. Sergt., Aug. 5, 1862.
Wite, William	24	Chelmsford		5, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Wood, William H	40	Seekonk		5, '62	June 11, 1863, disability.

Company K.

Drake, James M, 1st Sergt	29	Sharon	August	8, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Jones, Oswego, 1st Sergt	25	Boston		8, '62	Second Lieut., June 16, 1863.
Kerr, William, 1st Sergt	32	Boston		8, '62	Nov. 29, 1862, disability.
Merrill, George W., 1st Sergt	28	Lynn		8, '62	W'nded at Lookout Valley, Oct. 28, '63. March 15, '64, [disability.
Parker, John F., 1st Sergt	22	Roxbury		12, '62	Second Lieut., Nov. 3, 1864.
Spencer, David C., 1st Sergt	22	Boston		8, '62	Sergt. Maj., Dec. 17, 1864.
Crocker, William H., Sergt	27	Taunton		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, James N., Sergt	18	Sharon		8, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Furlong, William K., Sergt	35	Charlestown	August	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McMenniman, Owen, Sergt	28	Boston		8, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Shepherd, Allen G., Sergt	23	Boston		8, '62	Sergt. Maj., March 29, 1863.
Barrows, John E., Corp	23	Sharon		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Barrows, William A., Corp	24	Sharon		8, '62	July 3, 1865, order War Department.
Capen, Herbert E., Corp	18	Sharon		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Godfrey, John W., Corp	27	Sharon		8, '62	W'nded at Lookout Valley, Oct. 29, '63. April 25, '64, [disability.
Harrison, George W., Corp	24	Boylston		12, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Johnson, Addison H., Corp	38	Sharon		8, '62	Died of wounds, Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Kidder, Marcellus, Corp	21	Lynn		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
McDougal, Neil, Corp	28	P. Edward Island		8, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Richards, Calvin D. Corp	21	Boston		8, '62	Killed July 4, 1863, Gettysburg, Pa.
Nash, William A., Mus'n	33	New Bedford		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Packard, Thaddens M., Mus'n	34	N. Bridgewater		8, '62	19, 1865, order War Department.
Adams, Joseph	18	Lynn		8, '62	Died Dec. 31, 1862, Falmouth, Va.
Allard, Arthur L	21	Boston		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Ames, Asa A	21	Boston		12, '62	Aug. 14, 1865, order War Department.
Archibald, William S	18	Oakham	January	9, '65	July 2, 1865, order War Department.
Barnard, Luman	41	Malden	August	8, '62	May 23, 1865, order War Department.

NAME AND RANK.	Age.	Residence or Place credited to.	Date of Muster.	Termination of Service and cause thereof.
COMPANY K—*Continued.*				
Bassett, Ellery	30	New Bedford	August 12, '62	Deserted May 2, 1863.
Begley, John O	25	Utica, N. Y.	8, '62	Deserted May 23, 1864.
Bemis, John D.	34	Sherborn	8, '62	Feb. 8, 1864, disability.
Bennett, Seth W., Jr	31	Abington	6, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Blackburn, William	23	Canton	8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Branley, Martin	26	Braintree	8, '62	Nov. 24, 1862, disability.
Breton, Lewis	20	Charlestown	January 24, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Bryant, Charles F.	30	Sharon	August 8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Buckley, Charles P.	18	Littleton	November 6, '63	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Bucklin, Daniel E.	23	E. Wallingford, Vt.	August 8, '62	Nov. 24, 1862, disability.
Bullard, Albert	39	Sharon	8, '62	Transferred May 5, 1864, to V. R. C.
Cahill, Patrick	18	Boston	8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, '62, to 35th Inf.
Cain, Horace	21	South Braintree	8, '62	Wounded May 25, '64, Dallas. Died July 7, '65, Alexandria, Va.
Capen, Alonzo	19	Sharon	8, '62	Wnd. Kenesaw Mt., June 22, '64. Died June 28, '64.
Carnes, Edward	35	Boston	8, '62	Deserted Aug. 16, 1862.
Carroll, Patrick	21	Lowell	11, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Caswell, James E.	20	Boston	8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Casey, John	28	Boston	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Cashman, Michael	18	Boston	8, '62	March 17, 1864, disability.
Chadwick, Benjamin P.	30	Bradford	8, '62	Deserted June 12, 1863.
Cleary, James	22	Cambridge	January 9, '65	Never joined Regiment.
Coyne, Martin	32	Georgetown	August 12, '62	May 20, 1865, order War Department.
Crowley, Charles	20	Cambridge	January 9, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Crowley, Timothy	18	Boston	August 8, '62	Deserted Sept. 27, 1863.
Daggett, Nathaniel	18	Grand Menan, N.B.	8, '62	Feb. 11, 1863, disability.
Davis, John M.	20	Sharon	8, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Davis, Joseph	27	Boston	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Davis, Martin	25	Canton	8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Dean, Calvin C.	25	Hardwick	January 7, '65	Never joined Regiment.
Denningham, William	21	Canton	August 8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Doran, Daniel	37	Weymouth	8, '62	Deserted July 2, 1863.
Doyle, Michael	40	Taunton	8, '62	July 2, 1865, order War Department.
Drummond Thomas	43	Boston	8, '62	Jan. 19, 1864, disability.
Dunnakin, Charles A.	20	Sharon	8, '62	Transferred Oct. 19, 1864, to V. R. C.
Dunlay, Patrick	18	Danvers	8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Dupar, James	25	Lynn	8, '62	Transferred May 16, 1863, to V. R. C.
Fairgraves, Charles R.	21	Acton	November 8, '63	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Farrar, James M.	38	Malden	August 8, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Fisher, Alvin N.	21	Falmouth	8, '62	Wounded at Resaca, May 15, '64. Died May 30, 1864.

Fisher, Rufus F	23	Falmouth	August	8, '62	Killed Oct. 29, 1863, Lookout Valley, Tenn.
Gibbs, Ralph	35	Taunton		8, '62	Oct. 7, 1862, disability.
Gleason, Stephen	32	Boston		8, '62	Deserted June 22, 1863.
Gordon, James	36	Georgetown		12, '62	– – –
Gould, Daniel H	18	Boston		8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Hogan, Patrick	29	Boston		12, '62	– – –
Hall, John F	42	Lynn		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Hanner, Joseph	21	Lowell		11, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Hartough, Abraham	28	New York City		8, '62	Deserted July 1, 1863.
Harris, John D	24	Lynnfield		12, '62	Died of wounds, Nov. 28, 1863.
Henrys, William	28	Fall River		8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Hogan, John F	18	Boston		8, '62	Killed May 15, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Holmes, Walter M	18	N. Bridgewater		12, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Horne, John N	35	Boston	June	10, '62	Oct. 13, 1864, disability.
Hunt, James W	40	Randolph	August	8, '62	Deserted Nov. 23, 1862.
Ingraham, Arthur	25	Boston		8, '62	Died of wounds, May 25, 1864.
Johnson, Jackson	29	Buckland	January	7, '65	Never joined Regiment.
Joyce, Richard J	27	Boston	August	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Keith, Sydney	18	Bridgewater		12, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Keith, Sumner	35	Middleborough		12, '62	May 18, 1865, order War Department.
Kenney, John	42	Lynn		8, '62	Transferred Aug. 8, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Killduff, John	20	Fitchburg	January	16, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Lincoln, David B	19	Taunton	August	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Lindsey, William H	27	Woburn		8, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Lord, Aaron W	23	Lynn	July	24, '62	Transferred Aug. 9, 1862, to 35th Infantry.
Lund, Ferdinand	22	Dedham	August	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mahoney, Frank	17	Boston		8, '62	Transferred Jan. 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Malligan, William	35	Braintree		8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Mansfield, Charles H	25	Lynn		8, '62	11, 1865, do. do.
Manahan, John	39	Winchendon	July	5, '64	Aug. 7, 1864, disability.
Marsh, James H	22	Auburn	August	8, '62	May 27, 1865, order War Department.
Marden, William H	21	Lowell		11, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McEvoy, Michael	37	Taunton		12, '62	– – –
McCann, John	19	Acton	November	6, '63	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
McMennimen, James	32	Boston	August	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Means, Robert	27	Boston		8, '62	Deserted Aug. 24, 1862.
Muir, James	23	Chatham	July	12, '64	July 3, 1865, order War Department.
Montgomery, Eugene J	21	Lowell	August	11, '64	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Montgomery, James	22	Roxbury		12, '62	Deserted Nov. 1, 1863.
Mumford, John C	32	Harwich	December	24, '64	Never joined Regiment.
Murray, Henry	21	Needham	January	24, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry.
Murphy, Peter	18	Boston	August	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service.
Neal, George C	22	Gilmanton, N. H		8, '62	March 6, 1864, disability.
Newmarch, Charles	17	Boston		8, '62	Deserted April 26, 1863.
O'Brien, William	25	N. Bridgewater		8, '62	Deserted Aug. 12, 1862.
O'Connell, Philip	33	Boston		8, '62	Transferred Jan. 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Parks, Henry	27	Sharon		8, '62	Nov. 22, 1862, disability.

THIRTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY. (Three Years.)

NAME AND RANK	Age	Residence or Place enrolled to	Date of Muster	Termination of Service and cause thereof
COMPANY K—(Continued)				
Parton, John	30	Lynn	August 8, '62	Transferred Aug. 9, 1862, to 15th Infantry
Parks, John	14	Sharon	December 24, '63	Transferred Dec. 3, 1864, to V. R. C.
Parks, John H.	40	Sharon	August 8, '62	Died Aug. 14, 1864, Atlanta, Ga.
Perry, Josiah W.	3[illegible]	Sharon	8, '62	Jan. 5, 1863, for wounds.
Pickering, Lovell K.	2[illegible]	Sharon	8, '62	Principal Musician, July 1, 1864
Preble, Samuel E.	3[illegible]	Sharon	8, '62	May 26, 1863, order War Department
Ramsdell, Sylvester	1[illegible]	Lynn	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service
Riley, Patrick	24	Georgetown	8, '62	May 18, 1863, disability
Robertson, George	1[illegible]	South Danvers	July 1, '61	Deserted Sept. 28, 1861
Rooney, Peter	1[illegible]	Randolph	August 8, '62	Transferred Oct. 10, 1864, to V. R. C.
Rowell, John W. W.	32	Braintree	8, '62	Dec. 28, 1863, disability
Scribner, Moses B.	30	Lynn	8, '62	Nov. 15, 1863, order War Department
Shaw, John H.	22	Lynn	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service
Stetson, Abel	3[illegible]	Randolph	8, '62	" 11, 1865, do do
Stewart, Franklin	[illegible]	Cincinnati, Ohio	8, '62	Deserted Aug. 14, 1862
Sullivan, Dennis	3[illegible]	Cambridge	January 8, '63	Never joined Regiment.
Surgent, Edward L.	2[illegible]	Fall River	August 8, '62	Transferred Jan. 3, 1864, to V. R. C.
Taylor, George	18	Boston	8, '62	Feb. 17, 1863, disability
Tower, James N.	30	Braintree	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service
Torrey, Edward	1[illegible]	Lynn	8, '62	" 11, 1865, do do
Wales, Elisha L.	21	Lynnfield	12, '62	Feb. 9, 1863, disability
Walker, John	24	Malden	8, '62	Deserted Aug. 14, 1862
Ward, James	2[illegible]	Douglas	July 1, '61	Deserted Sept. 28, 1861
White, David L.	34	Sharon	August 1, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service
White, Nathaniel A.	23	Braintree	8, '62	Transferred May 2, 1864, to V. R. C.
Whitley, William	24	Chelsea	12, '62	Killed May 14, 1864, Resaca, Ga.
Wilson, George	18	Boston	[illegible], '62	Transferred Aug. 9, 1862, to 15th Infantry.
Willey, John W.	24	Cambridge	8, '62	June 11, 1865, expiration of service
Unassigned Recruits				
Allen, Walter	30	Belmfield	August 27, '61	
Blake, John	19	Dudley	January 24, '63	
Bowen, George	22	Somerset	August 19, '61	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry
Brady, Richard	31	Lowell	July 28, '61	Deserted Sept. 9, 1861
Brown, George	2[illegible]	Taunton	August 18, '61	
Brown, John	30	Harvard	June 23, '64	July 16, 1864, rejected recruit
Brown, William A.	30	Rochester	March 9, '64	
Burg, Benjamin F.	21	Somerset	August 30, '61	

Burns, James	27	Templeton	June	28, '64	—
Burns, Michael	26	Amesbury	July	22, '64	—
Cassidy, John	21	Beverly		15, '64	—
Churchill, Edward L.	18	Lowell	January	11, '65	—
Darling, Benjamin F.	39	Boston	December	26, '63	Dec. 29, 1863, rejected recruit.
Darling William H.	18	Concord	June	22, '64	—
Debbols, William	23	Shutesbury	January	24, '65	—
Donelly, Thomas	36	Northampton	June	9, '64	June 28, 1864, rejected recruit.
Dowley, Thomas	31	Essex		24, '64	July 16, 1864, rejected recruit.
Hess, Joseph	18	Dedham	January	5, '65	—
Hirwin, John	21	Dracut	August	22, '64	—
Hunter, John	21	Templeton	June	30, '64	—
Jones, Edward	25	Boston	March	31, '64	—
Lahey, Daniel	25	Cambridge	January	9, '65	Transferred June 1, 1865, to 2d Infantry
McCarville, Joseph	30	Great Barrington		10, '65	—
McCoy, William	23	Worcester	June	24, '64	—
McNamara, Patrick	23	Cambridge	January	9, '65	—
Morna, James	22	Wellfleet	July	8, '64	—
Norton, Thomas	22	Templeton	June	29, '64	—
Reynolds, Thomas	21	Cambridge	March	26, '64	—
Richardson, William T.	33	Hawley	January	5, '64	Deserted Jan. 18, 1864.
Rogers, Peter	21	Cambridge	March	26, '64	—
Smith, Henry	26	Methuen	June	23, '64	—
Thomas, William	32	Easthampton	December	22, '64	—
Trimble, John	21	Templeton	June	29, '64	—
Watkins, John	23	South Danvers	July	12, '64	Deserted Sept. 12, 1864.
Wiley, William F.	30	Lowell	August	11, '64	Dec. 6, 1864, disability.

RECAPITULATION.

	Killed in Action.	Died of Wounds, Disease, etc.	Deserted.	Transferred.	Missing.	Unaccounted for.	Discharged. Promoted.	Honorably.	Dishonorably.	Disability.	Expiration of Service.	Totals.
Commissioned Officers	7	—	—	—	—	—	42	36	1	3	37	126
Non Commissioned Officers	19	20	6	3	—	2	46	28	—	27	169	260
Privates	43	87	73	91	—	124	9	170	2	171	255	1,026
Totals	69	107	79	94	—	126	97	234	3	201	462	1,412

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